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"Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!"

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

Toll! for the Old Year lies
Dead on his mighty bier.
Ring! to salute the King
Enthroned beside him here!

Deem not thou art forgot,
Thou lost and dear!
All good we found in thee,
Lives on in this New Year.

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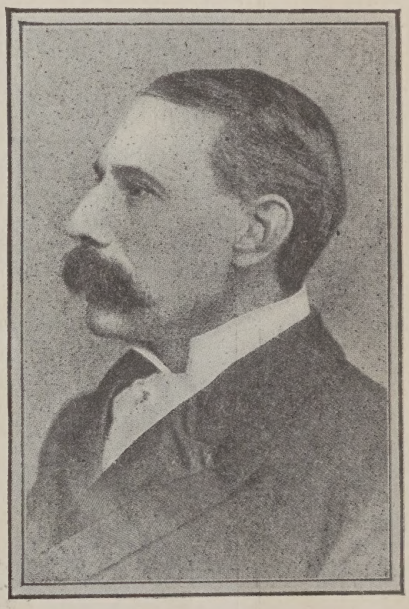
PARSIFAL AND THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

It would melt with joy the heart of a Christian to witness the welcome which New York gave last month to Edward Elgar's musical setting of Cardinal Newman's great poem, *The Dream of Gerontius,* and to Wagner's music-drama on The Holy Grail. We live in the agnostic time, when Christians and Pagans alike have agreed to ignore in art and letters, in journalism and in politics, the Christ of Judea as well as the god Pan, when no man wins fame in the forum if he professes Christ, when most Christian writers of eminence write on the neutral ground, keeping their faith hid and voiceless. In consequence the realms of intellect resound with the strife of words rather than the strife of ideas. The press is delivered over to an immense output, in which the chief factors are language and illustrations, art speaks only of technique, the drama deals with vacuity. The intelligent feel this condition without knowing its causes. They welcome therefore with enthusiasm such expressions of sincerity and genius as were recently given to them by Mr. Damrosch and Herr Conried. The whole world now echoes with the names of two men, one of established reputation, the other with the light of a splendid future beaming upon him.

When Cardinal Newman wrote his *Dream of Gerontius* few suspected its inherent power and beauty. It takes so long to measure genius, more than two or three generations evidently. Very few



EDWARD ELGAR.

reading Catholics seem to have any acquaintance with his poetry, or its actual value as poetry. This particular poem, which describes the passage of a soul through the anguish of death and judgment, has received scant attention except from the more enlightened critics. This fact makes it all the more astonishing that a musician should take it as the text for a new form of musical composition. Edward Elgar is an Englishman, and a convert, I believe, whose work as a composer has been before the public for some years; but until his production of *The Dream of Gerontius* fame had not il-

lumined his career. He is not a product of the conservatories, but of the orchestras. Studying in private, and playing in public, he made the acquaintance of musical technique through books and practice. His success with Newman's poem has been pronounced, German musicians acclaimed him and his work at their great convention in 1902, and Richard Strauss, the president of the convention, declared *The Dream of Gerontius* to be the first really great piece of music offered by England to the music of the world. Recently Elgar has produced another work on *The Apostles*, which was given with great success in England, and is to be heard here during the winter. Musical critics and music-lovers in this city speak of Elgar with unstinted praise. No more need be said on this point. What I wish to lay stress upon here is the general character of the man's achievement. The critics have failed to give a name to Elgar's achievement, for it is neither oratorio nor cantata. The title-page names it as: "The Dream of Gerontius set to music for mezzo-soprano, tenor, bass soli, chorus, and orchestra; and expressly composed for the Birmingham musical festival of 1900." The characters are

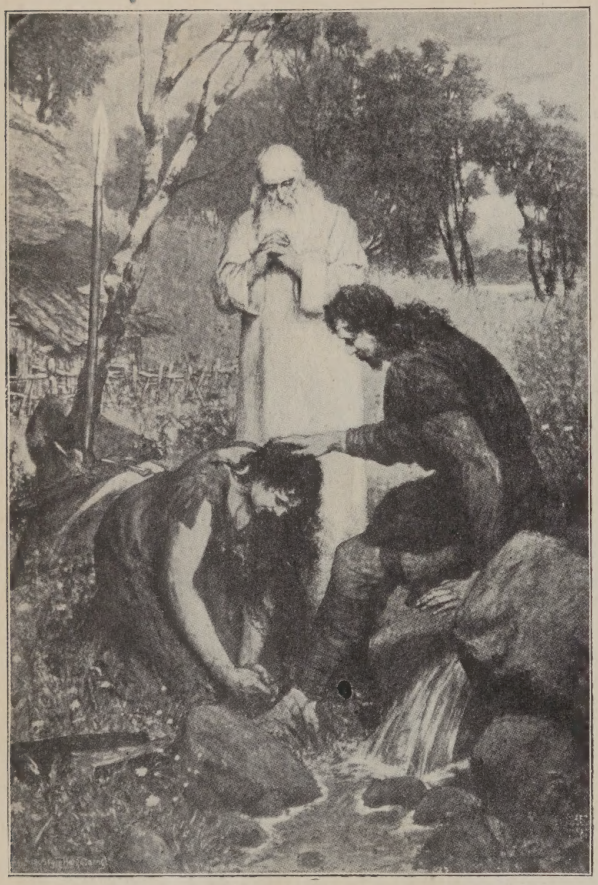
THE HOLY GRAIL.

Gerontius, the priest and assistants at his death-bed, his guardian angel, the angel of the agony, and the angels, souls, and demons of the other world. In the first part the action is confined to the immediate agony of the departing soul, the prayers of the attendants, and the dismissal of the soul to its judgment by the priest, according to the form in the ritual. Very consoling was it, to ears that have heard

THE CASTLE OF THE GRAIL.

for a lifetime only the jargon of paganism in the halls of music, to hear the supplications of a passing soul, the petitions of his friends for mercy, the very words of the Catholic ritual, wedded to wonderful music, and supported by orchestration so weird and powerful that the dullest heart, the most indifferent, was roused to interest.

The prelude, of inexpressible sadness



KUNDRY WASHING PARSIFAL'S FEET. ACT III. SCENE 1.

and tenderness, prepares one for the mournful cry of Gerontius as he sinks into the abyss of death; the attendants pray for him in the words of the ritual, beseeching all the saints to intercede for him; thus alternately the petitions rise until the soul is about to depart from the body; when the priest utters the Proficiscere, anima Christiana, go forth, O Christian Soul; and the immense chorus supplements the holy and touching command by repetitions of its magnificent phrases. One has no idea of the majesty of these phrases until he hears them delivered as Elgar has delivered them anew to the world. A singer of noble voice and fine feeling impersonated the priest. It seemed as if the Church itself were uttering the command:

Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of God
The Omnipotent Father, who created thee!
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, Our Lord,
Son of the living God, who bled for thee!
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
Hath been poured out on thee!

And the chorus continued the invocation in the name of Angels and Archangels, of Thrones and Dominations, and of all the grades in the celestial hosts; not in melodies which might be easily transferred to a piano next day, but in wonderful and ever-varying harmonies, so supported by the orchestration that they can hardly be given independently of one another. The first part ends with the death of Gerontius.

The second part opens with a strain in which there is no sadness and no pain.. The soul of Gerontius is in charge of his angel guardian, on the way to judgment: he feels like one that has wakened from a terrible dream to find himself safe and comfortable; he gives expression to the feeling, and ventures to address the angel, from whom he learns of his present condition, and of the judgment which awaits him; of this judgment he has no longer the fear which in life oppressed him; as they approach the throne the discordant cries of the demons reach him, but give him no anxiety, because he does not belong to them; he enters into judgment, where the Angel of the Agony continually reminds Our Lord of His sufferings in behalf of men, and pleads for their entrance into heaven; he is judged, and for one mo-

PARSIFAL UNCOVERING THE GRAIL. LAST SCENE. ACT III.

ment sees the Lord; then stricken with the wound of desire to be with Him forever, the soul of Gerontius hastens to its purgatory joyfully; the angel delivers him into the deeps of the prison, with consoling words; and the scene closes with the supplicating cries of the holy souls and the praises of the angels.

Twice has the work been produced in New York, and amid the greatest enthusiasm. It will have to be given again and again before music-lovers get weary of it. Carnegie Hall was filled to the last seat at the second performance, and the general feeling was clearly in favor of repetition. What a spectacle, that vast audience reaching to the very roof of the hall, seated motionless and silent as if cut in stone, attentive to every phrase, hardly applauding, while soloists and chorus sent forth with the authority of artists the cry of a robust Catholic faith, faith in the life to come and all its consequences! For unbelievers, of course, the poem of Newman might mean little or nothing without the accompaniment of Elgar's music; yet it must not be forgotten that Elgar got his inspiration from the poem, from his own faith; as the poem suggested the music, so shall the music suggest the poem; and men will look twice into the sources of inspiration which aroused the cardinal and the composer to work of such perfection.

Newman wrote according to the spirit,

"One mystic midnight came a messenger
Of God to Titurel, and gave to him
The Holy Grail—"

with no regard for the market or a niche in the temple of fame; Elgar must have done his work in the same temper; since one can hardly imagine a less promising theme for the average audience than the Catholic idea and ritual of death, and the unpopular pageantry of judgment with its accompaniment of angels, demons, and souls in purgatory. To believers these things are very real, but quite unreal and even annoying to unbelievers. It is a popular supposition among Catholic writers that their introduction into popular books would result in failure. Elgar is of another opinion, with the happy result that a great poem is now wedded to great music, and Catholic beliefs find justification once more in their splendid effect on art. May the lesson not be lost on the time-servers.

While the public were stirred thus in one direction, Herr Conried moved them variously in another by his production of *Parsifal*, the most notable thing that has ever been done by a mortal manager. Conried passed from the management of the Irving Place Theatre to that of the Metropolitan Opera House last year, and opened his career of impresario with the announcement that Wagner's last and greatest music-drama would be the chief feature of the first season. In consequence Herr Conried's name has been trumpeted throughout the civilized world, and the magic name of Parsifal now points the innocent inquiries after one's health, and the banalities of the passing chat at the bargain counter. Apart from this successful advertising the production of the opera was a notable and serious event in music. Since Wagner gave it to the world at Bayreuth in 1882 the opera has never been performed elsewhere. The heirs of the composer objected to its translation to America, but Herr Conried took advantage of the copyright conditions to have his own way in the matter.

Considerable opposition arose against his plans on the ground that Parsifal was a sacred drama, which should not be given promiscuously, and by any sort of opera-singer. This objection and all others were triumphantly overcome by the new impresario, and the great work was splendidly presented on the 24th of December. It is a very good thing to have the theatre watched in the interests of religion and morality; but the pity of it is that the watchers do not inform themselves fully and properly about the dramas which they are to fight. For example, a Protestant bishop denounced Parsifal on the ground that the leading character was Our Lord, and the next in importance was Mary Magdalen, because in one scene the woman washed the feet of the hero and wiped them with her hair, and in another the Last Supper of the Lord was travestied. As the good bishop was altogether wrong about his facts, one wonders where he got his information.

The story of the opera is simply Wagner's interpretation of the famous legend of The Holy Grail, so familiar to modern readers, from Tennyson's beautiful poem. It is simply and purely a legend, with which facts have nothing to do. The leading character, Parsifal, is a young knight, whose innocence first, and virtue after temptation, makes him the rescuer of those persons in the drama who have fallen under the power of the magician Klingsor. The woman Kundry washes his feet in a running brook out of pure gratitude for her delivery from the power of the magician, and also because the wearied hero needed that natural refreshment after his long journey. The Knights of the Holy Grail do commemorate the Last Supper on the stage by eating bread and drinking wine, but it is not a travesty, it is done with the utmost reverence, and there is nothing like an imitation or reproduction of the Last Supper. There never was such an order as the Knights of the Holy Grail, nor such a relic as the

Grail itself, nor such a pursuit of It, nor such a belief in It, as poets describe.* Legend from the beginning, legend it must remain to the end. Perhaps it is a thousand years old in its present shape, and may have taken its form in the natural Christian interest concerning the cup used by Our Lord in the Last Supper. Wagner's use of it was clearly symbolic, the struggle of good and evil, the power of sin for a time, the necessity of Redemption by a power outside ourselves, the strength of innocence and virtue; but it takes a vivid fancy to discover a Christ in Parsifal, or to parallel the scenes of Our Lord's life in the scenes of the opera.

The first act represents a wood near the mountain of the Grail, placed by the poet in Spain. The castle of the Holy Grail looks out upon Christian Spain, to the north; on the other side of the same mountain the castle of Klingsor, the wicked magician, looks southward over Saracen Spain. According to the Wagner form of the legend angels bore to the knight Titurel the Holy Grail and also the Sacred Spear with which Longinus the centurion pierced the side of Our Lord. Titurel built the castle and founded an order of knighthood for the protection and veneration of the instruments of the Passion; in time he resigned his place to his son Amfortas; this unfortunate became entangled in the wiles of Klingsor by basely surrendering to his own lust and was wounded by Klingsor with the Sacred Spear, which the evil magician bore away with him; the wound remained open, causing Amfortas much pain, and was not to be healed unless by the touch of the Sacred Spear; and no one can overcome Klingsor but some innocent who has never known the stain of sin. Klingsor uses the woman Kundry to work out his plots against the knights of the Grail. In the old legend she was the female parallel of the wandering Jew, had mocked at Christ in His dolor and been condemned to perpetual laughter; but Wagner for his special purpose made her a dual personality, at one time serving the knights in expiation of her sins against them, at another serving Klingsor in the guise of voluptuous beauty.

When the play begins Parsifal is just about to appear on the scene. The old knight Gurnemanz and some young esquires have just finished their morning devotions in the woods, when Kundry rushes in with an ointment for the king's incurable wound; she has traveled far to find it; the king consents to use it, though without hope of good effect; Gurnemanz relates the story of the undoing of Amfortas, and is interrupted by the fall of a dying swan shot by the arrow of young Parsifal. The youth is seized and brought before Gurnemanz, who questions him and gets answers that prove the lad's ignorance of himself and life. Kundry is able to tell something about him, and in the hope that he may be the fool who is to heal King Amfortas, Gurnemanz leads him to the castle, while Kundry, falling again under the spell of Klingsor, goes into a deep sleep. The first scene melts magically into the grand hall of the castle, set with tables, lighted from the immense dome, where, lost in wonder, Parsifal sees the knights of the Grail enter and take their places at the long tables, then boys bearing in a shrine the Holy Grail, last of all, Amfortas, borne in his litter. The king is seated on his throne, with the Grail covered before him; his office is to uncover the sacred relic for the veneration of his knights; but the ceremony causes him such intense pain that even the appeal of his old father scarcely gives him the needed courage. At last he uncovers the cup, its heavenly light fills the hall, the knights eat the bread and

*The cup used at the Last Supper is said to be in possession of the Cathedral chapter of Toledo, Spain, where it is publicly venerated.

drink the wine, while the chorus of boys sings a description of the Last Supper, the Grail is covered again, and the light fails, the hall is emptied once more, and Parsifal stands alone, speechless with wonder and delight at the miraculous splendor of the scene.

It is impossible to describe the impression made by this act, so deep is it, so complex, with its wonderful combination of music, song, and scene; and the profound reverence of actors and music makes the Holy Grail no longer a legend, but a true relic and a vital influence in the world. The second act opens in a tower of Klingsor's castle, where the magician employs his arts to call Kundry from her sleep, to convert her into an enchantress, and bid her seduce Parsifal. While she is pleading with him for release from her shameful servitude, Parsifal approaches the castle and puts its defenders to flight; he is then led into a lovely garden where Kundry vainly tries her arts upon him; enraged at her failure she calls upon the magician for aid; Klingsor hurls at the young knight the Sacred Spear, which remains suspended in the air over the youth's head; Parsifal seizes it, makes the sign of the cross in the air, and the castle tumbles into ruins, magician and subjects wither away, and only the bare mountain remains. The third act returns to the castle of the Grail, with an interval of ten or fifteen years. Gurnemanz has become an old man, and Kundry has been in a magic sleep all the time. The old man wakes her and sets her at work about his hermitage, when Parsifal in black armor enters, carrying the Sacred Spear, from a long pilgrimage over the world. He is recognized as the promised healer of Amfortas and the next king or guardian of the Grail. The old knight and Kundry remove his black armor and bathe his feet. Gurnemanz anoints him king, and Kundry, evidently as a symbol of her redemption from the power of Klingsor, with the same oil anoints his feet and wipes them with her hair, they clothe him with the armor of the Grail, lead him to the great hall once more, and present him to the wounded king as his deliverer and his successor. Titurel has died in the meantime, the Holy Grail is no more uncovered, and the rite of bread and wine has been abandoned. Parsifal heals the wound of Amfortas by a touch of the Sacred Spear, he uncovers the Grail and reveals its splendor once more to its guardians, and Kundry dies, doubly released from slavery and life by the innocent Parsifal.

Thus the genius of Wagner and the enterprise of Conried shed upon America the light of the Holy Grail, which Tennyson re-lit after its long extinction by the clouds of materialism. How can we help seeing the significance of these events, *Parsifal* and *The Dream of Gerontius?* What other meaning in that tremendous impression which they make upon the passing multitude than that the reaction against the Voltaires and Tyndalls and Spencers and Cliffords has come? Scott's novels, the Oxford Movement, Newman's poetry, Tennyson's Idylls of the King, Wagner's music-drama, and Elgar's masterpiece, are events that lie far apart and seem to have little connection; yet who will be rash enough to deny that New York at the beginning of the century has been emphatically and impressively brought face to face with the reaction expressed in them by wonderful *Parsifal* and *The Dream of Gerontius?*

CARADOC THE WOLF.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (SLIEV-NA-MON).

For that he scourged God's people and laid waste
Their tillage fields, and burned their holy shrines,
The Curse of Patrick fell on Caradoc;
And straight the unhappy chieftain's shape was changed
From human guise. The halls of men no more
Echoed his footfalls, but the forest beasts
Trembled to see him pass their haunts among,
A gaunt grey wolf, accursed and alone!

Full oft when on his journeys Patrick passed
With good Benignus, thro' the woodland glades
The man-wolf crossed their path,—and, ah, the look
Of dumb entreaty from out those eyes!
The desperate pleading of that human soul,
Brute-prisoned, stirred the young Benignus' heart
To melting pity; so unto the Saint
He spoke: "Oh, Father, what is this dread thing,
The great, grey wolf that follows us alway
And suppliant scans our faces?" And the Saint:—
" 'Tis Caradoc that suffers for his sins."

Wearied and spent, one night, the godly pair
With broken branches made a hasty couch
And 'mid the forest fastnesses reclined
To sleep and wait the dawning. The sad wind
Moaned in the gnarled boughs that ghost-like flung
Their withered arms in dismal pantomime.
Late in the somber watches, with a cry
Benignus woke and shuddering called the Saint:—
"Waken, oh Father! for your son hath fear,—
I dreamt that in the dark two burning eyes
Watched as we slept, and even when I woke

Those eyes were there ablazing in the gloom."
Then Patrick:—"Sleep again my son, in peace,
'Tis Caradoc keeps vigil for his sins."
And meek Benignus slept, but woke once more
To horrid clamor as though hellish fiends
The place infested; from the woods about,
A wolf-pack, frantic at the scent of prey,
With clashing jaws leaped towards the sleeping Saint.
Right fearsome death were his, but from his side
A gaunt grey wolf more fierce than all the rest,
With flaming eyes, charged 'gainst the ravening pack,
Tearing them left and right!

When Patrick woke
In the dim dawn he saw beside him there
Grim wolfish forms with life-blood flowing fast,
And with its head uplifted towards his couch
A gaunt grey wolf, whose throat was gashed and torn,
With dying eyes entreating sought his own.

When Patrick spoke: " 'Tis Caradoc at last
That for his sins hath made atonement due."
And straight he rose and on the man-wolf's head
Poured the baptismal waters, that wash out
All stain of sin, and free the enchained soul,
"Thee I baptize, oh Caradoc, in name
Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost." And lo!
No longer lay a grey wolf at his feet,
But Caradoc in human form again,
Who, joyful kissing Patrick's garment-hem,
And, happy sighing, closed his eyes in death.

AFTER FIVE YEARS — A RETROSPECT.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Only half a decade—a puny, flitting five years—and yet within that brief period the march of events of national importance has been so strange and rapid, the apparent changes in the tone and temper and traditional policy of the nation at large have been so marked as to be difficult to conceive, bewildering to realize.

A cursory glance over those five years is like viewing the plumy and imposing advance of a great tidal wave and its gradual recession, leaving the ravaged shore strewn with things unsightly.

For a long time previously there had been a sense of militarism in the air, not however, of the grim Old World kind, relic of barbarism and despotism, but a mild, buoyant, holiday sort of pomp, whose main province seemed to be to stimulate patriotism by gladly commemorating and celebrating certain glorious events in the nation's history. Of course there was the small regular army—whose very smallness was a national pride and boast—which had no special call for its standing save at long intervals when rascally government agents cheated and goaded the Indians into brief revolt. But the march past of the national guard, of the blue uniforms, serried bayonets and fluttering flags of the blithe citizen soldiers from office, store and factory, inspired no particular notion of gory war, no more than that of the independent companies in green or tartan, or of the trim little college or church cadets, with their toy rifles.

Yet behind each peaceful holiday pageant, like Hyde behind Jekyll, lurked the dogs of war, ready at a moment's call to spring into fierce activity.

BLOWING UP OF THE MAINE.

And that call came with the blowing up of the Maine, when the nation, after scant and impatient investigation of the cause of that grievous disaster, plunged eagerly into war with him whom press, preachers and politicians had long painted and denounced as "the cruel and treacherous Spaniard."

"When Lieutenant Morris committed suicide probably an everlasting lock was turned upon the secret of the Maine," said the Portland Oregonian. "He was the electrician on that ill-starred ship when she was sunk by an explosion in Havana harbor, and caused the Spanish war. His intimates have been sure that he knew the secret of the cause of the catastrophe, and that it was internal and not external; but its revelation involved responsibility of a brother officer, and so Morris carried the weighty secret until it could be borne no longer, and took his life as the only means of deliverance."

Whether the unhappy Morris was responsible or not will probably never be known until the last day. But the destruction of the Maine came most opportunely to divert the public mind of America from various matters which were occasioning deep unrest—from free silver, from the trust question, from the vast individual amassing of wealth, the reduction of wages, increase of prices, and great inequality in the conditions of living. It was promptly resolved and effected, by the element whose methods and interests were menaced by the popular discontent, to take advantage of the disaster to make this discontent lose itself in popular jingoism. Therefore a persistent cry was sent up for war, war, war, for revenge on treacherous Spain. The interested "yellow journals" took up the frantic chorus; as pointed out by Archbishop Ireland, they suppressed the anti-bellum arguments of the conservatives and peacemakers and gave fullest ventilation to the warlike appeals of the jingoes.

So, despite President McKinley's oppo-

sition and pleading, war was declared, and with it we entered into that fitful five years' fever from the throes of which we have not yet wholly emerged—may not emerge, indeed, for many weary and trying years.

Honor to the myriads of brave men who with unquestioning loyalty, unhesitating patriotism, responded to their country's call to arms. Like the cavalry of Balaklava, "theirs not to reason why, theirs not to make reply." With the power of Spain over-rated and inflated by the sensational press they offered themselves in ludicrously overwhelming numbers; yet not less their credit on that account. To the individual efforts of these men, hampered though they were by bungling leaders, incompetent commissariat officers, and dishonest contractors, was due the prompt termination of the war in Cuba and the ousting of Spain from this continent. Their record shines clear through a campaign tarnished with the petty squabbles and jealousies of rival commanders, and the needless heavy mortality caused by wretched hospital and transport arrangements and infamous embalmed beef. The true heroes of the Spanish war are well entitled to take their place with America's bravest. The story of their triumph was received with hearty national pride by their countrymen.

HORRORS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

But soon, as sequel to the victory over Spain, came news of warfare and victory of another kind; news received at first with incredulity and amazement, then with sorrow and indignation. It came from the far-off Philippines and told of horrors and outrages never before perpetrated in the history of the American army, of the massacre of so-called "rebels," of the wholesale murder of helpless and inoffensive human beings, of burning, plunder, sacrilege, even of the violation of the graves of the dead, and of torturing persons to death.

After the first surprise the jingo press hastened by turns to minimize, to suppress, even to justify. "My country right or wrong" was the unscrupulous shibboleth adopted by the more abandoned of the newspapers. "War is hell," apologized others, in the words of General Sherman, and certainly the most realistic attempts made in modern times to represent Inferno were being made by some of the American troops who were carrying fire and sword among the unfortunate Filipinos. "Copperheads" and "firing in the rear" were others of the artful, gallery-begging expressions used when at length American manhood and humanity, undeterred by the clamors of a spurious "patriotism" hitherto unknown in this republic, arose and made strong protest against the devil's work in the Philippines.

The press continued its specious denials that there was anything like indiscriminate slaughter and church-looting until the letters of the soldiers themselves began to dribble in, some of them callous and boastful, others expressive of dismay and horror. Then came consignments of church loot. Vestments and other articles plundered from Filipino churches were displayed in American store windows, a convincing object lesson of the methods in which the war was being conducted.

From Manila came disinterested word that the place was suffering from the introduction of that species of "civilization," favored by the Anglo-Saxon, whose chief resources are rum and cannon. Bishop Thorburn, a Methodist, complained that the gin-shop had become forcibly in evidence in Manila. Harold Martin, of the Associated Press, told that before the American army occupied the city there were in it only three saloons licensed for the sale of strong drink, but the number had since grown to one hundred and sev-

enty, besides fifty-three other places licensed to distribute liquor in wholesale quantities. Ninety per cent of the patrons of these places were American soldiers, whose drunken excesses made the Escolta, hitherto the leading business street and a respectable thoroughfare, take on the semblance of some degraded "tenderloin" district in an American city. And the "social evil," under the protection of the armed hand of the new "civilization," showed its ugly head in all directions.

But while the soldiery who represented "benevolent assimilation" were allowed to indulge in recreations that broached on orgies it was thought necessary by the military authorities that the morals of the natives themselves should be strictly attended to. Cock-fighting is the national sport of the Philippine Islands, not at all an edifying or humane sport, to be sure, but much more humane than the strenuous way in which General Otis set about suppressing it, to wit, firing, without warning, a deadly volley into a crowd of bewildered natives, unconscious of any offence, killing one and wounding several.

The "kill and burn" order of a certain general will not soon be forgotten in the Philippines or in America. Neither will the killing of Father Augustino by the "water cure," although his murderers go unpunished, whitewashed by the decision of ruthless militarism.

GENERAL MILES' REPORT.

Gag rule in regard to the atrocities in these unhappy islands of the sea was strictly observed and defended by the imperialist press. To break it and tear aside the curtain that concealed official misdeeds was the work, several months ago, of no less a person that the late commander-in-chief of the American army, who by so doing brought upon himself a howl of execration from a section of the press. General Miles, a typical soldier of the fine old American school that still, thank heaven, scorns cruelty and outrage, gave, as a result of his official investigations in the Philippines, an appalling report (dated Feb. 19, 1903) of various atrocities committed by United States troops, including robbery, torture and burning to death. To show some of the usual military methods practiced, he tells:

"It appears that Maj. Glenn, Lieut. Conger and a party of assistants and native scouts were moved from place to place for the purpose of extorting statements by means of torture, and it became so notorious that this party was called 'Glenn's brigade.'

"These facts came to my notice in a casual way and many others of similar character have been reported in different parts of the archipelago. In fact, I was informed that it was common talk at the places where officers congregated that such transactions had been carried on either with the connivance or approval of certain commanding officers. It is, however, most gratifying to state that such atrocities have been condemned by such commanders as Gens. Lawton, Wade, Sumner, Lee, Baldwin and others."

THE BOER WAR.

One false step often begets others, and so it happened in this case, when a waver was made from the straight white path of traditional American policy with regard to human freedom. With Spain receiving twenty million good American dollars for a country that was never properly hers to sell, leaving in return a large, hot "gold brick" in the hands of Uncle Sam, this nation of ours, engaged in the strange and abhorrent task of subduing a liberty-loving people, was in no position to extend help or sympathy to other people whose liberty was assailed by the greedy power of imperialism. To do so would be national hypocrisy. Therefore, when England stretched out after the two little republics of South Africa, the big sister republic was compelled to look on without protest and rather with approval, to judge from American opinion as voiced by press, pulpits and politicians. It was no longer

"My country right or wrong," but "Anglo-Saxonism right or wrong." The usual engines of calumny were set in motion and the Boers as a people were maligned with all art and ingenuity, until the progress of the strife—the most marvelous struggle for liberty recorded in all history—revealed the gallant burghers as they really were, a noble race of modern Spartans. Little aid, however, did they receive from this country—merely a few gallant bands of American and Irish-American scouts attracted to their cause by its worthiness—but, while the wives and children of the Boers were dying in hundreds in the British plague camps, there were British camps under military law on United States soil engaged in levying and forwarding to South Africa such necessary war material as horses and mules and also such very acceptable army material as thousands of American youths, who went ostensibly in charge of the cattle, to take the "Saxon shilling" and don the khaki on their arrival in South Africa.

AMERICANS FIGHT THE BOERS.

On this amazing point of what would seem a question of national degeneracy—this miserable spectacle of republicans uniting with monarchists for the enslavement of weak republics—a flood of light has been cast by the accounts of returned American fighters on the British side. Some of these admit that they were merely mercenaries or free lances, fighting for fee or excitement without regard to the justice of the cause. The recruiting sergeants at Durban, Port Elizabeth, and Cape Town, made it their business to await the arrival of mule transports from New Orleans, and usually had but small difficulty in inducing the Americans on board to enlist. Twenty-five days at sea, combined with the sight of the spick-and-span khaki-clad soldiers with their fifty dollars bounty and $1.25 a day, proved a powerful attraction. It is estimated that more than 5,000 Americans fought for the British in their two-years' overwhelming attempt to bring the unwilling "handful of farmers" under their sway. Writing exultingly on this subject a London correspondent of the American press says:

"When such dashing leaders of the British irregular forces as Col. Byng and Col. Wilson tell the story of the operations in South Africa, England will be amazed to learn the extent and quality of the service rendered by Americans. In many of the fiercest battles and skirmishes of the campaign the 'Yanks,' as Tommy Atkins called them, bore the brunt of the fighting. No fewer than several hundred American boys fill unmarked graves on the veldt. At the famous battle of Hilbron the day was saved by the initiative of the American members of Kitchener's scouts when the British, after a long running fight, recovered huge droves of cattle captured the day before by DeWet.

"These Americans carried the stars and stripes often under Boer fire. The South African light horse regularly flew the American flag, which waved in the very press of the bloody battle of Vlakfontein. The Yankees were the life of many a disheartened British camp. Wherever they were one heard the click of poker chips and the echo of dice, but when there was fighting to be done those British commanders who had a company of Americans felt themselves doubly armed."

A sorry picture this from a traditional American point of view. The American mercenaries who helped to play Rhodes' and Chamberlain's game in South Africa belonged probably to the same unsavory skimmings of the poor cauldron of humanity as those who looted, tortured and murdered in the Philippines. The sorrow and mystery of it is that the United States could have produced such men; in their unscrupulous hands the unfurling of the stars and stripes was insolent presumption and desecration. The soldiers whom the sordid Elector of Hesse sold to King George to fight against American liberty were vastly the superiors of these degenerates; the Hessians had no voice in the matter, they were not volunteers.

AMERICA AT THE HAGUE.

In other new, strange lights did America, through her representatives, regular and irregular, present herself to an astonished world. In the summer of 1899 the Peace Convention was held at the Hague in the avowed interests of civilization, with the object of mitigating the cruelties of war. Among subjects discussed was the dum-dum bullet, that barbarous English invention which on striking the body expands like a mushroom and makes a frightful wound, giving the stricken man little or no chance of life. The general voice of the convention was against the dum-dum, but England and America defended it both with plausible argument and brutal frankness. Andrew J. White, head of the American delegation, "made an important speech in opposition to prohibition of such bullets as the dum-dum." On the same occasion, by the way, another earnest advocate of modern barbarism appeared in the person of Captain Mahan, America's naval representative at the convention and a noted admirer and eulogist of Anglo-Saxonism, whose rôle was to defend the use of asphyxiating projectiles—shells, especially lyddite ones, containing asphyxiating gases, which liberate on explosion, with the supposed result of poisoning or otherwise placing hors de combat all persons within a certain radius. Anglo-Saxon "civilization" as exemplified by the dum-dum bullet was ignominiously rebuked by the convention by a vote of eighteen to three. England, with wonted breach of faith, ignored the verdict and at once broke the terms of the convention. On July 10, in the House of Commons, George Wyndham, then under-secretary of state for the war office, replying to a question of Michael Davitt, acknowledged that bullets similar to the dum-dum were being supplied to the British troops in South Africa.

THE OUTRAGES IN CHINA.

In strange and pleasing contrast to the conduct of American troops in the Philippines was their manly and humane behavior as compared with that of European troops on the march to Pekin, in that terrible Chinese campaign of outrage and pillage, when the rivers were filled with the corpses of Chinese women, who embraced death to escape dreaded dishonor by the invaders. Some of the Americans, however, took part in the general looting that occurred, and the chief looter appears to have been a missionary, sent out to convert the Chinese to the ways of alleged Christian civilization.

"A day or two after the relief," wrote Mr. George Lynch, the war correspondent, "when looking for a place to sleep in, I met the Rev. Mr. Ament, of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He told me he was going to take possession of the house of a wealthy Chinaman, who was an old enemy of his, as he had interfered much in the past with his missionary labors in Pekin. A couple of days afterwards he did so, and held a great sale of his enemy's effects. I bought a sable coat at it for $125, and a couple of statues of Buddha. As the stock became depleted it was replenished by the efforts of his converts, who were ransacking the houses in the neighborhood. It is to be presumed the houses were deserted by their owners."

From which it is to be inferred that the peculiar brand of religion taught his "converts" by Mr. Ament was akin to that which was imparted in the celebrated school of Fagin the Jew.

Meanwhile, looking at home during the progress of our unhappy war abroad, there flits before us, in those years of "unexampled prosperity," a lurid phantasmagoria of feuds, lynchings, strikes, monumental crimes—including the murder of a president of the United States—inhuman cruelties in prison and school, extraordinary and disgusting antics on the part of "high society," a vast increase in the divorce habit, and other melancholy

tokens of national degeneracy and reaction towards barbarism.

FEUDS AND LYNCHINGS.

The Howard-White-Baker feuds of Kentucky, and similar feuds, with their unceasing red record of retaliatory homicides can hardly find parallel in the most sanguinary Corsican vendetta. The ferocious, determined spirit of revenge is there shown tenaciously transmitted from generation to generation. As for lynchings, they have become appallingly familiar in both South and North. Burning to death has become a favorite means of mob vengeance, and tens of thousands of persons, men, women and children, have gathered again and again at place after place throughout the country to witness the dying agonies of some suspect negro at the stake. A record of lynchings in this country for the past twenty-one years gives the number as 3,233 to Jan. 1, 1903. A statistician says:

"In the 21 years 1,872 negroes have been lynched, an average of 89½ a year. In that period 1,256 whites have been lynched, an average of 59 a year. There have been 61 women lynched in that period, 38 colored and 23 white, 9 of them for murder. Of the 615 white men who were lynched in the 21 years, 108 were for criminal assault. In the south 1,091 negroes were lynched and 593 whites. Statistics cannot be made to show more than 35 per cent of negroes lynched for criminal assault. In the west 623 were lynched in the 21 years, about 43 per cent for murder."

A desperate disease requires a desperate remedy, but this black record makes one believe that the so-called remedy has been greatly abused. And, then, the teachings and effect tend less to intimidate evil-doers than to scandalize and brutalize society in general. Especially in recent years have newspaper readers had almost weekly repetition of the sickening details of each tragedy, each closely resembling the other—the awful crime, the pursuit by a posse of the "best citizens," the taking of the culprit or supposed culprit from the sheriff, the chaining to the stake and the application of the match. The frequency of the fiery mediæval doom must have a brutalizing, callousing effect on the population.

PRISON BRUTALITIES.

From various prisons of the country leaked out details of tortures which would betoken a return to the dark ages, to the practices which made hideous the dungeons of feudal castles. From the convict camps of Georgia came those reports, telling how prisoners had their flesh torn and even their eyes put out by the strap, recklessly wielded by brutal taskmasters; from the state prison of Michigan, where men, self-mutilated to avoid work they were unable to do, were severely flogged; from Anderson county, S. C., where black men were kidnapped from their families on trumped-up charges or no charge at all and condemned to work in slavery worse than their ancestors knew before the civil war, and sickly black women, unequal to their imposed task, were scourged with the cat-o'-nine-tails; from Colorado penitentiary where Warden Hoyt exploits his disciplinary "spanking-machine"; from Jefferson City, where a defiant convict had his eyes burnt out with hot iron rods in the hands of the guards; and especially from the notorious Folsom prison, California, where a regular old-fashioned system of torture is said to prevail, with accessories of "strait-jackets, gags, pulleys, belts, ropes, chains and clubs."

Even from female penitentiary institutions came ugly reports of cruelties, especially from a women's and girls' prison and industrial school in Indianapolis, where, in Feb., 1901, evidence was given before a legislative committee that for trivial offenses girls were confined in narrow vermin-infested "boxes," whipped on the bare back until the blood ran, and had their outcries stifled with ammonia.

Small children were threatened with a scheme of torture. "Psychologist MacDonald of the National Bureau of Education," devised an instrument which he called the "algometer," or pain tester, which was proposed to be introduced in the public schools, with the view of testing each child's sensibility to pain.

SOME MEDICAL DOCTRINES.

From the medical faculty came some unique suggestions, which somehow seemed in keeping with the prevailing spirit of the times. A Connecticut physician urged that physicians, with the consent of their patients, when the latter are suffering and with no hope of recovery, ought to put them out of pain by killing them. Another, Dr. Dennison, of Denver, would rid society of its imbecile children by putting them to death. Only a short time ago, Representative Rodgers of Michigan, in debating an appropriation for the State Home for the Feeble-Minded, declared himself in favor of a law which would provide for the killing of incurables, and deliberately advocated the passage of a law to that effect.

All things considered, it seemed as if American cruelty, both at home and abroad, was on rampant and grotesque riot, and that neither age, sex nor condition, was safe against its excesses.

ANTICS OF "HIGH SOCIETY."

Many there are who decry the idea that the habits and antics of "society" have any special effect on the morals and manners of the people at large, that the works and pomps of the *elite* of Newport and elsewhere are of little or no interest to the general American public. To what public, then, do the Sunday newspapers cater in filling their blanket sheets with the doings of these same "society" people, from the disgusting details of the last "monkey party" to the salacious grounds for the next divorce? We must partly agree with Dr. Broughton: "It is a known fact that so-called society sets the pace for the rest of poor mortals." As to the manner in which society "sets the pace" let the daily newspapers tell. The grotesque and extravagant social functions; the vulgar and ostentatious display of wealth, even in connection with sacred ceremonies—as in the Vanderbilt-Neilsen wedding, which aroused the disgust of the world; the greedy and soulless pursuit of lucre, to the grinding of the toiler and the plunder of the public; the chasing of foreign titles; the contemptuous ignoring and neglect of public duty; finally, perhaps, as has happened, the scornful renunciation of American citizenship—these, in the public mind, have become the salient features of American "high society" as it exists today. How it shall exist tomorrow becomes a matter of rather gloomy conjecture when we consider the character of the average American millionaire's progeny. As an able journalist and experienced and observant man of the world, T. P. O'Connor, M. P., is certainly entitled to a hearing. Here is how he describes some of our embryo rulers, the future kings of the money market:

"I have never seen a race that appeared to me so hopeless, worthless and foredoomed as the children of American millionaires. This, of course, is by no means a universal—I would not go anything like the length of saying it is a general—rule, but it often occurs. We are beginning to know this type of American in Europe. He is sometimes a wanderer over the earth, and though he may be a dilettante, a hypochondriac, and an idler, he is generally a man of cultivation, refinement, and an exquisiteness of manner which puts to shame even the best-bred men of English-speaking societies. Sometimes the son of a millionaire does us the honor of settling among us in England, and then he becomes a more thorough seeker after idle pleasures than anyone can produce outside of our social wrecks, and is more distinguished—he, the child of a republic—by a contempt for popular rights and public duties than the most courtly conservative of our native growth. I do not know which is the more perilous symptom in American life—the absorption in political affairs of the needy

and the disreputable, or the exclusion from all political interest and sympathy and sense of duty of so many of the rich."

If such is the material from which the republic is to be built up on the new imperialist basis the outlook is not of the best. Apparently the "strenuous life," as advocated by President Roosevelt, has no charms for this languid and blasé product, the typical son of the American millionaire.

THE DIVORCE EVIL.

There is one matter in particular in which "society" has set striking example to the American public—example which the American public has most strikingly followed. This is divorce. It is claimed there have been 500,000 divorces granted in this country within the last ten years. Many and grievous are the causes that have led to building up this disgraceful total. A few years ago the well-known Dr. Parkhurst of New York caused a sensation by calculating that there were in that city nearly a quarter of a million of faithless husbands and wives. A few months ago, on his tour through the country, President Roosevelt denounced the widely practiced habit of "race suicide." Faithlessness and childlessness!—the chief causes of separation of husband and wife in this great land of divorce-made-easy are not hard to discover. The rich, intent upon reveling in the luxury afforded by their riches, do not want the "bother of children"; the poor, or comparatively poor, shirk the responsibility of children and break the laws of religion and nature on account of the dreaded additional expense. So occurs what the President calls "race suicide." It is a sad and ugly condition to contemplate; but, as a writer on the subject remarks: "It may not be a bad thing, however, for some vain and selfish people to quit the world without offspring."

INFLUENCES THAT WORKED.

Now as to some of the factors that have brought about this seeming great and grievous revolution in the American idea, this striking at the word and spirit of the constitution with regard to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," this rending of domestic ties and tearing up of hearthstones, this reign of American licentiousness and cruelty both at home and abroad. The most insidious and efficient of these has been the perverted power of the press and the brutalizing influence of depraved literature.

A great force in the Anglo-Saxon alliance and movement for the subjugation and plunder of weaker peoples was the Anglo-Indian poet and novelist, Rudyard Kipling. As candid and open incitement to national rapine and robbery his poems and works in general were as brutal as anything ever chanted by Norse skalds at the shrines of Thor and Zernabock. As laureate of loot he was popular with both English and American imperialists, for he encouraged them with flamboyant rage and bloody directness.

"Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The fate of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead."

He did more than anybody else to promote the war-spirit, to draw the sanguinary war mist over the minds and judgments of men, and to him as much as to Rhodes and Chamberlain is due the awful sacrifice of human life that reddened the veldts of South Africa. Kipling's barbaric war chants have been turned into death laments. The heart of humanity, at length resenting the cynical brutality of his writings, is turning from him in disgust. Already his books are being excluded

from libraries as unfit reading. Of one of Kipling's books said the Rev. Frank G. Hall, of the North Cambridge Universalist church, Boston: "We found, upon inspecting it, that it held up a drunken, despicable sort of character as an ideal hero. It isn't in the library any more." The decay of Kiplingism, with its repulsive Anglo-Saxon swagger and barbarism, is a thing for which to be profoundly grateful.

PROTESTANTS DENOUNCE GODLESS EDUCATION.

That thoughtful and conscientious Protestant educators and churchmen are rapidly and surely coming round to the Catholic way of thinking is becoming more manifest every year. They are becoming alive to the fact that there is a grave want and defect in their system, that a great war is on in this country between atheism and Christianity, that education minus religion is dangerous to the possessor and to society, and that the foundations of the state are most unsafe if resting on godless schools and colleges.

Several of them have already strongly declared themselves on this very point. In an address which he delivered to the Christian Endeavorers at Detroit, the late Dr. John Henry Barrows, a well-known Protestant divine, gentle, cultured, well-traveled, declared that in France the state schools have proven a prodigious ethical failure because the highest truths and motives of action were not inculcated in them. "Criminal statistics," he added, "in France as well as in America indicate that there is a horrible failure somewhere in the education of youth." Speaking in a similar strain, the Protestant President of Princeton said, in advocacy of the religious idea: "A father may well feel that his son's refined demeanor would be a poor offset to his loss of religious faith. A young man would do well to consider the moral as well as the intellectual influences that surround a college or university." The President further says that a student's undergraduate life will certainly be a conspicuous failure if, "above all he ceases to maintain a reverent attitude towards the spiritual side of life," and adds: "The first thing to be considered about an institution of learning, whatever its size or wheresoever it be situated is: What is the moral tone of the place, and what efforts are made to keep the students under the best influences?" This, coming from such a source, is a severe indictment of the system of godless education, which has flooded this country with cultured reprobates. In a different way is our public school and university system attacked by Professor Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago; his complaint is that from class distinctions between educated and uneducated it produces a race of arrant snobs; "and this," he told his class in sociology, "in spite of the fact that we have the greatest public school system in the world. Our university graduates, although their education is practically given them by the people, are quite as snobbish as those of England or any other country. They are slow to recognize and act upon the obligation they owe to society. The result is that the public school system, designed to be our most democratic and leveling institution, in reality leads to the separation of those who receive its benefits from those who do not." What this worthy man denounces is, in the absence of the charity begotten of religion, the production of a haughty and ungrateful class of patricians by cheap education.

But the most trenchant assailant of the public school system as it exists is no less a personage than President Eliot of Harvard College. In an address delivered by him before the Connecticut State Teachers' Association in October, 1902, he

pointed out that for more than two generations popular education had struggled in vain with "the barbarous vice of drunkenness" and had signally failed to check or suppress crime, gambling, offensive literature, immoral stage plays, quack medicines and industrial wars. "The attempt to teach total abstinence through the medium of the public schools has been an injury to the teachings of science, inasmuch as ideas concerning the effect of alcohol were taught which could not be proven true"—implying that a drinking man should have higher motive for reform than falsely alleged injury to his stomach.

"The persistency of gambling in the United States is another disappointing thing to the advocates of popular education. . . . It is a reproach to popular education that the gravest crimes of violence are committed in great number all over the United States by individuals and mobs, with large measures of impunity. . . . The nature of the daily reading matter supplied to the American public affords much ground for discouragement in regard to the results thus far obtained in the common schools. . . . A similar unfavorable inference regarding popular education may be drawn from the quality of the popular theatres of today. The stage often presents scenes and situations of an immoral sort."

And so on, in grey pessimistic category, which aroused general sensation and comment.

But it is easier to destroy than to build up. Where lies the remedy for the defects complained of? On studying it, probably those worthy men were fain to abandon the subject in despair, confronted by the spectres of denominationalism and sectarianism.

NOT A JEREMIAD.

This is a retrospect, not a jeremiad. It leaves untouched many great evils—municipal corruption, the growth of trusts, extortion and oppression as practiced by employers and leading up to such demonstrations of capital opposed to labor as that of a year ago when the nation suffered from a coal famine, the direct result of the greatest industrial strike known to American history, a strike forced upon the miners by intolerable conditions, for which the capitalist mine owners were responsible. It is a flitting, imperfect bird's-eye view of the period that has passed since America, for the first time in thirty-three years, plunged into the fever of war. It is a peculiarly contagious malady, this war mania, the seeds of it innate in most men's breasts, their inheritance from barbaric ancestors. It is common to all nations, but especially to those having big armies and big war ships and big guns, not knowing what to do with them and anxious for an opportunity to test and use them. But it is a national fever that usually brings, through sympathy, other evils in its train—domestic violence and crime, disorder, brutality, demoralization. This is mainly the result of impression and imitation. "When the war broke out," said Miss Jane Addams, the well-known social reformer of Chicago, "the small boys of the slum district (where she lived) formed themselves into bands and attacked each other savagely; they were Americans and Spaniards." When Harry Tracy, the western desperado, made his marvelous run for life and met his tragic doom there was a grand sympathetic outbreak of murders, hold-ups and burglaries in the territory of Washington; this was his admirers' compliment to Tracy, in the sincerest post-mortem praise of imitation. It is melancholy and appalling to notice the great frequency of juvenile executions, the large number of young criminals, many of them mere boys that go yearly and even monthly to the gallows in the various states of the Union. Godless education, the unwholesome teaching of the dime novel, the morbid admiration of

noted malefactors, all combine to increase the wretched, ruined, poisoned young crop that falls annually beneath the merciless and mechanical scythe of the law. Still, undeterred and undaunted by the numerous stern examples made, the young desperadoes seem to increase in numbers and ferocity, even in bloodthirstiness. This was recently fearfully exemplified in Chicago, when four boys scarce out of their teens, four products of the godless system of education, one of them a professed atheist, went deliberately into a life of crime and within a month or two built up for themselves the red record of at least eight murders.

All in five fleeting years! Perhaps, with this rather miserable review before us, it might be premature to say that the turning point of our national fever has been reached, that the crisis of a period of cruel lawlessness and outrage has been passed, that a steady and healthy reaction is setting in. Possibly all this is so. Anyhow, with the trend of many master minds of the country setting in a new and promising direction, there is gratifying ground for hope of improvement. America is happily possessed of vast powers of moral as well as material recuperation, and, with the aid of all good citizens, she will exercise that power for the best.

COMRADE MINE.

AMADEUS, O.S.F.

We do not stand together, dear,
Where, side by side, the fight is fought;
But thou canst scarcely be more near
Than dweller in my inmost thought;
And there, when vexing doubts arise,
I seek the help so truly thine,
And never fail to realize
Thy noble strength, O, Comrade mine!

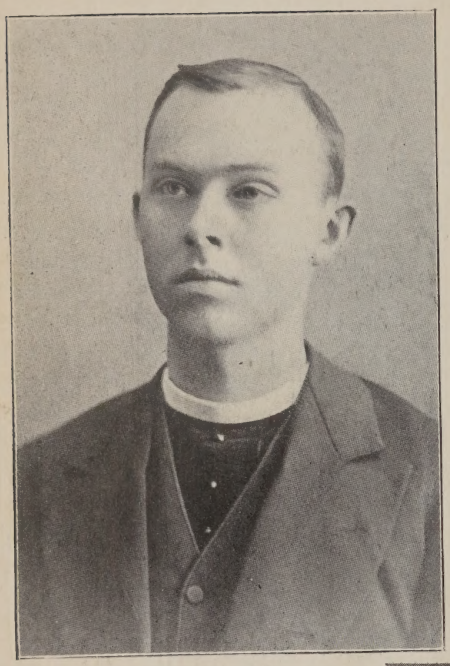
It is not giv'n to us to be
Anear on life's tempestuous way;
I can not hear thy voice, or see
Thine eyes smile on me, day by day;
But I can feel thee in my heart
By each uplifting, worthy sign;
And none more close than where thou art
Can ever be, O, Comrade mine!

'T were sweet to have thee near, but, O,
Since that, in life, may never be,
'T is joy unto my heart to know
That, absent, thou art true to me!
Mind linked to mind, and soul to soul,—
Shall Friendship's tendrils constant twine
More closely as the years unroll,
Till we are one, O, Comrade mine!

OST REV. S. G. MESSMER, D.D

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

"I make it a rule to vote for the best man," said the Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, the recently appointed Archbishop of Milwaukee, addressing a crowded meeting held at Milwaukee, under the auspices of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. "I believe in the politics of principle; to protect God's holy Church and our beloved country." The Archbishop's address is instinct with prudent counsel, every paragraph marked by serious thought on some issue of the day. Taking up the question of temperance he says: "I often believe that we Catholics are not doing our duty in this regard; that we should do more to alleviate this curse.



REV JAMES J. HARTLEY.

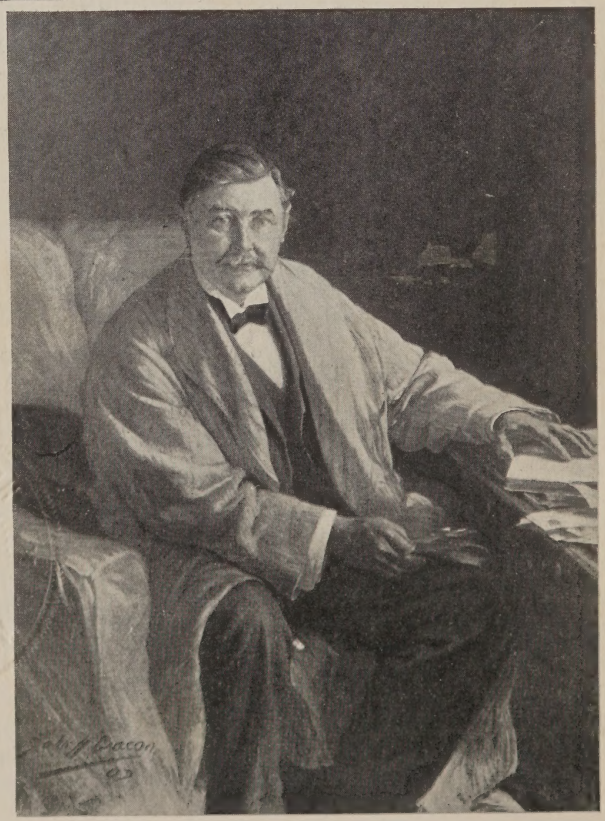
Let me call your attention to the custom of treating. If all Catholic men would abstain from treating, don't you think a great good would be accomplished? You may take a glass of beer, or wine, or spirits, if you desire, and I have no objection. It is your privilege. I am no advocate of total abstinence, but I say abolish treating. This can be done."

Commending the work of the Catholic press Archbishop Messmer pointed out lines on which its influence should be extended:

"Another subject of the federation is the spread of Catholic literature and the support of the Catholic press. Our Catholic press performs a most excellent service, but it is not enough. We need Catholic information for ourselves; we need to be told what are the Catholic principles involved in socialism, in wages, in international relations, in the relations between the citizen and the civil authority, the rights of the citizen, and the duty of the civil authority. Here, again, little can be done by one society; but suppose we have all the Catholic societies joined to help spread that Catholic literature, would it not do a splendid work?"

Here is a suggestion for the consideration not only of Catholic societies, but for every Catholic man and woman with the interests of the Church at heart.

Roman cablegrams bring the word that Rev. James J. Hartley of Steubenville,



T. P. O'CONNOR.

Ohio, will succeed Rt. Rev. Henry Moeller—promoted to the office of Coadjutor Archbishop of Cincinnati—as Bishop of Columbus, Ohio. Bishop Hartley was born in the city which will be his episcopal home, forty-six years ago. His aged parents still live there. He received his early education in St. Patrick's parochial schools, afterwards entering St. Aloysius Seminary, Columbus, then presided over by Dr. Gallagher, now Bishop of Galveston, Texas. Subsequently he went to Holy Angels Seminary, Michigan Falls, where he completed his studies, and was ordained in July, 1881. His first mission was as assistant to Dean Hartnedy of St. Patrick's, Steubenville. In 1883 St. Patrick's parish was divided, and Father Hartley was given the task of building up the new parish, in which work he has been so eminently successful as to attract wide attention. He built one of the finest churches in the west and is just completing a magnificent school and convent. He is a quiet, studious, unostentatious man, has been a zealous member of the diocesan school board, and an earnest worker in the cause of Catholic education.

T. P. O'Connor was born in Athlone and educated in Summer Hill College, a Catholic institution of learning, situated near his native town. He was trained for the newspaper profession in Dublin, but like many other distinguished Irishmen, he went to London, and is now the most brilliant writer in the great metropolis. It is interesting at this time to recall what Charles Stewart Parnell thought of Mr. O'Connor's skill as the historian of Ireland's struggle for Home Rule.

"I know of no man who is better fitted to present the case of Ireland, and especially the history of our movement, before the American public," wrote Mr. Parnell in his introduction to the history of "The

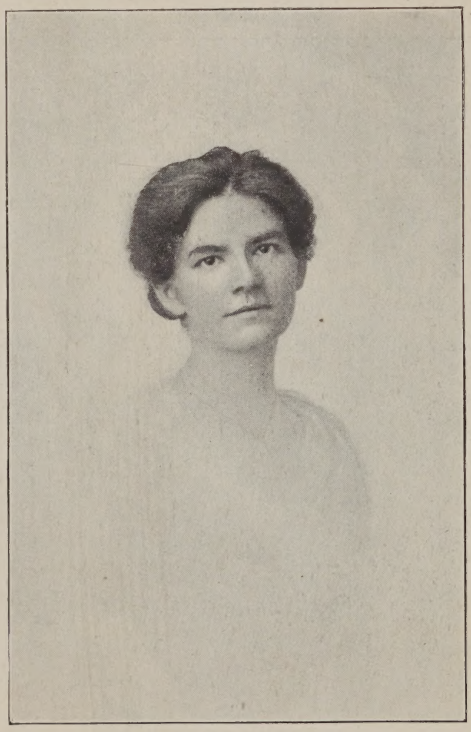
JAPANESE NUNS AND NOVICES

Great Irish Struggle" by T. P. O'Connor, published in 1886. "His vigorous and picturesque pen makes everything he writes lucid, interesting, and effective, and he has had the advantage of himself taking a prominent and honorable part in many of the scenes he so graphically describes. I believe it is specially desirable to have our case properly stated to the American public at the present moment. No Irishman can speak too warmly of the extraordinary assistance that America has rendered to the cause of Ireland. The financial and moral support which our movement has received from the great republic has been recognized by eminent English statesmen as an entirely new factor in the present movement, and as giving it a strength and power of endurance absent from any previous Irish effort. . . . It is at moments of crisis like the present, when other political parties face the expense and difficulties of a political campaign with hesitation and apprehension that one really appreciates the enormous position of vantage in which American generosity has placed the Irish party."

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor is said to be writing a play founded on the life of Parnell, the "uncrowned king."

A resume of the Report number of the Annals (November and December) of the Propagation of the Faith brings out some interesting figures and contrasts, and impresses the reader with the vast scope of the work undertaken by the Society, whose beneficiaries are found in every part of the globe. The accounts of the work accomplished make deeply interesting reading. Of special interest is the description of the labors of the religious orders, notably of the religious orders of women.

The picture of the Japanese nuns and novices, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. James N. Walsh, Diocesan Director of the Society, is more eloquent than words in illustrating one phase of missionary effort, the enlisting of the services of native women won to the Church through the apostolic zeal of the missionaries.



GRACE KEON.

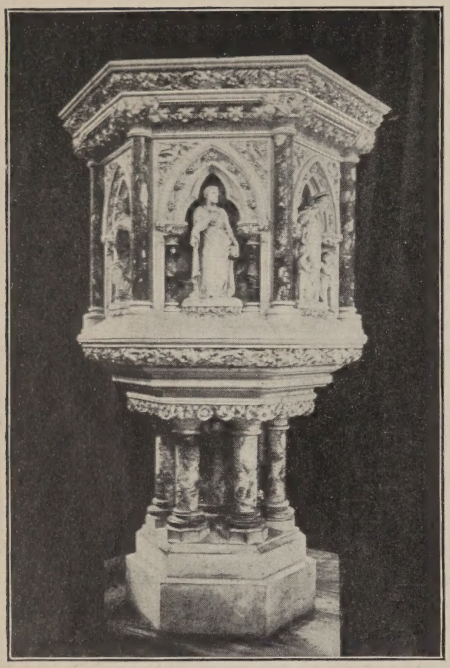
For some time the attention of readers of Catholic publications has been drawn to the work of a new writer, whose contributions appear most frequently under the name of Grace Keon. The originality, depth of feeling, and beauty of expression characterizing this writer's short stories were exemplified in the touching sketch "If Dreams Came True," published in our Christmas number. Grace Keon was born in New York City, and has lived there all her life. She is literally a beginner in her chosen field, having come before her public only within the last two years, but many have been found to praise her work. It is her ambition to write of Catholic life as she finds it—and principally on that favorite subject—the life of her own people.

CHURCH AND COMMUNITY HOUSE, ST. MARY'S, RICHMOND HILL, LEEDS.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. LAWRENCE C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

My second mission in Leeds was in the spacious church of St. Mary's. It lasted for three weeks and was well attended from the first day. The crowds around the confessionals seemed never to decrease, but there was no confusion as each person had a ticket and was not allowed to present himself or herself out of turn. A poor woman came to me one day and asked for a ticket for her son who had been a bad boy but promised her that he would come to confession if she got a ticket for him. I gave her what she required, and he came to me that same evening. His predominant vice was intemperance, by which he was led, of course, into the committal of many other crimes. I gave him the teetotal pledge and he commenced his confession. He was to come to me again on Saturday evening, and in fact he made his appearance, but he had broken his pledge and was too much the worse for drink to be able to continue his confession. In the middle of the following week he turned up again, and this time he was all right because he had not received his pay and had nothing wherewith to purchase what had been destroying him, body and soul. I told him to give his ticket to his mother, who would come at four o'clock the following Saturday, and keep a place for him till he himself should arrive. When I was examining these tickets I saw her and she told me her son would surely come between seven and eight o'clock for he had kept sober all the week. She was a long way from the confessional, but was gradually working her way nearer and nearer to me as those before her were disposed of. By eight o'clock she was next



PULPIT IN CHURCH OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS, TOWER HILL, LONDON.

Presented by a lineal descendant of the Blessed Thomas More. This pulpit was in the first London Exhibition, and was valued at two thousand pounds. I preached in this pulpit hundreds of times.

to the confessional, but there was no sign of her son. Nine o'clock struck, and then ten, and still he was not there. At eleven o'clock there were about twenty persons waiting to be heard, but he was not one of them. None of them had tickets except herself and that was not for her but for her son. At half past eleven we were to leave the confessionals and return to the presbytery. I spoke to the heart-broken old mother and asked her to bring her son to me on Sunday, the day on which we were to close our mission. From the foot of the steps leading up to the church, narrow streets of small houses, mostly inhabited by the poorer Irish, led straight to the bottom of the hill and in one of the lowest of these streets the mother and her son resided. There had been a slight shower of rain and little streams of water were trickling down the gutters, not two inches deep. When the poor mother came near her own house she saw the body of a man in one of the gutters. His face and mouth were in the water. She gently turned him over. Ah! it was the dead body of her own son. Some one had cruelly and foolishly treated him just as he was starting to go to St. Mary's. The taste of liquor was too much for him, and this was the sad result.

During the mission another sudden death had occurred, but of a totally different nature. A beautiful little boy, by name and by nature an Aloysius, had served my Mass one morning. He was remarkable for his innocence and piety. He had made his First Communion and had been confirmed a few months previously and seemed to have preserved the graces of those sacraments unimpaired. He went to school as usual after his break-

MARIS STELLA, LEITH, ENGLAND.

fast, but took suddenly ill. One of the
Fathers was immediately sent for and the
boy received the last sacraments, in the
school, in the presence of the Sisters and
his school fellows. He died a short time
later on. His funeral was largely at-
tended. But the effect upon the school
children was something marvelous. For
a considerable period afterwards it was re-

cers and a great many of the privates of this useful body of men, who are half soldiers and half sailors, were Catholics and the little chapel at Deal was more than crowded by them. Every facility was afforded them so that they could have their share in the benefits of the mission, and the men were not wanting in availing themselves of this privilege. During this

EVERINGHAM. THE HALL AND CHURCH.

The residence of William Constable Maxwell, Esq., afterwards Lord Herries. The Priory where the Oblates lived is on the other side of the church. (Drawn with pen and ink by L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I., 1851.)

marked that they seemed to be all like angels and saints. It is thus that death under any circumstances must prove either a warning or an example.

The fortnight's mission which I gave in Deal, on the southern coast, was made memorable chiefly by the attendance of the marines. Their barracks were on the outskirts of the town. Some of the officers and a great many of the privates of mission I witnessed a terrific storm. Opposite the town there is a dangerous sand bank, called the Goodwin Sands, and several small yachts and fishing boats were stranded, and some of them were wrecked. Amongst them was a large barque which was in imminent danger. A life boat was launched with great difficulty and all those who were on the barque were safely

brought to shore by means of ropes by which they were dragged through the raging seas. Not one on the barque was lost, but several on the smaller vessels were drowned. Before the storm subsided the large vessel broke in two and instantly disappeared. The excitement was so great that I had but a meagre attendance that evening and we recited prayers and litanies for the dead.

About that time I was engaged with two other Fathers in preaching a mission in Warwick Street Chapel in London. This was one of the oldest Catholic places of worship in London, but at that time was one of the most fashionable, being in the West End, and not far from the residences of the aristocrats. I could not help being struck with the contrast which existed between my condition at the time of this mission and my state about ten years previously, when, not yet a baptized Catholic, but by conviction on the high road to that happy existence, I used to come from my lodgings near by every week day morning to assist at Mass and learn the ceremonies and mysteries of the tremendous sacrifice. How inscrutable are Thy ways, O Lord! He who in 1843 scarcely knew what the Mass is or how he should assist at it, is now by his ordination to the priesthood, as well as by his vocation to the life of a missionary, deputed to mount the pulpit and to descant upon these self-same subjects to those who have been children of the Church from the commencement of their lives.

CHURCH OF THE OBLATE FATHERS, AND THEIR RESIDENCE (LYS MARIE), SICKLINGHALL, YORKSHIRE.

I recall but one circumstance connected with this mission which is worthy of special notice. One afternoon when we were nearing the time of leaving our confessionals a singular-looking penitent entered the church. In London, and perhaps in other large cities, there was a body of men who went by the name of sandwich men. They carried large boards with them, one

in front, and the other behind, on which in conspicuous letters were advertisements of a theatrical or commercial nature. These poor men used to march in procession through the streets, one after another, to the number of twenty or thirty or even upwards. Their appearance was of course very striking for only their heads and their feet were visible, the remainder of their bodies being concealed by the boards which they carried. Many of these poor fellows had seen better days, but had become reduced from one cause or another to their present precarious means of existence. The penitent who thus entered the church was one of them. He stood at the end of the church, near the entrance, and after removing his cap remained for a while looking up at the altar. He stood there long enough for me to read what was printed on one of the boards. The words were utterly incongruous to the holy place in which he was standing. They signified that Madame Griçi and Signor Mario were to sing in the Opera House that evening in Somnambula. He lowered his boards and coming out of his shell knelt down to say some prayers. I recognized him at once. He had been a postulant lay brother in the house in which I lived, but coming unexpectedly into a considerable fortune had thrown up his vocation and taken to rambling through the world. Finally he went to Brazil where he squandered all that remained of his property. He then worked his passage to London, and landed without any means of support. He came to confession, and I was the instrument of restoring him to his disconsolate mother, who had not heard of him for more than a year and had mourned for him as for one that was dead or, perhaps worse. His mother sent for him, but he did not live long, as he had undermined his constitution by riotous living. His only brother was a member of the Augustinian Order.

I will now ask you to accompany me to our principal house in London, to the Church of the Holy Martyrs. It received this name because it was very near the Tower of London, where so many were imprisoned and tortured for the Faith, and to Tower Hill, the holy ground on which some of them were martyred. I was a member of the community there on two separate occasions, and was also engaged in two important missions there, and some retreats. It was very difficult to obtain land in this place for building purposes. A piece of ground was at last purchased, together with two old houses. In one of these houses the Fathers resided for a time, but the other was demolished, thus leaving land enough, in the shape of the letter L, for the future church. In the meantime a temporary wooden chapel was erected, and fitted up in the most devotional manner for public worship. The congregation at that time was very large, consisting almost exclusively of hard-working but generous Irish. There was but one family in the parish who kept a servant. The necessity for a permanent church was evident to all, but the difficulty consisted in obtaining the ground on which another house was standing. This house belonged to a Jew who was a manufacturer of cedar boxes for cigars. I may here remark that nearly every house in the street, Great Prescot Street, was inhabited by Jews. The owner of the house in question was a wealthy man, and was at this time building a much larger and more modernly equipped establishment, in a neighboring street. We had paid a thousand pounds for each of the two houses we had already acquired but they were considered very dear at that price. So Father Cooke went to call on Mr. C——, and announced the object of his visit, which had been anticipated. The following colloquy then took place: "So you are Priest Cooke. And what do you want with me?" "I want to buy this house which you are leaving, if we can come to terms." "Oh, indeed!

and what will you give me for it?" "I will pay you eight hundred pounds for it." "But you gave one thousand pounds for each of the other two houses you bought." "Yes, I did; but they were not worth it, and besides this house is not as good as they were." "Well, Priest Cooke, as I am moving away and shall not want this place any longer I will let you have it for two thousand pounds and not a penny less. I would rather give one thousand pounds to get you and your Popish Irish out of this street altogether."

Father Cooke, not in the least depressed, for he had great faith and had set his heart on getting the ground for the future church, called on a Mr. Young, a sincere friend to the Fathers, and laid the matter before him. This gentleman, who was a fervent convert, and an influential man, and had been made a Knight of St. Gregory by Pius IX., told Father Cooke that he would do the best in his power for him. There was a lawyer living in the neighborhood who was notorious for his hatred of everything that was connected with Catholicity and was sure to be engaged in every case in the Criminal Court where a poor Catholic was the defendant. So Mr. Young went straight to this gentleman and asked him to undertake the case, telling him that on the day the matter was settled he would give him a cheque for the amount decided on, but that he would not pay more than eight hundred pounds. Mr. C.— was well acquainted with the character of this lawyer, and therefore never suspected that he was acting as an agent for Father Cooke. He tried hard to get at least nine hundred pounds for his bargain, but finding that the other was determined he at last said, "Your client shall have the house, for I am willing to sacrifice the odd hundred, so that Priest Cooke shall not get hold of it." But the moment he discovered how he had been deceived he removed to the house he had just fitted up, both as a residence and a factory, went to bed, and would neither eat nor drink until he starved himself to death. It was reported that his last words were imprecations against Father Cooke.

It is only fair to state that the other Jews in the street were totally different from this miserly old reprobate. They were very friendly with the Fathers and with the members of their flock. They would hang out flags and banners from their windows on festal occasions, especially when we were visited by the Cardinal, the Princesses of the royal house of France, or the Duke of Norfolk. On one occasion I went to the Court House to prove an alibi in favor of an excellent young Hebrew who was accused of striking a man, in an adjoining street. I had seen him in an opposite window, talking to his mother, at the very time which had been sworn to by the man who had been assaulted as having been the time when he was struck by him. The magistrate complimented the young man on his having a priest to stand up for him, and he was instantly discharged. The other Jews never forgot me for it and always saluted me respectfully whenever we met. The street in which we lived was one of the oldest residential streets in London, and was the first in the metropolis to have numbers on the doors. As I have said it was monopolized by the Jews, but they were of a respectable, though by no means of a wealthy, class. But there were in the neighborhood thousands of their coreligionists who were miserably poor.

Some years later on than the period of the foundation of our church, quite a famine broke out in our neighborhood, through the failure of labor at the Docks. Our own poor people suffered intensely, as did many others who were not Catholics. In fact some of them died, not alone for lack of sufficient food but also from its resultant, as in Ireland, the famine fever.

At this time the Mansion House Fund was started. It was presided over by the Lord Mayor of London. On every Monday, for several weeks, a meeting was held in the Mansion House and the ministers of all the religious sects and churches were invited to be present, and were then expected to put in their claims for all the relief tickets they stood in need of. The number which we received exceeded those of all other claimants put together, not only because our people were the poorest, but also because many of the more indigent Hebrews applied to us inasmuch as they said they were ashamed to make their difficulties known to their coreligionists. Of course before bestowing a ticket for relief, we investigated every case either personally, or through one of our agents. These tickets were for bread, groceries, or coal, but never for money. Hundreds of applicants could be seen outside our front door every morning, and nothing could exceed the gratitude of all who received such tickets, whether they were Christians or Jews.

After the evil effects of the famine had passed away we decided on giving a dinner to the more prominent amongst the dispensers of relief who lived in our immediate neighborhood. Amongst those who accepted our invitation, and none refused, were the pompous Rector of the parish, and a learned and amiable man, the pastor of the Seventh Day Baptists who kept Saturday as their day of rest. When Cardinal Wiseman was Archbishop of Westminster some of his Spanish admirers sent over to him three hogsheads of very old port. They were placed in the Custom House vaults, which extend for miles under that part of London where we lived, to be kept there until redeemed by the heavy duty imposed on them. The Cardinal only lived long enough to release one of the hogsheads. After a certain number of years, if the duty be unpaid, such packages become the property of the Custom House officers, who redeem them by the payment of an insignificant fine. One of these officers was a particular friend of ours, and he became the owner of what was popularly known as the "Cardinal's Port," for Cardinal Manning was a strict temperance man, and would pay no duty for all the wine in the vaults. At the close of our very enjoyable dinner the celebrated port was produced, for we had bought a few dozen bottles of this unequaled wine at the rate of six pence a bottle. After the full history of the wine had been related the decanters were passed around the table. The Rector and the Seventh Day Baptist were seated close to me, and after filling their glasses to look at the wine before they tasted it, for from its extreme age it was lighter in color than pale sherry, each took a luscious sip of it, they then smacked their lips and I heard the appreciative Rector say to the Baptist: "My God! I wonder whether we shall get as good wine as that in Heaven."

But it is time to come to our first mission in the church. It took place in the L shaped wooden chapel to which there were two entrances, one from the front, the Jewish quarter, and the other from the rear, in a narrow street of small houses, almost exclusively occupied by the Irish. On my way thither I met with some adventures which must not be omitted, as they at least happened as preliminaries to the mission itself. I had to come from the north of England, in the depths of a severe winter. We encountered heavy snow-storms on the way, and in one place, quite remote from any station, the telegraph poles were broken down with the weight of the snow on the wires and were so completely tangled up that it would take hours for the track to be cleared so that the train could proceed. We had to alight and, each one carrying what luggage he or she could

manage, cross hedges and ditches and a couple of fields, through at least a foot of snow, to take our places in the train from London which was similarly tied up on the other side of the block. On the road we met those who had to do like ourselves and change places with us. Shivering with the cold and with wet feet we had to remain in our new quarters for some hours until the mail and the heavier luggage could be transferred from one train to another, for we were far from any house and it was still snowing heavily and we could not get more than a couple of men to aid in this work. After a few hindrances of a minor nature we reached London, many hours behind time, and found no cabs or other conveyances to take us to our several destinations. One by one our fellow passengers disappeared until I found myself alone. After a long delay a cab drove up, but the driver asked four times the usual fare. I had to agree to his exorbitant terms and we drove off. I had at least five miles to go before I could reach Tower Hill, but the poor driver nearly paid heavily for his cupidity. An enormous rope of snow on an overhead wire suddenly snapped, and one portion descended like a flash of lightning on top of the cab. It grazed the head of the driver, knocking off his cap, but leaving him quite uninjured, though it broke in the top of the cab. In a moment I was almost smothered with snow.

On reaching the temporary church, I found that the two Fathers already settled there had no home, but occupied a few small rooms in a lodging-house not far remote. My fellow missionary had already arrived, and he and I were located in the same lodging house. Thus we had four small bed-rooms, and a kitchen, but no parlor. After taking some refreshments I retired to my bed, for I was both sleepy and tired. I had not time, however, to fall asleep before I saw that my pillow was alive with bugs; bugs little and bugs great, all thirsting for my blood. I was out of bed in a moment, and lay for some hours afterwards on the floor, with a valise for my pillow. That evening the bed was thoroughly purified, and I was able to enjoy a good night's rest, undisturbed by such unwelcome companions. I afterwards discovered that every house on Tower Hill was a hot-bed for bed-bugs. The only house that was entirely free from them was the one that Father Cooke bought from the poor old Jewish merchant. The smell and dust from cedar-wood seemed effectually to bar their intrusion there. We subsequently took the hint, and after our presbytery was built and finished we used to nail pieces of cigar cedar-wood boxes under our beds, and although the plague was not entirely banished, yet it was comparatively bearable. In fact I believe that the bugs still troubling us in our beds were brought there by ourselves when we left our confessionals, which were literally swarming with them.

One day when I was reading the Gospel of St. John at the end of my Mass, the altar boy pulled my vestment, and said: "Father, there is an old woman in Chamber Street, at the back of the chapel, who is dying, and the people want you to go to her as quick as possible." I removed the chasuble and maniple while I finished the Gospel. Running down to the lower entrance I found quite a crowd of people around an old woman who was lying, and evidently dying, in the middle of the street. She had been seized with her illness while assisting at Mass. I made the people retire so as to give her more air. An Irishman who knew her, for she lived near by, though not in that street, told me that she had not a word of English, and that even if she were conscious she could not have made her confession to me. Knowing that Father Mooney,—who lived at Islington, some miles away at the north

of London,—heard confessions in Gælic I gave the Irishman some money to go and bring Father Mooney as quickly as possible. We then had the poor woman carried into one of the houses near at hand. I left word to be informed of the arrival of the priest, and, after he had given her the last sacraments, he told me she had been born in London more than seventy years ago, that she had grown-up grandchildren, but could speak in no other language than the Celtic of her ancestors. She recovered consciousness before she received the last rites of the Church, and died peacefully that same evening.

On two separate occasions I became a member of the community at our Church of the English Martyrs, and in fact it was after nearly four years of the later period that I was sent by the Superior General, the Very Rev. Father Fabre, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, in the year 1886. I took part in another mission and several retreats from time to time, but I can recall nothing more special regarding the mission than that it was well attended, and that the fruits of our labors were very encouraging. The parish was very large and embraced some notable localities, including the Tower, the Mint, the Custom House, Billingsgate, etc., as far as London Bridge. The Tower being in my district I was acting as an unsalaried chaplain to the troops who were stationed there, and amongst these there was often a great number of Catholics. They used to attend our church for Mass.

A regiment was stationed at the Tower barracks at the time when war broke out in Egypt, and the Government applied to the commanding officer for recruits. Some hundreds responded to the appeal, and amongst them were seventy-five Catholics. Major Herbert was appointed as their Colonel; he was a good Catholic himself, and he immediately wrote to me and requested me to come to the Tower to hear their confessions, as they were to start on the following day, and it would be good for them to meet the fatalities of war in the state of grace. So I went to the Tower without delay, and Colonel Herbert collected all the men in a long room in the barracks, where I addressed them, and begged them all to make a good confession. I gave them a quarter of an hour to prepare. I then commenced operations, and the first to present himself was the Colonel. Only one out of the seventy-five refused to go to confession.

This one was a non-commissioned officer, and I afterwards learned that he was a Freemason. On the following morning they all received Holy Communion in our church, and at mid-day marched with their comrades to the Royal Barracks, whence they all proceeded to the seat of war. Colonel Herbert asked me to get a set of small, but strong, beads for each of them; and his mother, Lady Herbert, sent a messenger to me, from Park Lane, asking me to get seventy-five soldiers' manuals for the men, and one more to be nicely bound for her son, who would read the prayers for them, as they had not a chaplain. I went to Burns and Lambert's to procure them, waited while one was being bound in a handsome cover, and then took them myself to Lady Herbert. On the following day the combined troops started for the seat of war. Outside the Tower of London on the previous day, as well as when they all left the Royal Barracks, thousands of people lined the streets, cheered them to the echo, and wished them a safe and happy return. But, alas! too many of them were destined to leave their bones to be whitened on the sands by the Nile. Colonel Herbert had given me a complete list of all the Catholics under his command, and I can scarcely describe the avidity with which I used to scan the list of fatalities, as related in the papers, to see if any of *my men*, as I called them, were among the killed and wounded. On

reaching Egypt, the troops all proceeded to the Soudan, and a skirmish took place soon afterwards, in which more than a dozen men were killed, not to speak of the wounded. To my intense grief the very first name among the former was that of Sergeant-Major H——, the unfortunate defaulter at the tribunal of penance. Several years after when I met the same good officer, General Herbert, Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Canada, at the house of the Lieutenant-General in Winnipeg, he was pleased to hear that I had often prayed for that poor man, and asked me to offer up the Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his soul.

There were of course many other places in which I took part in missions given by our Fathers, such as Sicklinghall, Wrexham, Rock Ferry, Kilburn, Newark-on-Trent, Bishop-Auckland, Bridgnorth, Marsh Lane and the Pro-Cathedral, Liverpool, and Wellington, Salop; but though many circumstances connected with each of them were without doubt quite worthy of being recorded at the time when the mission occurred, I cannot recall, at the present moment, anything of special interest, except an incident regarding Bridgnorth, another in Liverpool, and a few others of an amusing nature at different places. Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, is a flourishing and beautifully situated town. It was formerly under the spiritual control of the priest or priests at Aldenham, the residence of Sir John Acton, better known of late as the learned Lord Acton, who died a few months ago. As soon as a church had been built at Bridgnorth I was invited to give a mission therein. But a few years previously two of our Fathers had resided at Aldenham and officiated as chaplains to the Acton family, having at the same time the charge of the Catholics in a widely-extended area in the neighborhood. We had a very saintly man at that period, a Father B——, who was acting as Provincial and Master of Novices, and resided at Mary Vale, near Birmingham. This Mary Vale had originally been Old Oscot College, but when the new college was ready for occupancy they handed it over to the Oratorians, with Father Newman at their head. When these had their own house finished they resigned the old house to the bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, who kindly lent it to us for a time. It was here that I made my vows in 1849.

A telegram arrived from Aldenham one Saturday forenoon to announce to Father B—— that one of the two Fathers there, the only one who could preach in English, had been stricken down with fever, and to beg him to send another Father to help him over the discharge of the Sunday duties. Father B——, without hesitation, said: "I will go myself." "But," they replied, "you cannot preach in English." "I will try," said he. So he took the train for Bridgnorth, carrying with him a copy of "Reeves' Sermons for Sundays and Holy-days." He studied the sermon appropriate for the day and committed it to memory while in the train, and at the Mass on the next day delivered it to the best of his ability. After his thanksgiving he went to the beautiful little cottage where the Fathers resided, not far from the Hall, to get his breakfast and prepare for his return to Mary Vale. Sir John Acton, the owner of the place, was but a boy at the time. He belonged to an old Catholic family, and was nephew to the well-known Cardinal Acton. After his father's death his mother, who was the daughter of an Austrian duchess, was re-married to Earl Granville, a celebrated British Minister. They generally resided at Aldenham, not alone because it was a spacious and beautiful house, but because it possessed the finest private library in the Empire. Lord Acton, whose lamented death took place

but lately, left this library to his friend, Mr. Morley. At the time of our Father B——'s sermon the Hall was full of visitors, at least half of whom were Protestants, but they all came to Mass. At the luncheon, a little later on, a discussion arose about the preacher and his sermon. Lord Granville declared that the sermon was not in English, for he could not understand a word; Lady Granville said it was not Spanish; the old Duchess was certain that it was not German; the young Sir John could not recognize it as Italian; and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the sister of Earl Granville, pronounced that it was not French, "But," added she, "I don't care what he said, nor in what language he spoke, I am convinced that he is a saint, and after luncheon I mean to go over and have a talk with him before he returns to his home." She carried out her intention and had a full hour's conversation, in French, of course, with Father B——. Not long afterwards she became a Catholic, and if that interview was not the immediate cause of her conversion, it was at least its remote cause, as she herself often acknowledged. There are few who have not admired the writings of this eminent author, even if all of them did not appreciate her sublime virtues.

(To be Continued.)

NEW YEAR.

BY JOSEPH F. WICKHAM.

A sigh, a tear, and one last sad farewell,
To thee who art no more we give, ere quest
Of Lethe's banks we seek, to soothe in rest
Our hearts with draught from his deep well,
Remorse, with stings of conscience oft did dwell
Within and pierce the soul; and eke the breast
Was gnawed by baffled Hope; but now, old guest,
We quaff the cup, and say the last farewell.

For sweet and pure in youth, in promise fair,
Entraining Hope 'tween simple Faith and Love,
Another year is come; the zealot's care
Is ours to seek the will of Him above,
And give to resolution action's name,—
New Year, we welcome thee with glad acclaim.

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

THE LETTER.

"Now what can Miss Anne be expectin'?" Mrs. Devine, the post-mistress at Ballincrusheen, asked of her subordinate, Eliza Doyle. "It can't be that there's news of Master Brian or we'd be hearin' somethin' about it. Yet she's that onaisy, and keeps steppin' here by the way it's for a bit of a chat an' asking promiscous-like, 'Is there e'er a letter for the Castle, Mrs. Devine?' as though I shouldn't ha' run over Johnny wid it the instant minit it come if there was to be such a thing."

"I've noticed she's onaisy," agreed Eliza Doyle, with her eyes on her knitting. She was at the critical point of turning the heel of a stocking, else she was accustomed to knit in darkness and light alike. "I'd ha' thought she'd ha' given up Master Brian by this. And I don't *think* it's Master Brian. For, when she hears there's no letter, instead of her face fallin' as would be but natural if 'twas him she expected to hear of, 'tis cheerin' up she does be, as much as to say she'd got another day before she need be expectin' again."

"Go on out o' that," said Mrs. Devine, who didn't like Eliza to take too much on herself, although she was secretly inclined to agree. "'Tis too much you do be seein' for all them ould wake eyes o' yours, and your nose perpetual in a ball o' gray worsted. Sure, what would she be steppin' in to ask for if it wasn't somethin' she wanted?"

"It might be somethin' she didn't want," answered Eliza, composedly. "If you knew bad news was comin' to yourself you'd just as soon step along to meet it and know the worst that was in it, rather nor be dawdlin' about as happy as the day's long, knowin' that it was waitin' for you at the end of it all."

"*You* might, Eliza. I wouldn't be sayin' 'twas my way. Never bid the divil good-morrow till you meet him is more in my line. When Pat was alive, Heaven rest him, an' took a lot of boneens or a calf to the market 'tis keepin' myself warm all day I'd be thinkin' o' the comforts I'd get out o' the money, though somethin' 'ud want to keep whisperin' in my ear that 'twas likely he'd ha' drink taken and made a bad bargain, or ha' the money stole off him. I'm bound to say 'twas what happened oftener than not."

"I'd rather know, ma'am," said Eliza, meekly but obstinately. "Not but what you kept up wonderful, considerin' Pat an' all, an' takes an interest in all the neighbors, an' it 'ud be a pity if you didn't, seein' what opportunities there is in a post-office. But I think Miss Anne 'ud be the same as me. If there was misfortune she'd rather know it."

"I wonder what's keepin' Johnny wid the bag," said Mrs. Devine uneasily. "The train was in half an hour ago, for I see Lord Finvarra's carriage comin' back from it, wid his lordship in it. It's well he didn't stop to ask for his letters, or 'tis gettin' into trouble me and Johnny 'ud be."

"Playin' buttons most likely," said Eliza, gloomily. "An' as likely as not the letter-bag's gone out of it clane and clever."

"Give over takin' away my boy's character," said Mrs. Devine, sharply. "It'll be time enough when the post-office does that. 'Tis runnin' before you do be lookin' for misfortune. Aren't you ashamed

o' yourself, Liza Doyle? Here comes Johnny runnin' for a wager, an' the bag on his back. Glory be to goodness, look at the knees of his trousers! What did I tell you I'd give you the next time you knelt down in the mud o' the road to play marbles, you bould, ondependendable child? Let alone the post-bag, not a bit of it that hasn't been through the bushes and the mud."

Eliza never looked up from her knitting at this justification of her fears and doubts, nor to listen to Johnny's defence of himself which was that he "only stopped to rest a minit and when he looked round there was a couple o' dogs runnin' off wid the post-bag between them, and he had to bate them over the heads before he could get it from them because they smelt the drisheen from Cork that came in it the week before to the sergeant."

"He'll be wiser when he's older," said his mother, as she broke the post-office seals, which luckily the dogs had spared, and emptied out the letters on the little round table close to the window. "An' sure he's as good as could be expected for the allowance the post-office gives."

Her spectacles were down on the tip of her nose while she sorted the letters, with an eagerness as though they were all for her and long expected.

The click of the telegraph called Eliza away. When she came back, to say it was only a message about some new sheds Lord Finvarra was putting up for his winter cattle, she found Mrs. Devine absorbed in contemplation of a large, square, creamy-tinted envelope bearing a great red seal.

"Here's the letter for Miss Anne at last," she said. "I'd give a dale, Liza Doyle, to know what was inside it. If it wasn't for the sealin'-wax now a steaming kettle ud come in handy. But there's no gettin' over the wax. 'Tis from England it is. What do you make of the little thing on the wax?"

"'Tis like a crown to me," said Liza, bending her short-sighted eyes to examine the strawberry leaves.

"Glory be to goodness, it'll be the King or the Queen writin' to Miss Anne. A crown it is, Liza Doyle. Ah sure, th' ould Madam is as much at home with kings an' queens as you an' me, Liza, wid aich other. You won't find Miss Anne settin' herself up over that. An' here she comes more betoken, steppin' through the village like a queen herself. An' for all that she does have crowned heads writin' to her, you'll see she'll be as simple wid me or you or any other ould trash, as if she were no more than yourself, Liza Doyle."

Whatever Liza might have said in answer to this speech is not recorded, for at that moment Miss Anne Daly came into the outside portion of the post-office with a rabble of unruly dogs at her heels.

"May I come in, Mary?" she asked—it was the softest and sweetest voice imaginable—coming round the little enclosed counter to the half-door which shut off Mrs. Devine's apartment. "I see the letters have come. Is there anything for the Castle?"

"I'll just look," answered Mrs. Devine, sweeping the letters together. "Won't you step in, Miss, an' take a chair? Have a hate o' the fire, Miss Anne. Och, indeed the winter has come in terrible early, so it has."

Anne Daly smiled, taking the chair of twisted straw ropes which the two women had run to place for her by the side of the fire. It was a beautiful autumn day, and she had walked quickly. The fresh wind had fanned a soft flicker of color into her naturally pale cheeks.

"It's pleasant weather," she said, watching Mrs. Devine ostentatiously sorting the letters into heaps. "I hope you don't feel your rheumatism troublesome, Mary. And you, Eliza, how is the asthma? I do hope we'll get a nice open winter so that we shall all keep pretty well."

As she said it, the slightest shadow might have been noticed to fall over her calm, beautiful face.

Mrs. Devine was a long time finding the letter, and Anne chatted away easily about the village and the village affairs, how Mrs. Lavelle was doing, and what the baby was to be called, and the price Mrs. Rafferty had got for her pig, and the latest news the Widow Rooney had of her son, Joe, who was fighting in South Africa.

With these humble neighbors and friends, the pride the Duchess had spoken of in Anne Daly passed out of sight. Rather, so fine was her courtesy that her manner was almost appealing.

She was beginning to breathe freely. The letters were lying all over the table, a little shower of them like sheets laid to dry on a dark field, and there seemed to be nothing for her. As she talked her eyes wandered around the little room she had known all her life. Mrs. Devine's mother had had the post-office before her daughter, who, after a short and stormy married life, returned to help her mother and had finally succeeded her.

There were the daguerreotypes of Mrs. Devine's father and mother over the mantelpiece. There was the crazy corner cupboard, with still a few bits of good china and glass among its common things. There was the high, red-backed piano, of which hardly a note tinkled now. Anne's smallest dog, a Spitz, named Friend, lay on the clay floor at her feet. The other dogs were squealing beyond the barrier of the half-door with heroic self-repression which would break into a clamor of barking as soon as she stood up. Mrs. Devine's canary was singing. And there was no letter. Doubtless the Duchess was abroad, and Anne's schemes must await her return. She began to breathe freely.

"Not a screed for the Castle at all," Mrs. Devine was saying. Then she thrust her hand carelessly into the letter-bag before shaking it out in preparation for the out-going mail.

"Why here's a letter, Miss Anne, for yourself," she said, in great surprise. "Sure, th' ould bag was near keeping it altogether on ye."

Anne reached out her hand for the letter. The shadow fell on her face as distinctly as the shadow of the waning day crept up the cheap white wall-paper of the room. She looked down at it for a second, and her eyelids fluttered nervously. Mrs. Devine thought she was going to open the letter, and was conscious of some excitement. But instead of that, after looking at it for a moment Anne thrust it into her muff.

"Thank you, Mary," she said, "I shan't forget to tell Madam you have those chickens. And Eliza, Madam will make you up the linseed jelly that is so good for the throat."

The dogs set up a great clamor outside, and Anne went off in the middle of it, her last gracious speeches quite smothered in the din.

"Och, sure, quality's quare," said Mrs. Devine, as they watched Anne through the window. "Childer is bad enough, but childer is something you have to put up with, if you have them. But them divils! Look at them jumping on her wid their muddy paws. An' the barkin' o' them, fit to deave you. What did you make of her looks, Liza, when she saw the letter?"

"If it had been from Master Brian I'd ha' thought that maybe she feared that after all the years that was between them she'd maybe find out that he wasn't what she'd been thinking him at all, at all. Poor Miss Anne, I wish she'd taken Lord Finvarra when he offered himself, an' not be waitin' on one that'll maybe never return."

"Sure why wouldn't he? You couldn't kill Master Brian, not if you tried. The times I seen him with his two eyes shut up, an' his skull split, and his teeth rattlin' in

his mouth after standing up to any-wan that ud fight wid him, an' didn't know who he was! An' the times he was drownded! An' the times he tumbled down and broke his neck! An' the times his horses threw him! I tell ye, Liza Doyle, Master Brian, Sir Brian, I should call him by right, has more lives than a cat."

Meanwhile Anne Daly had walked quickly until she was well away from the village. She wanted to be alone to read her letter. When she was well out on the lonely road between the sea and the mountains, she stopped and took out the Duchess' letter. The sun was sinking in scarlet over the Atlantic. She looked inland to where distant window panes were lit up as though by the glare of fire. All the landscape was wild and sad. The gulls cried in the autumn gloaming. The peewits called across the bog. Below her, at the edge of the sea a heron stood motionless. There was not a habitation in sight except that which betrayed itself by the glare of burning windows. Yet to Anne it was home and home-like. And she was to leave it!

For a few minutes after she had read the Duchess' letter, and replaced it deliberately in its envelope and in her muff, her eyes roamed over sea and land. So she would remember it when she was far away—among rich people! Anne distrusted the rich and riches as profoundly as any anchorite could have done. At the moment she loathed the thought of luxury and profusion. The austere landscape which the night was beginning to blot out made the sum of her desires.

The dogs sat about her in a circle, patiently wagging their tails, ready to fall upon her as soon as she should show sign of movement. A fisherman came up from the sea with a broken oar over his shoulder.

"God save you kindly, Miss Anne," he said. "'Tis fine weather we do be having for the fish, glory be to God."

"God save you, Mick," she answered. "I hope Bridget and the children are well."

She went on after the man had passed her. Well, at all events, here, where there was scant provision for the needs of the body, the things of the soul were never far out of sight. To Anne, riches, in a vague way, meant materialism, and she trembled with a strange repulsion and fear at the prospect the Duchess had set before her. She had been absolutely happy in that wild place. She had no desire to travel, to see fine sights and new faces and places. She distrusted change and travel as profoundly as did Thomas à Kempis. Even in Italy she had been homesick. And she had never gone alone among strangers in all her nearly thirty years. But, after all, there was a salary of three hundred pounds, three hundred pounds a year; an enormous sum to Anne, who had never possessed three hundred pence. Why, what comfort it would bring to Witch's Castle, which was becoming a ruinous place, fast tending to a habitation only for the owls and the bats. There were so many things Gran wanted, which she was always going without.

Anne set her lips sharply and walked briskly towards home. As she reached the gate leading to the house the sunset fell in ruins and the fires in the windows of the inhabited portion of the Castle flickered and went out.

(To be continued.)

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE TURK IN EUROPE.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXV.

In my last essay I merely glanced at the principal facts in the early history of this unhappy portion of God's vineyard. At that time Byzantium was an Episcopal See subject to the Archbishop of Heraclea in Thrace, and although this city was enlarged by Constantine and raised to the dignity of the capital of the empire, no change was made in the Bishop's title. It was not till after much effort that it was raised to be an archbishopric: then began the struggle for patriarchal dignity which, up to the year 381, was not recognized by Rome. The Provincial Council held in this year, under the direction of St. Meletius, patriarch of Antioch, settled the question of the jurisdiction of bishops. It renewed the decisions of the Council of Nice by forming the boundaries of provinces, stating that Alexandria should govern the province of Egypt; that the Eastern bishops should regulate their own discipline, paying due honor to the primacy of the Church of Antioch; that the bishops of Asia Minor should also regulate their own affairs, and that the bishops of Pontus and Thrace should do likewise. These regulations are found in the regular code of canon law. The thirty-fourth of the Apostolic canons had also made a similar enactment as regards ordinations, under the penalty of deposition of the person ordaining and of those ordained. The canons of the various councils which were held during the centuries were finally ratified by the Council of Trent in 1547. This Council remodeled the discipline of the whole Church. The sixth canon of its last session re-enacts and confirms the principle of the second canon of the first Council of Constantinople which I just quoted. There was a special object in passing this second canon of Constantinople as will be seen in our review.

Thrace having become a province and placed upon an equality with Egypt and the province of Antioch, there having been also a number of new provinces created which were not previously known, the next regulation of the same Council refers to their rank. In the Council of Nice the only patriarchates recognized were Antioch, which formerly had been the See of St. Peter, and Alexandria, which was the See of St. Mark. Other provinces were referred to without being named; but now we find not only Antioch and Alexandria, but also Asia Minor, Pontus and Thrace. The third canon then gives Constantinople the first rank among those, and enacts: "Let the Bishop of Constantinople have the same place of honor after the Bishop of Rome because Constantinople is a new Rome." This canon was not approved of by the Pope, nor was it accepted, together with the other canons, in the West nor in Egypt, though it was partially received in Syria and Asia Minor. The patriarchate did not comprehend Thrace. That country was in the Western patriarchate which, for several reasons, required the assent of the Bishop of Rome in all matters of jurisdiction, for he was patriarch of that district and head of the entire Church: yet though not ratified by the Pope, it was acted upon voluntarily by those who enacted it. The second canon was also violated almost immediately, for the bishop of Constantinople not only governed Thrace, but interfered in Pontus and

Asia Minor; and the emperors, who were anxious to add as much as possible to the splendor of the new imperial city, gave their support to this usurpation. To this very day the consequences of trying to create and uphold spiritual power by such unlawful means may be witnessed everywhere in this distracted and degraded country. Here, perhaps, better than in any other portion of the world, the student and antiquarian may study the baneful effects of schism and heresy.

About this time, the errors of Apollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea, made some progress in the churches of Greece. The principle of his error was found in the doctrines of Pathagorean philosophy. This reputed sage had taught that man has two souls, the rational and the sensitive; the one a pure spirit, which possessed the higher powers of our nature; the other an unknown substance which was the receptacle of sensation and the seat of passion. Apollinaris taught that Christ had the sensitive soul, but not the rational soul, the existence of which he contended would be useless in consequence of the union of the divinity. St. Gregory Nazianzen, who had abdicated the See of Constantinople, opposed this error in the East, and St. Ambrose of Milan wrote against it in the West, and St. Athanasius in Africa.

The successor of Nectarius was St. John Chrysostom. This holy and learned man used all the influence of his zeal, his eloquence, and his piety, to restore the discipline of the Church, but the power of the Court was too strong and his efforts were of no avail. The Empress Eudoxia always found a sufficient number of the clergy ready to aid her in her persecution of a prelate who was alike unmoved by the threats of power, or the flattery of the Court. He was many times banished because he discharged his duty, and as often recalled. On Easter Eve, A. D. 404, four hundred soldiers attacked the faithful who followed him to a private chapel, where he was baptizing the catechumens. Vast numbers were slain, the baptismal fonts filled with blood, and the Holy Eucharist trampled under foot by savages who called themselves Catholics. The holy bishop ended his days in exile in Armenia, where he died A. D. 407.

Arsacius, brother of Nectarius, the former prelate, was intruded upon the Church, but Pope Innocent I. refused to recognize him, and he was appointed by the Court. This was the beginning of the schism between the Latin and Greek churches. A little later, Atticus, an Armenian monk, was promoted to this See, and was received into communion upon his removing from the dyptics of his church the name of Arsacius, and substituting that of St. John Chrysostom which the usurper had erased. The Church of Alexandria had the misfortune to have at its head previously to this, Theophitus, a bitter enemy of St. John Chrysostom: he was succeeded by his nephew Cyril, who made a similar change in the dyptics of Alexandria to that which Atticus made in those of Constantinople. Atticus was succeeded by Sisinnius; and after his death, Nestorius was brought thither from Antioch in A. D. 428.

II.

Scarcely was Nestorius settled in his See when he began to introduce erroneous doctrines, which he had imbibed from Theodore of Mopsuestia. He taught in his cathedral that Christ had two persons as He had two natures, and therefore that the Blessed Virgin Mary should not be styled the Mother of God, because she was only mother of the human person and not of the divine person. The people rose up and indignantly interrupted him in the midst of his discourse, stating that he was changing their doctrines and that if an angel from heaven were to preach a different doctrine from what they had received from Jesus Christ through the Apostles

and their successors, they could not receive it, for they were bound to believe the revelations of God and it would be impiety to believe doctrines contradictory to what Jesus Christ delivered.

Theodore of Mopsuestia fell into his error by too bitterly opposing Apollinaris. Nestorius carried the false principles of Theodore even farther than his teacher. Besides trying to change the expression of Mary, the Mother of God, Nestorius endeavored also to abolish other phrases, equally consecrated by the teaching of the early Church, which even the pagans cited as proofs of the folly of Christianity. He said that the expressions "a God has died," "God has suffered," arose from a mistaken idea of the doctrine, but the people contended that their belief was correct and his doctrine erroneous.

The new archbishop was in high favor at Court and immediately procured the aid of the civil and military power for his support, but the people would not change their faith; and as every error in church doctrine must necessarily create opposition, and that opposition in turn will bring about disorder and tumult, not only was this distracted church now torn into factions, but these also communicated their feelings and opinions to their neighbors, so that all Greece and in fact a considerable portion of Asia and Egypt became involved in this wretched heresy. St. Cyril, the patriarch of Alexandria, having been consulted by some of the monks of his district, decided that the Archbishop of Constantinople had gravely erred. Nestorius had the charge of Cyril answered by Photius, to which Cyril replied, and then the contest became violent.

Acasius, Bishop of Berea, and John, the patriarch of Antioch, condemned Nestorius, but were of opinion that Cyril was too severe. Cyril and Nestorius had both written to Pope Celestin, who held a Provincial Council at Rome, in which Nestorianism was condemned, as it was in a Provincial Council held by Cyril in Egypt. Nestorius retorted with his own anathemas upon the synod of Alexandria and appealed to a General Council. The General Council was held at Ephesus in 431 and Nestorius was condemned there; after which, the more strongly to mark their faith, the faithful took every occasion of using the very phrases which Nestorius strove to abolish. "Holy Mary pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death," etc., henceforth became the battle cry of the children of the Church the world over. Nestorius, having been deposed, retired to a monastery, but did not retract his errors. The Emperor, Theodosius the Younger, prohibited the assemblies of the Nestorians and banished many of them, who went into Persia, Syria, and other eastern countries.

It was this same Theodosius who had the relics of St. John Chrysostom brought with great pomp from the East to Constantinople, in the time of Proclus the successor of Nestorius. Flavian succeeded Proclus and in his time another heresy originated in this unhappy city. Eutyches, an abbot of a monastery in the suburbs, was its author.

The opposition to Nestorianism was such amongst this speculative and hot-headed people that it was easy to lead them to the other extreme. Nothing was wanted but a leader, and Eutyches was fitted for the work. Austere and mortified, his appearance of sanctity together with the position he held gave him influence with the masses, who were greatly taken with the vehemence of his declamations against Nestorianism. He was more headstrong and obstinate than intelligent or well informed, and worst of all, he was held in high estimation at Court. His spirit had also something of a disposition to persecute, and he is regarded as having been a promoter of severities inflicted upon the Nestorians.

Eutyches inveighed against the impiety

of those who dared to say that in Jesus Christ there were two persons, when there were not even two natures: for although the Son of God assumed our nature, in Him it was destroyed, and it was no longer human nature after the personal union; Jesus Christ had then but one person and one nature. The Nestorians denied that Christ was one person possessing two natures. Eutyches denied that Christ had two natures in one person. The Catholic Church has always taught that in Christ there are two natures, the divine and the human, united in one person. The errors of Eutyches spread rapidly and found their way into Egypt and the East. Eusebius, Bishop of Dorylea, who had been one of the earliest opponents of Nestorius, was also one of the first to condemn the error of Eutyches; and finding his remonstrances with the abbot unavailing, he presented a formal complaint of heresy against him, to Flavian, who then presided in a synod at Constantinople.

The abbot was summoned to attend, but gave several excuses, and had it privately whispered abroad that Flavian was a tyrant who would not admit him to communion unless he signed a paper that he did not understand. Being obliged to appear before the synod he was convicted, but availing himself of the friendship of the Court, he obtained through the emperor an order for a Council at Ephesus. Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria, assumed the presidency, and together with a small party which was attached to Eutyches disregarded the authority of the Papal legates who came to preside, and deposed Flavian and those who had condemned the abbot. After restoring him they found many of the bishops opposed to their acts, and then Dioscorus called in the soldiers, who were at his command, and Flavian was fatally injured and many others with difficulty escaped. None of the acts of this disgraceful assembly have been received by the Church. Pope Leo condemned this synod and did all he could to prevail on Theodosius to permit a proper council to assemble, but he would not consent. They saw that it would be useless to convoke it in opposition to the wishes of the emperor; but Theodosius soon dying, Marcian, his successor, afforded every facility and a general council was held at Chalcedon in which Eutyches was condemned in A. D. 451. This was the Fourth General Council, and Dioscorus was deposed and banished.

Anatolius managed to get into the See of Constantinople after the death of Flavian; and his ambition urged him, in the Council of Chalcedon, to attempt elevating the rank of the See of Constantinople. Favored by the Court and a considerable number of the bishops, a resolution was passed in one of the sessions, after the regular business had been disposed of, by which resolution it had been agreed "That since the Church of Constantinople has the honor equally with Rome of being an imperial city and the seat of a senate, it ought to enjoy an equal privilege and dignity with the Church of Rome, and therefore the provinces of Pontus, Asia, and Thrace, ought to belong to its jurisdiction and be subject to the bishop of Constantinople, and that their metropolitans should thenceforward be consecrated at Constantinople."

When this was read in the presence of the legates they immediately rejected and condemned it, stating that their instructions from the Pope, upon the subject, were clear and definite. The Fathers who had agreed to it were further prevailed upon to write to the Pope, requesting that he would confirm what his legates had refused to sanction, and their own words will show the influence which was employed. After stating their condemnation of Eutyches in conformity with the wishes of the Pope and concurring with his

legates, they continue: "We have thought fit to regulate some points of discipline for the peace and welfare of the Church in giving to the Bishop of Constantinople the next rank after Rome, but your legates have opposed it, though we have only, in this case, conformed to the judgment of the one hundred and fifty bishops assembled in Constantinople in the reign of Theodosius the Great, which bishops decreed also that the Bishop of Constantinople should have privileges next after the Holy See. In opposing it, we suppose your legates were only moved by the desire of leaving to you the honor of doing personally this act, which is to insure the peace of the Church. In our decree we have been influenced by the wish of the emperor, the desire of the senate, and the request of the whole imperial city. By your confirmation you will insure the everlasting gratitude and strict adherence of the See of Constantinople. And as the credit of the good actions of children redound to the glory of the father, we pray you to honor our decrees by your judgment, and as we, your children, have joined in your judgment of faith, so you, our head, may in return concur in the regulation which we have originated as productive of great good. By so doing you will also highly gratify the emperor and the imperial city."

As was to be expected, St. Leo refused his sanction and wrote to the emperor and empress and to the Archbishop of Constantinople, expostulating with them and giving the reasons for his refusal, stating amongst others, that *the civil dignity of a city was no ground for its ecclesiastical pre-eminence.* It may also be remarked that in this Council there was no patriarch of Alexandria to make opposition, for in the very first session Dioscorus had been deposed. Juvenal of Jerusalem held but an honorary distinction void of jurisdiction, and Maximus of Antioch did not appear to interest himself, for by giving Pontus and Asia to Constantinople, together with Thrace, there was no encroachment upon his jurisdiction as it did not extend north of Mount Taurus and the river Tigris; but the bishops of the province of Ephesus strongly opposed it. It should also be noted even at this period, that Greece proper was not in the patriarchate intended for Constantinople, but belonged to the western patriarchate of which Thrace was originally a portion.

Though the canons, by which it was attempted to raise the See of Constantinople, were thus rendered invalid, still they were not inoperative. The ambition of the emperors and their courtiers, and, I regret to say, the ambition and the weakness of the archbishops and their suffragans gave virtually an efficacy to the regulation. Anatolius exercised his power by the consent sometimes of those over whom he claimed jurisdiction, and at other times, aided by the civil power, he compelled submission.

This introduction of the civil power to enforce ecclesiastical decrees has been the ruin of Church discipline and has laid the foundation of the intermeddling of kings and emperors with Church affairs and has been productive, on the whole, of incalculable evil. All modern persecutors of the Church have simply followed the bad example set by the imperial province of Constantinople.

(To be Continued.)

THE SALESIAN ORATORY, TURIN.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST, OSPIZIO.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF OUR LADY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS, AT MARTINETTO.

DON BOSCO'S TOMB AT THE MISSIONARY SEMINARY.

THE SALESIAN BOY-SAVERS.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

My last visit was on a dark, damp, late October afternoon. To begin with I wanted to buy rope for my trunks, and twine, wrapping paper, account books, etc., for a depot for the sale of peasants' work. Now "Don Bosco's Sons" have a paper factory, near Turin, and a rope factory, and naturally I would rather have their manufactures than any other, for I respect the Salesians most highly.

A kind, intelligent, delicate-looking man in charge of the "Magazine," a layman, attended to my wants. A boy of about fourteen belonging to the Institute darted about, bringing me a choice of articles. A smaller boy tried to help us all. They were such willing assistants, those boys!

My business ended, I told the shopman that I had heard the porter would send a guide with me round the workshops, which I was anxious to re-visit. He turned to the boy of fourteen, and said: "Go, you!" and we trotted off. My guide was proud of everything. He was sure of admiring words and glances.

"How many are you under this big roof?" I asked.

"Twelve hundred," he answered.

In doubt I wrote down "1200," and he said, "Quite right."

The very plain buildings have grown about the early oratory of St. Francis of Sales. The higher school students were in the open spaces between the buildings, playing ball, with much merriment. They wore caps with a gold device, but made no other attempt at uniform. My guide said: "We also of the trades have those caps—when we go out." He also told me that he was in training in the accountant's office. The irregular court was well swept, but I thought it too crowded. In age the young ball-players seemed to range from twelve to fifteen years. Two Salesian priests were taking their share in the rough and tumble of the game. Various groups in the courtyards had each a leather-covered ball, and the laughter and shouts were good to hear. I would have watched a moment, gladly, but my guide disapproved of tarrying.

"There's our theatre," he explained, moving on. "We have festival performances in it. The boys are the actors, re-

citers, and musicians." He was particularly proud of the theatre.

He knew it all, and thought that I ought to be able to take in everything at a glance. "We have our meals down there," he said, stopping at a window. In a long underground room I could discern a narrow table set with platters. My guide glowed over that humble board as if he had been in the banquet hall of a king.

As we passed through an inner court a bounding ball made a smart little fellow cry out: "O Diavolo!" A Salesian Father, passing by, put his arm through the boy's, and spun him gently round,

DON BOSCO, FOUNDER OF THE SALESIAN INSTITUTES.

much to the offender's astonishment. The priest's only reproach lay in his glance. But truly "Diavolo" was scarcely the fitting word in those precincts.

All the students that I saw at play are in the higher school. They are promoted to that school if they show exceptional ability in the crafts. At a table d'hôte in the Alps, some years ago, my next neighbor happened to be the wife of a professor in a Government college, who was also the editor of a learned review. The lady told me her husband had begun life in Don Bosco's Institute, had shown talent, and was passed on to the ranks of the students, whence he graduated at the University, was called to the Bar, and then made his way to his present distinguished position. Many of the students eventually join the

MISSAL PAGE PRINTED BY THE INSTITUTE BOYS.

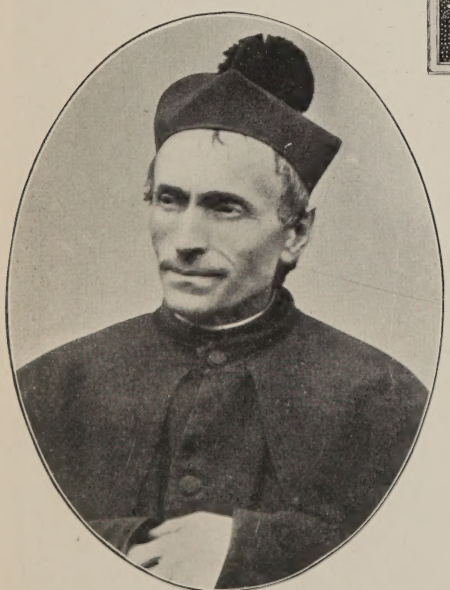
Salesian Congregation; some ex-pupils are bishops now, many are in the professions.

My guide hurried to the printing presses, where many boys were busy under the supervision of one or two of the Fathers, and of a layman or two, I believe. Then he mounted to the compositors' department, I following, rather out of breath. We next visited the casters of type. The ornamental printing of the Salesian press is something rarely beautiful. Their book-binding too is very good.

Going down many stairs to another department we found fifty youthful tailors sitting on their boards and busily sewing. "They make clothes for outside as well as for the Institute," said the boy.

It was near the end of a dark, autumnal working day when I reached the tailoring department, and I found it decidedly dark there, and insufficiently ventilated.

SPECIMEN OF WORK DONE BY THE WAIFS, SOME OF WHOM SHOW GREAT SKILL IN COLOR PRINTING.



DON MICHAEL RUA, PRESENT SUPERIOR OF THE TURIN INSTITUTE.

Perhaps the coarse woollens and the rough calico linings were responsible for much of the stuffiness, but at any rate the little tailors would be none the worse for more fresh air.

During our progress my guide said: "We're overcrowded now. The French Salesian Fathers had to come here. They're expelled, you know. But it won't be for long. The French Government cannot want all the Oratory scholars adrift again in the streets, and the French authorities can't find schools and homes for them all. You'll see! The Fathers will be recalled before long."

A PICTURE FRAME MADE BY THE CARVERS IN THE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

Our progress was too rapid for me to tell our guide a recent incident. The Sisters, who had a hospice for the aged, were ordered to leave a certain town. The Mayor was surprised to hear that the Sister Superior was at his door insisting on taking leave of him before the community went to the train. The Mayor said it "was very friendly." He wondered why the Reverend Mother should show him courtesy when he was turning her out of house and home. The nun entered, all smiles and kind looks, saying: "Monsieur le Maire, I really could not go without saying goodbye; and then you see I could not abandon my poor, sick, and old people. I feel obliged to leave them with you. The Sisters and I have hired four omnibuses. Our forty-five old people have even now been driven to your door."

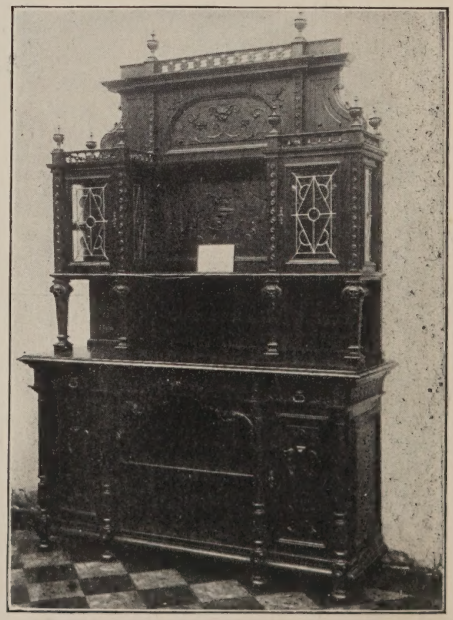
M. le Maire was aghast. He hesitated. At last he said: "Drive them all back, Reverend Mother, to where you came from, and stay and take care of them, you and your community."

Such, according to my boy, will be the way the French Salesian question will work out.

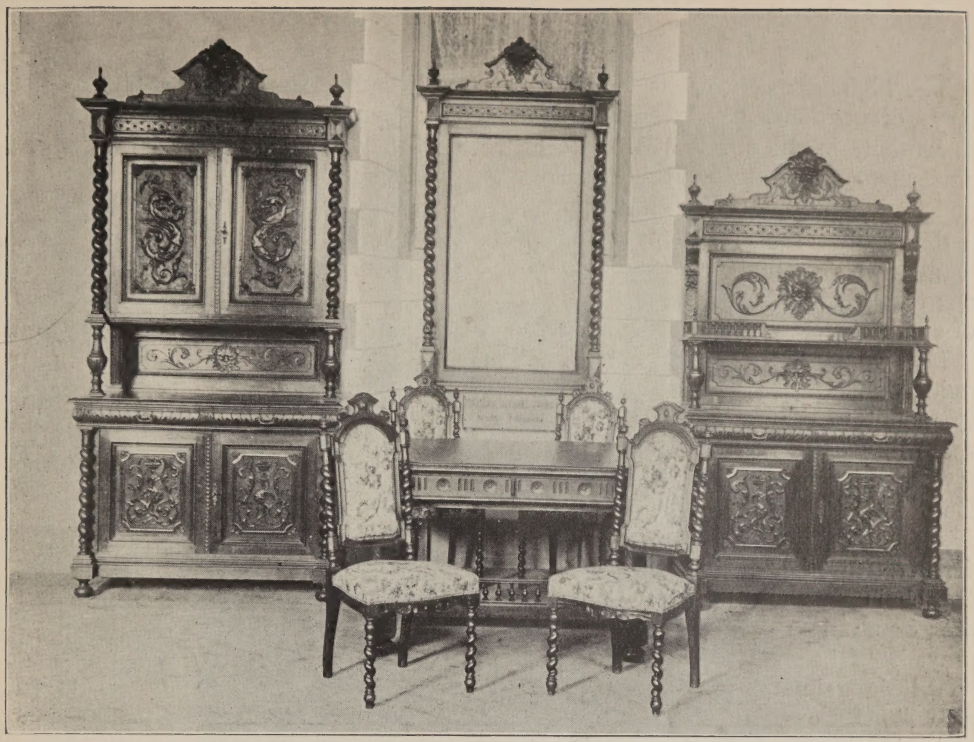
Our way lay past thirty little shoe-makers being trained by laymen proficient in Crispin's art. "The boys make new boots as well as mend things," said my guide.

There were fifteen in the wood-carving room, under a delightful teacher, who showed a roomful of beautiful designs in plaster, done by some of the pupils. I recognized the copy of a panel from the Tempio Malatestiano, at Rimini, with Sigismondo Malatesta's exaggeratedly Roman-nosed profile upon one corner of it. The collection contained many lovely studies from the antique, beautifully executed.

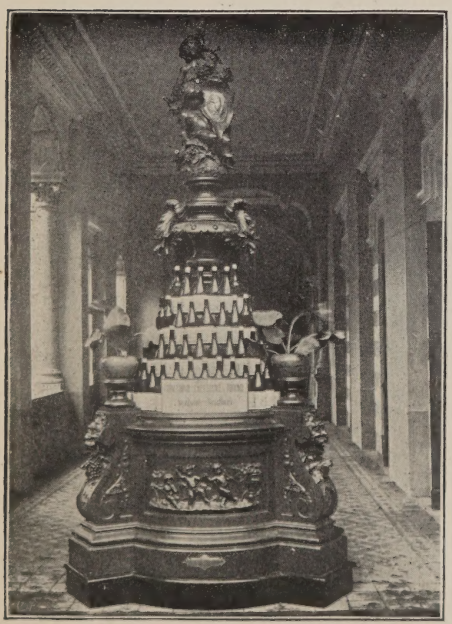
In the carpenter's shop there



SPECIMEN OF FURNITURE MADE AT THE SALESIANS' TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.



SHOWN BY THE CARPENTERS AND WOOD CARVERS OF THE SALESIAN TECHNICAL SCHOOLS AT A RECENT EXHIBITION



A STAND CARVED IN THE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

were fifty or more at work among the fragrant chips and shavings. They seemed to have a vast number of door frames in hand. I saw a confessional nearly finished, and quantities of planks and mouldings, of which I could not stop to find out the intended uses.

The iron workers were more than sixty in number. They make splendid "beaten" railings, ornamental gates, etc., of which I saw some fine photographs.

It is native of me to judge most severely the things I love, and I put on my keenest critical spectacles during this visit, but, while admitting that the ventilation was imperfect, and that even the playgrounds suffered from overcrowding, I must say that the boys looked far healthier than is generally the case with poor children in Italian towns. I saw no case of sore eyes, a complaint so very common outside the Salesian Institute; a complaint too which speaks of unsanitary conditions.

The high school, with its more sedentary occupations, has recreation three times daily in the courtyards. The little craftsmen are more actively employed, and I think they have play-time only twice a day. But they are often taken for a long day in the country. Don Bosco made a great feature of excursions.

My energetic guide wished me to mount to the room in which a few years ago Don Bosco died. I elected to go farther, to the church in which the founder prayed. "I have so little time now," I explained.

"Well, there's where we all come every morning," said my nice boy, indicating the left transept.

The church is magnificent! Outside of it all is very, very poor, at the Via Cottolengo. The scholars are plainly but tidily dressed. The priests wore cassocks green with age, and shining with wear. Most of the Fathers looked very thin. Some were bent and evidently weak. Only one that I saw was old. They must die in their strength, I think. Some count that a boon. The shabby habit covers high hearts. The Salesians' faces glow with enthusiasm. Though they choose abject poverty for themselves, their church is simply splendid with rich marbles and precious metals.

Hardly had my guide left me when there was a sound of tramping feet, and the boys defiled into their places. Fine fellows they are for the greater part, with trustful, courageous, well-bred countenances. They settled down among the benches, and sang the Kyrie, preluding a litany. Such a harmonious volume of sound! There have been musical composers among the Salesians, and singing and instrumental music make a feature of all their great festivals. In the singing the voices kept time and tune admirably.

MARY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

One boy dressed as an acolyte mounted the pulpit and read a little "Instruction" on the giving of scandal. Then the rest of the Litany of Loreto was sung and the Tantum ergo, and we had Benediction. Throughout, the singing was lovely.

The dark evening had drawn in when I groped my way out into the street.

Once before, in September, I had been

to buy things at the Salesian "Magazine." There was a very old shopman aided by two boys of the Institute to attend to my wants. The zeal of the assistants was touching and delightful. They rejoiced so unaffectedly when I purchased anything. They were so engaging in their efforts to tempt me to further outlay. Some day those boys will be what Italian tombstones call "expert merchants."

On another occasion in the book shop a librarian of about fifteen openly gloried in the books, just as if he had written, printed, and bound them all, and had manufactured the paper also. There was some question of some one speaking English, and the librarian flashed out the answer: "No, perhaps he does not speak English. But our Superior, Don Rua, he speaks English and I believe," he added, "every language."

THE FACADE OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS, ERECTED BY DON BOSCO, AT TURIN.

The following dialogue took place when I was waiting for some photographs from the Salesians' photographic department:

"Have you seen Don Rua?" asked a priest of the Congregation.

"No, Father," replied the visitor.

"What a pity! Don Rua is only just gone out."

"Don Rua has a curious effect on me," said the visitor. "I saw him once, and when I saw him I seemed also to see all my sins."

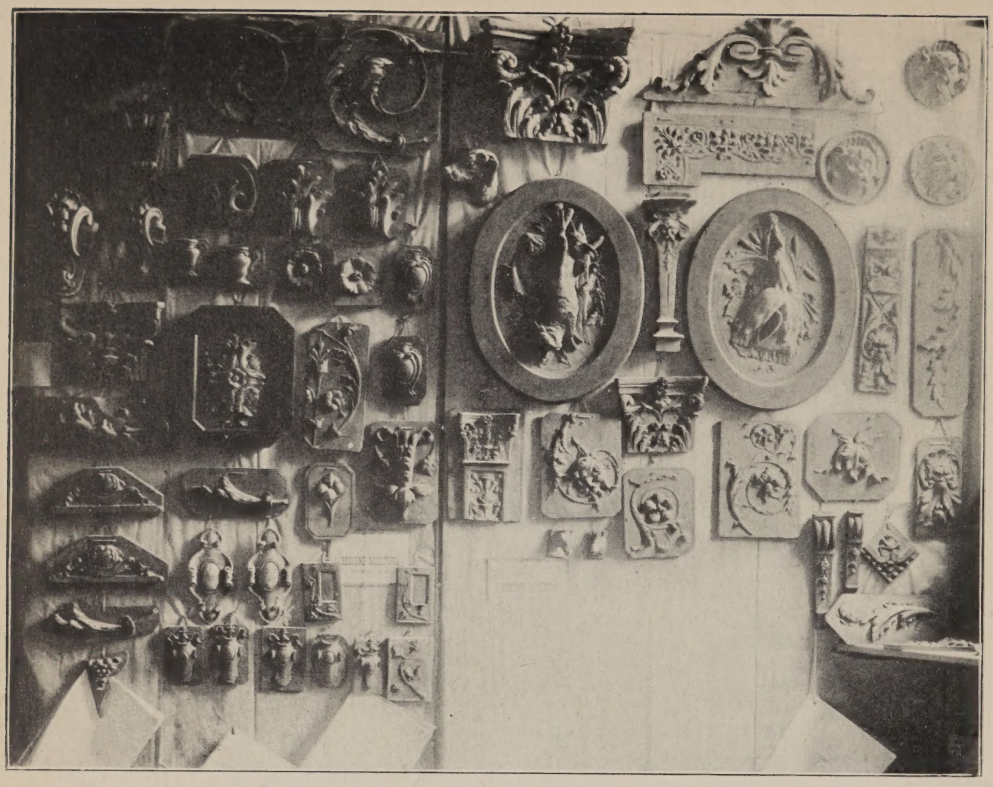
"No, no! that can't be! Why, Don Rua is a saint."

"That is exactly why I am afraid of him."

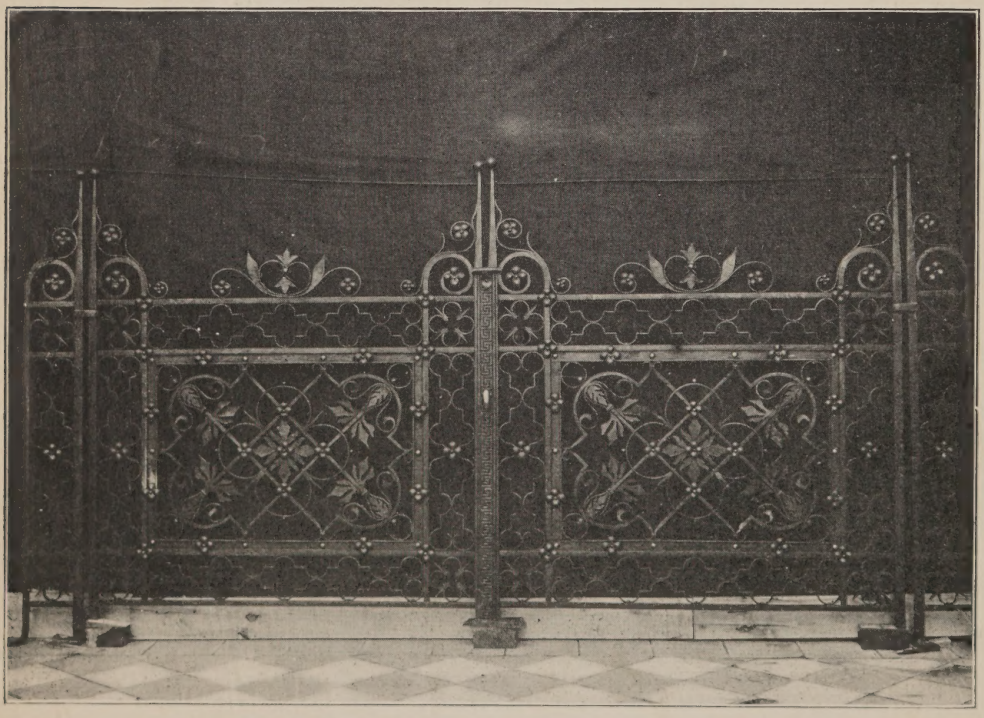
The priest tried to find some consoling word, but failed. And then he laughed gently. So did the visitor, and they parted.

The dialogue reminded me of Don Bosco's saying to some one who came to pray him to work a miracle: "No, I cannot work miracles, good signora; but there's Don Rua, now. He's a man who could, if he liked, perform prodigies."

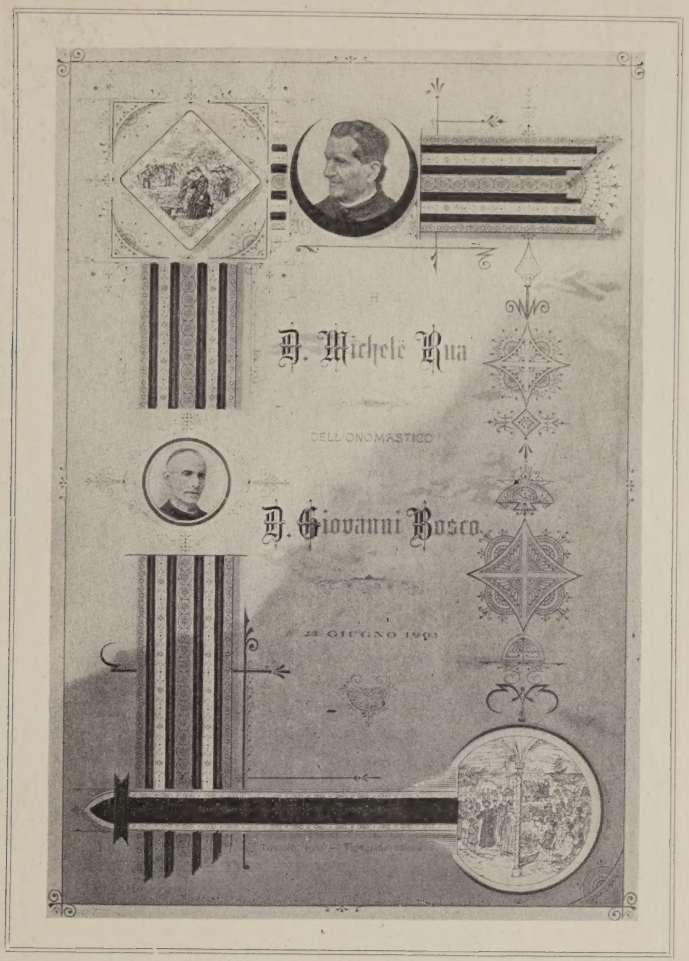
The Salesians have now a house in New York, at 29 Mott Street. They have one at Battersea, London, and Italy is dotted over with "Don Bosco's Institutes." Spain, Switzerland, and nearly every European country is the richer for these schools where the waifs and strays, the "dangerous elements," are turned into good Christians, and useful members of the community. Was it not King Carlo Alberto, who thanked Don Bosco for his "ser-



CLAY MODELS MADE IN THE SCHOOL OF SCULPTURE, AT THE SALESIANS.



IRON WORK WROUGHT AT THE SALESIANS' TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, TURIN.



AN ADDRESS TO DON RUA.

The little waifs and strays who show a taste for typography are employed in the printing department.

vices to the State?" Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X., commended the Salesians' services to the Church and to souls. And the Institutes only date back half a century!

Don Bosco and his sons certainly work wonders for modern society. But what they *are* must ever remain greater and more praiseworthy than what they do, although that is work so truly beneficent.

MOODS.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

The mist lay thick on vale and hill;
The day was dark; the wind blew chill,
And moaned as if in pain.
Within my heart a strange, shy bird
With music, all my pulses stirred—
And summer lived again!

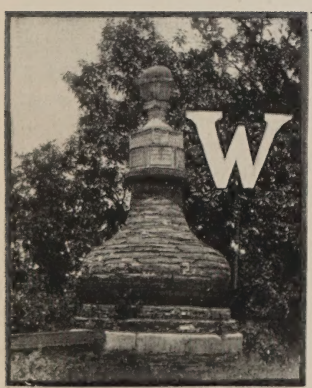
The air was warm, the sun shone bright,
And bathed in tender, radiant light
Each tree—each fragrant bough.
I wondered how men could be glad—
Rememb'ring things I once had had,
But never could have now.

A TURNPIKE TOLL-GATE

THE FAMOUS OLD TURNPIKE.

BY MOIRA L. RAY.

"Do you not hear the song of the great
white roads,—calling—calling?"



THE MONUMENT AT MONOCACY BRIDGE.

WESTWARD from Baltimore to St. Louis it winds,—the great historic highway of the Republic's childhood. Over its white leagues, in days ere engine-smoke clouded the way, flowed that mighty stream of pioneer civilization which spread, wave after wave, over the prairies of the middle west; back to the sea flowed a return tide of commerce, bearing trophies won from fresh fields and new hunting grounds. It was in 1783 that the Maryland Assembly appointed commissioners "to lay out a common road from Baltimore Town to Elizabeth Town, and from thence to the western limits of the State." Henry Clay, in after years, secured government appropriations, and it was extended to the Mississippi.

Many a glimpse of the life of an earlier day, many a beauty, the old road can show to those who love better the patter of horses' hoofs on the free highway than rumble of iron wheels on steel rails,—better the song of wind in green tree-tops

OLD LINGANORE MILL.

than the steam-whistle's shriek. But not in all its length may be found a spot more fraught with brave memories of days that were, than is the green and peaceful Monocacy Valley, circled by the blue hills of Maryland.

A few years after the "common road" was projected, the Commissioners assembled in Frederick Town to consider a proposed bridge over the Monocacy, which should eclipse anything of its kind previously built in the Thirteen States. Long and carefully they studied plans of famous bridges of the Old World, before was completed, in 1809, the quaint stone structure whose mossy arches yet span the placid river. With much honest pride did the worthy Commissioners contemplate their achievement and at the bridge's end they built unto themselves a monument from which the wayfarer may read that "Jonathan Ellicott first produced a Bold Plan of this bridge, with 4 arches 65 foot span." If the old-world design of the bridge was unlike any other in America, truly was that of this unique monument like nothing in Europe. Local tradition hath it that the nucleus thereof is a great glass decanter, filled with the best of old Scotch,--a tradition given color by the large proportion of Caledonian names inscribed on the neck and round stone stopper of the decanter-shaped memorial.

The valley's place-names alone form a chapter of history. Its streams,—Linganore, Monocacy, and others as musical,—speak of an earlier race, whose only monuments are their poetic names. Here town and village bear German designations, with a sprinkling of Irish and Scotch, as do the families of the district, where old Palatine patronymics are still numerous. Only to the everlasting hills and rivers cling the names of the lost people, who ranged forest and stream ere ever the earth was turned by German farmer's plow, or the hills echoed the rifle-shot of Irish hunter. Stone weapons and fragments of pottery occasionally found are all that remain of the forgotten tribes. But truly

> "Their memory lingers on our hills,
> Their baptism on our shore,
> Our everlasting rivers speak
> Their dialect of yore."

In the Monocacy, or Frederick, valley, there are those still living who can remem-

ber when these children of the wilderness walked the pale-faces' turnpike. It was after the War of 1812, when the remnants of once powerful tribes had joined with their white neighbors against the foreigner. Not ungratefully was their help received. Once each year, after the war, veteran scouts from wigwam and western village passed along the National Road on their long pilgrimage to Washington, to draw their life pension from the Government of the great White Chief whose call they had answered in the hour of danger.

"A BRIDGE WHICH SHOULD ECLIPSE ANYTHING OF ITS KIND IN THE THIRTEEN STATES."

Silent, in barbaric dignity, walked the blanketed warriors, wearing each upon his breast a bronze image of the White Chief, in token of unbroken friendship. Year by year their number lessened, and slower grew the march, until the last of the Republic's red defenders had passed to the happy hunting grounds, and the stones of the strangers' highway knew them no more.

Standing upon the bridge, and looking northward to where Linganore Creek pours its rushing waters into the calm Monocacy, the old Mill of Linganore looms gaunt and desolate against a foliaged background. For more than a century its wheels turned merrily, and no longer than a score of years ago its annual out-put of forty thousand barrels of flour was an important item in the county's prosperity. When this old mill was built a rude trail marked the line of the National Turnpike, and all travel was by horse-back, the roads being impassable for carriages. Indian settlements lay to the west, and Frederick, a thriving pioneer village, was still a German-speaking town, —a bit of Continental Europe dropped in the western wilderness. The old mill-wheels are broken, the dry race a tangle of vines and wild-flowers; and prosperity, like the star of empire, has taken its way westward. But Frederick Town still retains much of its quaint foreign appearance, although its streets, picturesque on summer evenings with gaily dressed crowds, suggest less a German than a French town.

Although first settled in 1733, Jesuits

RICH HILL MANSION, IN WHICH PRESIDENT WASHINGTON WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND

had long ere this found their way to the valley, carrying the light of Christianity to the Indian tribes. "Father White is now diligently engaged in their instruction," writes an early chronicler, "and by the light of Heaven poured upon them they have long since found out the error of their ways." It is interesting to note what appear to have constituted some important errors of the unhappy aborigines. The writer continues: "the king has exchanged the skins, with which he was heretofore clothed, for garments made in our fashion; he makes also a little endeavor to learn our language." What disturbance of mind the good missionary would have experienced could he have foreseen that, within a few years, conviction of error upon one of these important points would overcome, not the savages, but the Christian representatives of European civilization; for, at the time of the French and Indian War, we find many of the young Maryland settlers adopting the Indian costume in all its primitive simplicity,—fringed buckskin shirt, beaded moccasins, and the picturesque, Indian substitute for trousers. "The young men," relates the chronicler solemnly, "instead of being abashed, are proud of their Indian-like dress. In some instances I have seen them go into places of worship in this dress. Their appearance, however, did not add much to the devotion of the young ladies!"

It is a far cry from Frederick's twentieth century quietude to the strenous days of 1755, when the ill-fated Braddock with his red-coated regulars marched into the primitive German village, quartering his army here to better prepare for the hazardous expedition into the unknown territory beyond. To the choleric Briton, impervious to provincial advice, the possibility of defeat at the hands of savages seems never to have occurred. "He was extremely warm and angry," wrote good Governor Sharpe, "and stormed like a lion rampant." While in Frederick "he did not scruple in enlisting and taking away

a good many servants from the inhabitants, as well as impressing their horses, teamsters, wagons and carriages." Westward from Frederick, the turnpike for many miles follows the line of the road first cut through unbroken forest by the doomed army.

Braddock's visit is memorable in having been the occasion of the first meeting of George Washington, a young provincial officer serving as one of Braddock's aides, and Benjamin Franklin, then Post-master General of the Colonies, who here met Braddock to arrange for the forwarding of supplies. The young staff officer of 1755 passed through Frederick for the second time thirty-six years later, when, as President of the United States, he journeyed from Mount Vernon to the seat of Government at Philadelphia. Half a mile from the turnpike stands Rich Hill Mansion, where on this occasion he was entertained by the then Governor of Maryland, Thomas Johnson.

MONUMENT TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, IN FREDERICK.

Many a stirring scene Frederick witnessed during the Revolution. The brave Michael Cresap's company of riflemen, passing through on their long march to Boston, is thus graphically described in a letter of the time:—

"I have had the happiness of seeing Captain Michael Cresap marching at the head of a formidable company of upwards of 130 men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, armed with tomahawks and rifles, and dressed in hunting-shirts and moccasins; and though some of them had traveled near 800 miles from the banks of the Ohio, they seemed to walk light and easy and not with less spirit than at the first hour of their march. Health and vigor, after what they had undergone, declared them to be intimate with hardships and familiar with danger. Joy and satisfaction were visible in the crowd that met them. Had Lord North been present, and could have been assured that this brave leader could raise thousands of such to defend his country, what think you?—would the hatchet and block have intruded upon his mind? I had an opportunity of attending the Captain dur-

ing his stay in town, and watched the behavior of his men and the manner in which he treated them; for it seems that all who go out to war under him do not only pay the most willing obedience to him as their commander, but in every instance of distress look upon him as their friend or father. A great part of his time was spent in listening to and relieving their wants, without any apparent sense of fatigue and trouble."

after a few months of efficient service, to obtain leave to return home. Unable to proceed further than New York, he died there of fever, at the early age of thirty-three. In old Trinity churchyard, with many a fellow-soldier of the Revolution, rests the Maryland patriot.

Many memories of 1812 cluster about the 'Pike and Frederick Town. Here lived Francis Scott Key, author of our national anthem, the "Star Spangled Banner." In

A DESERTED INN OF THE OLD COACHING DAYS.

The marvelous marksmanship of these picturesque frontiersmen proved as amazing to the less skilful New Englanders as it was disastrous to the English enemy. Gallant Captain Cresap, one of a famous family of fighting pioneers, was destined never to return to the blue hills of Maryland. Already suffering from a fatal illness when appointed to the command which he would not refuse, he was obliged,

the old cemetery where he lies, a little south of the National Road, may be seen the statue erected to his memory a few years ago. Standing before the graceful bronze figure, one hears again the boom of English cannon before Fort McHenry, and pictures the young artillery officer, as, a prisoner, he paces the deck of the enemy's ship, looking ever with straining eyes through the night for one glimpse of

his country's flag above the beleaguered stronghold. At last, "by the dawn's early light," the gleaming folds of his own star spangled banner "in full glory reflected now shine in the stream," and an immortal song of patriotism and hope is born of the night's awful anxiety.

Patriotic poets were not few in western Maryland in those days. If others have failed of immortality, it was not because of any lack of originality or picturesqueness of expression in their productions. Could martial verse be more forceful than this, from a Maryland Herald of the time:

"So here's a health to all the Greens
And every Volunteer
Who is intent, and fully bent
With honor for to steer!
We'll to a man join hand in hand
To meet our treacherous foe
With fire and ball we will them maul
And drink before we go!"

Or a healthy self-confidence, and expectation of immortality, be more succinctly expressed than by the following:—

"We'll chase our foe from post to post,
Attack their camp and lines,
And by some well-concocted schemes
We'll baffle their designs.
This rising world shall sing of us
Ten thousand years to come
And children to their children tell
The wonders we have done!"

Over the turnpike twelve years later came the aged Marquis de Lafayette, honored guest of the nation, revisiting the scenes of his chivalrous youth. Met at the Monocacy bridge by a guard of honor, and escorted into Frederick by enthusiastic crowds, he was here shown every attention that a grateful and hospitable people could devise. The town, lavishly decorated for his coming, was filled with welcoming crowds, gathered not from Maryland alone, but from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and far-away Carolina. After the General's return to France, a characteristic attention was shown him by certain patriotic Marylanders, who sent to Lafayette, by a ship laden with tokens of American esteem, a large collection of live 'coons and 'possums, with a number of fowls and varieties of seed corn. Was the Marquis able to supply his table in France with hot corn-pone to equal that which so delighted him in Frederick, and did he regale his guests with baked 'possum and sweet potatoes? Or do the descendants of those Maryland 'coons and 'possums still scamper in French groves? At all events, the Marquis gratefully appreciated the spirit which prompted the gift; and surely ship never sailed bearing tokens of more loving admiration and hearty gratitude than went to France with this unusual cargo.

Of Civil War reminiscences there are many in Monocacy Valley. Here within sight of the turnpike were fought the battles of Antietam and South Mountain. In the freshly-plowed fields each year are found the leaden bullets of '64 side by side with Indian arrowheads of other centuries. It is with a Civil War incident,—that of Barbara Frietchie and Stonewall Jackson, that Frederick is usually connected in the popular mind. It is a bit disappointing to learn that when Jackson actually passed through Frederick, before five o'clock A.M., the aged lady was peacefully sleeping in her bed, and knew not of his presence.

Long ere the war, however, the National Pike's day of glory had passed, railroad and canal having superseded the famous thoroughfare. Lingering today on the old bridge, it is a smiling country that meets the eye, prosperous with well-ordered German thrift of field and farmstead; staunch old farm-houses of stone or brick, corn-cribs brave in snowy whitewash, and, most prominent of all, the great bank barns, vivid dashes of red in a green and gold landscape. That early wave of German immigration which swept over Pennsylvania and into parts of Maryland has left nothing so distinctively charac-

teristic as these great barns, the like of which may be sought in vain in newer parts of the country. Characteristic, too, is the old type of Maryland farm-house, with its dormer windows and long sloping roof-line extending over a white-railed upper gallery.

But the old 'pike lies quiet today between banks of honeysuckle and wild roses. Gilded, crimson-cushioned stage-coaches of rival posting companies no longer ply over it, discharging their picturesque crowds at the doors of rival inns. No more the smiling landlord emerges from friendly hostelry at the sound of driver's bugle; no more the western statesman in his own traveling carriage fares toward Washington, nor the scout in fringed buckskin gallops by on his fleet mustang. Where once countless droves of western sheep and cattle blocked the way, copperhead snakes lie sunning. Upon the road over which Jackson, Harrison, Polk and Taylor successively traveled to their inaugurations, one meets but a lonely farm wagon, or a group of bare-foot country children. Where once the Kentucky planter with Negro servants cantered by on blooded steed, or the silent Indian chief passed on his piebald pony, there rides today, but an occasional hurrying cyclist. The state highway that once stretched like a crowded city street through a thousand miles of wilderness winds lonely and silent over the misty hills and fades into green distances beyond, relic of an almost forgotten stage of civilization, and a lingering reminder of men and days that are not.

THE BRIDESMAIDS' TRIP.

BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

In the days that we went gypsying
A long time ago.

II.

The five happy maidens again wandered in brilliant noonday sunshine and in chequered shade, through the luxuriant shrubberies of Donard Lodge. Janet and Daisy were enchanted with the profuse growth of the arbutus and other evergreens, so far surpassing that of similar shrubs in England. Dora expended her rapture on the interior of a summer-house, the walls and ceiling of which were covered with mosaics, ingeniously formed of a multiplicity of varied shells in different devices.

The marine pavilion commanded a splendid view of Dundrum Bay and its shores. A fountain played in the foreground. A large missionary box was cut in the rock—from which issued a spring that flowed into a stone trough—and the box bore the inscription:—

"Here of pleasure you partake,
One penny give for Jesus' sake."

A tract was invitingly placed on the table of the summer-house, together with a volume entitled *Gold and Gospel,* from which some wanton hand had insultingly torn the pages of warnings and promises, to which attention had been called charitably in a lady's handwriting on the fly leaf.

"What an excess of ingratitude," exclaimed Cora indignantly, adding as she dropped a shilling into the box: "Methinks the saucy scoffer will have withheld his penny for the peep-show!"

The sun, which had shone out sudden-

ly in unclouded beauty, withdrew. Long shadows darkened the scene. It was on a dull brooding afternoon that the five bridesmaids started in a pretty low-backed car, from Newcastle on their drive of sixteen miles through the Mourne Mountains to Rostrevor.

Paddy, a frieze-coated "broth of a boy," as Norah described their carman, dilated in rapturous terms on the wealth and extent of the Tollymore estate, which they were speedily approaching: "Bedad one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine acres of plantations, timber, and soil, the property of one peer of the realm!" And with a sweep of his whip, he proudly pointed to a long vista of woods hemmed in by mountains. Soft white mists veiled the crests of the range, the lower slopes, however, were visible, and were covered with plantations.

"I wish," said Janet to Daisy, seated by her side, "that both the faces of mountains and the faces of men were never closely shaven: woods and beards are such picturesque additions."

Silvery laughter resounded from the other side of the car. Dora was telling her cousins of Mike Maloney's first landing at Calcutta: "And when he caught sight of an elephant, cried he, 'and is it such a mosquito that mustbite me?'" This was followed by the marvelous ride of Mad Molly on a mad mare to Donnybrook Fair, an entertainment which lasted till the model village of Bryansford was reached.

Lord Roden's generous and judicious sway had produced a picture of peace and plenty, of rural beauty and comfort. Creepers covered the pretty cottages to the thatch; flowers, fruit and vegetables abounded. Exquisite was the umbrageous vista, seen through the park gates, of a luxuriant avenue, terminating in hanging woods that were suddenly bathed in sunshine.

In driving through the park they passed the plain but substantial mansion, the windows of which were protected by lead-colored shutters. "They are ball proof," explained Paddy, "and were put there after the Rebellion when the house was attacked.'"

He drew up his brisk little horse. "If ye tell the servants ye are from England, ye'll get in to see the gardens, and ye *nivcr* saw *their* like!"

"The eye is never satisfied with seeing," said Dora, "suppose we just drive on." So the merry party bowled along through the park and entered luxuriant woods, their charm enhanced by glimpses of mountain-side beyond.

Paddy expatiated on the grand picnics in the park, to which he drove "many dacent people."

"Especially wedding parties," suggested Norah. "'Twas to Tollymore that Larry brought his bride, on their honeymoon, in company with thirteen relatives, postillions and white favors. With Larry 'tis always the more the merrier."

Now the car was out of the thick woodlands and whirling down to Parnell's Bridge, which spans the mountain torrent of the Shimna that dashes along over rocks. It was soon bowling along in a glorious wilderness, where gigantic rhododendrons rising out of the long waving grass lent an indescribable charm to the native luxuriance: the brilliant hued yet delicate textured flowers blooming in masses amongst the natural growth of the woods.

Paddy, suddenly assuming an unusual solemnity, drew up his horse, and pointing with his whip, said sadly: "Well we're on the very spot of last year's tragedy. 'Twas here that a Bryansford bride dropped out of Time straight into Eternity. She just slipped from her bridegroom's arm into the stream and was drowned amongst those rocks. They had been married that morn. He is a farm laborer hereabouts."

A chill fell on the gay, happy com-

pany. The very face of nature grew grey and sad. As they silently drove along, Janet, with her keen insight of beauty, said: "In fine weather this must be an enchanting scene, dark blue-green woods, brown heather, purple mountain-tops."

There were many rustic bridges at Tollymore, and Paddy conscientiously showed them all to his customers. The church clock of Bryansford struck six, when, after a rest at the inn, the travelers remounted the car to continue their drive to Rostrevor.

"They'll be expecting you at Sanxter's, ladies?" asked the respectful landlord, making his parting bow, "You wrote for beds?"

"Oh! dear, no," exclaimed Dora. "Where was the need?"

"*Need.* Why the greatest in the world, so as to know where you may put your heads. And I heard last night from Sanxter's, which is the only hotel in Rostrevor, that they are full."

"You don't mean it. We had better just drive back to Newcastle."

"Nonsense, Dora," cried Cora. "Who ever thought of immediately returning to an inn, when he had the receipted bill in his pocket?"

'And Rostrevor," pleaded Norah, "is just one of the loveliest places in the whole universe; and it was on its mountain, Sliev Bân, that our groom settled everything with our bride."

"We must not dilly dally," concluded Dora. "We'll trust to a kind Providence, so drive away, Paddy."

As they bowled forward the everlasting white mists creeping down from the mountain-tops spread silently through the deep valley. Janet and Daisy, who as the English visitors, had been politely given the side of the car that ought to have the view, were only aware of speeding along an elevated road, with evidently a valley below and a range of high but invisible mountains opposite.

"Shades of Sliev Snaven, of Hen Mountain, Cock Mountain, Butter Mountain, of Sliev Beg, Sliev More, Sliev Nagloch, ye Magnates of Mourne, we and our hammer, most mournfully salute ye!" exclaimed Cora.

Yet the mountains gave no sign of recognition; they seemed rather to withdraw into more impenetrable gloom. The air became ever chillier; the mist of the evening mingled with the cloud of night. The maidens would have felt plunged into nebulous space, but for the substantial sound of the horses' hoofs trotting over the stony road.

They passed two damp, steamy-looking men, followed by a pack of very moist Irish greyhounds. The few figures that flitted in the mist round the dimly discerned doors of the grey cabins seemed like spirits rather than beings of flesh and blood.

A boisterous wind began to battle with the blinding fog. " 'Tis forsooth a howling wilderness," sighed Norah.

"I'm fearful ye might ketch cowld," put in Paddy. "I've known it so cowld that people's cattle died on the hills. They could not get any meat on the mountains. Well shure the Londoners, the puir bodies, are done up intirely. They're blue and perishin' and their teeth chatterin'. Give 'em the horse rug, though they need only hould on a bit, for ladies, ye're jist atop of the illigant Roman Catholic spire of Rostrevor."

The domineering gale had vanquished the mist, and now the travelers perceived that they were rapidly descending a mountain clothed with wood, and descried houses and gardens in the valley. In ten minutes the car stopped on an open space planted with young oak trees, and at the door of a comfortable-looking old-fashioned inn, proudly displaying as signboard the lion and unicorn supporting the royal arms.

"I'm extremely sorry, young ladies, not

to be able myself to accommodate you," said the landlady in a deprecating tone. "Nevertheless, if you don't object to using the public room, which is quite empty, you shall have a fire and hot tea to warm you; and whilst thus recruiting, I'll seek night quarters for you in the town."

After the cold and hungry strangers had enjoyed a delicious meal by the cheerful glow of a blazing fire, a chambermaid delivered the message: "If you plase, the lady, where ye're to sleep says, she is goin' to shut her door and hopes ye'll come."

Away went the merry troop of girls with the maid, who led them through the quiet little town to the modest dwelling, where they were to pass the night. A bill in a front window announced: "Apartments to let."

"You'll be very comfortable," said the guide in a reassuring tone, "for the lady makes it a point to be kind and condescending to her lodgers."

"The lady," a trim little person in a thick white muslin cap with a full border, received the company with uplifted hands: "I am petrified!" she exclaimed. "Was I not told there were three and now there are five? It is not a question of the beds, for they are double; nor of the towels, since three used by five parties leaves half a towel over; but it is the paucity of pillows."

Shown into the sleeping chambers, the inseparable Norah and Cora sang: "We'll put our heads under our wings, poor things, and *we* will waive the pillows." And, suiting the action to the words, they sportively swung those destined for Dora and Daisy. Then they slept the sound sleep of the unselfish, their heads supported by their traveling bags placed under the feather bed. They rose as fresh as larks in the morning. But they could not sing in a blue sky: the inevitable clouds hid the mountains even more completely than they had done on the previous morning.

At their breakfast in the inn, they drank their tea "to better times." With intense zest Norah and Cora questioned the elderly waiter about the celebrated Major and Mrs. Yelverton, and learnt to their chagrin, that it was not in Rostrevor, but in a quiet little village, two miles off, that they had been married.

"Do you remember the Major and his bride?" asked Norah eagerly.

"Oh! yes Miss, 'deed do I."

"Well, then, I suppose you would remember me if I bolted?"

"Perhaps so, Miss. But you see the Major and his lady were here ten days, and they always spoke French together."

"Ah! to be sure, that does make a difference. Now Cora, let you and me begin talking German."

"Tell us," put in the inquisitive Cora, who only cared just then to hear about the Yelvertons, "were the famous couple ever in this very room?"

"No, Miss, they occupied the rooms just overhead," so saying the waiter retired with a chuckle.

"Norah, Cora, you bad children! I'm positively ashamed of you," said Dora, looking up reproachfully from her long stocking. "Never fear but that you will make us remembered and no mistake. It is a wonder that you did not let out that we were five bridesmaids, as you did at Newcastle and Bryansford."

"'Twas very useful information," said Norah, in a self-justifying tone. "If Cora and I had put down our names in the visitors' book at Tollymore Park, we should simply have written *Five Bridesmaids* and the date, which when His Lordship the Earl of Roden diverts himself by running over the entries, would have answered his purpose far better. Only folks never avail themselves of Cora and me."

"Because you are both so volatile," continued Dora, knitting vigorously and

feeling it her duty to finish the homily, which had been much on her mind. "You are so very mad, darlings, about brides and grooms; go where you will, you are bent upon hearing whether there are any in the house or on the road."

"As there are at this very moment," cried Cora, flying to the window, followed by Norah. "Forgive the interruption, Dora; but 'tis a real bride and groom, though neither of them very young, for they sit side by side on the car."

"Yes," replied Norah conclusively, "older married couples take different sides."

But now the bevy of bridesmaids must up and away to visit the great white stone Cloughmore, on the mountain. Following a steep path, they speedily ascended ever higher and higher through sombre woods, catching ever and anon glimpses of the bay below, hemmed in by mist-shrouded mountains. Then on amidst hazel bushes and grey boulders and where brilliant, stately foxgloves grew amongst lichen-covered rocks, on to the open mountain, where, groping their way through an opaque atmosphere, they found the gigantic stone looming before them; impressive by its size and solitude, and degraded by empty lemonade bottles left strewn at its base.

Cora, with her geological tendencies, queried how the great granite rock of thirty-two tons ever got up there? Daisy suggested "Druids." Norah "believed the mighty Irishman, Finn M'Cool, just hurled it across from Carlingford Mountains at his swaggering Scotch foe Benandonner, who thereupon fled back crestfallen to his own country." Dora remembered with a sigh that "Cousin Larry had seen from the stone, the Isle of Man, nearly down to Dublin, the whole of the North of Ireland, part of Scotland and England with Wales thrown in."

Swiftly from the mist-enveloped mountain they sped to find golden sunshine and an idyllic land below. They pursued one of the most beautiful carriage roads they had ever been upon. It ran along the lower part of the mountain, some yards above the beach and was shaded by finely grown trees, whose branches met overhead. A jolly beggar coming along the path advised them "to enter by the muckle-gate and visit the grounds of the muckle-house belonging to the Captain." It proved to be an elegant cottage residence standing upon a lawn facing the beautiful bay and with shrubberies extending along the water-edge. At first the tourists felt some delicacy in intruding into private grounds; but their hesitation was dispelled by a gardener, who was clipping a broad laurel hedge to liberate a profusely blossoming honeysuckle that flung its sprays from the centre.

"'Tis our proverbial philosophy," said he, "for the public to enjoy this property. 'Tis only a thin slice of kitchen garden that we keep to ourselves." The bridesmaids beheld with indescribable rapture the thick verdant woods running down to the blue waters of the bay. The mists had vanished completely from the mountain-tops, and as they drove to Newry *en route* for Belfast that afternoon they could see the cairn on the summit of Sliev Bân, and half-way on its twin mountain, the Cloughmore, shining out like a big white sheep.

Beautiful too was the evening of that day, the crimson afterglow on the calm silvery waters of Lough Neagh, and the dark outline of the Tyrone Hills, as seen from the fast-speeding Belfast train. Dora, still knitting her long stocking, told her English friends of the merry festivities at Hallowe'en at her grandfather's in County Antrim. And Norah and Cora said: "When they were at granddad's, they always on the last day of April fastened kingcups and rowen leaves over the door to keep out the fairies."

Flora, the missing but ever faithful

member, received with rapture her true allies, at the Belfast terminus; and thus brought the unique trip to a satisfactory conclusion. It is more than forty years ago, and of that blithe band of happy, healthy maidens, some have long lain silently in their far-sundered graves and the aged survivors sit solitary, waiting and watching for the coming of The Bridegroom.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE VATICAN.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH, ROME.

Though small in number when compared with other armies, it is not the smallest army in the world that guards the Vatican. The Dean of the World's Republics—the tiny Republic of "San Marino"—lays claim to a smaller army. In interest, however, the papal soldiers stand second to none, and after the Sovereign Pontiff himself and the Sacred College of Cardinals, the Pope's household troops form the object of keenest interest to sojourners in the Eternal City. The passing visitor to Rome who has not assisted at a grand papal function in St. Peter's or the Vatican, where the soldiers are seen "en grand tenue," can have no idea of the imposing array presented by this fine little army of chosen men. The right and privilege of the time,—that of belittling with superficial criticism everything from the highest to the lowest,—will probably lead the scornful to carp at the papal soldiers on the pretext that they are but "carpet warriors," only forming part of a magnificent display of pomp, and to all intents and purposes practically useless. Yet it must be remembered by the modern sages that though deprived of his rights and prestige in these latter days, the Pope is nevertheless a sovereign, living in a vast palace, a little world in itself, which contains a large percentage of the art treasures of the world. Hence the state and semblance of sovereignty must be kept up, and not only a bodyguard maintained for attendance on the Pontiff, but also other detachments of chosen troops whose duty it is to keep watch and ward over the personal safety of the Vicar of Christ as well as act as guards of the Vatican.

The pontifical household troops are of a long establishment, and in former days, when the popes were not only sovereigns in Rome but in the papal states, these soldiers were the escort of honor to the Pontiff as he daily went abroad in the streets of the city, or in the country. Now-a-days the papal soldiers are never seen in uniform outside the Vatican. It is true that Rome is a peaceful city; we are no longer in the Middle Ages, when feuds were settled by sackings and risings, nor even in later times when under the name of liberty reckless vandalism was allowed unchecked sway. The world has grown older and mayhap wiser, and the twentieth century of progress spreads out beneficent wings of utilitarianism and opportunism, under which rights can be crushed out by the finesse of the pen instead of by the sword. Nevertheless human nature repeats itself in spite of a veneer of civilization, and in Rome, as in other capitals, one must be prepared for the unexpected. Hence to leave the Vatican—which in a rising would be a central point—not fully guarded or protected

would be worse than folly. To protect it household troops are essential. Furthermore, on the occasions of solemn pontifical state (in St. Peter's or the Vatican), the Pope appears surrounded by an escort of *his own soldiers,* who also guard the entrances, and line the passage-way from the Vatican to St. Peter's. Much attention was attracted by the papal soldiers during the Jubilee celebrations of the late Pontiff, Leo XIII., when their handsome uniforms and fine military training showed to the greatest advantage. When King Edward VII., and the Emperor William with his sons, visited Rome, they freely expressed their admiration for the bearing of the household troops.

The pontifical guards and troops have existed in some form or another for centuries, but naturally during the countless changes that have swept over Rome down to the present time their organization, regulations, uniform, and numbers have undergone various modifications or additions, though their office and duties remain fundamentally the same. By the famous "Law of Guarantees," which in many ways turned out to be anything but guarantees, the Pope was allowed to retain five hundred soldiers,—about the present number.

The three principal troops are the Noble Guard, the Swiss Guard, and the Palatine Guard. As the military guard taking first rank in the papal army the "Guardia Nobile Pontificia" (Noble Guard of His Holiness) take precedence of all the soldiers, and must naturally be dealt with first in any description of the pontifical troops. The foundation of the Noble Guard, the especial body-guard of the Pope, goes back in origin to the "Cavalry" instituted by Pope Innocent VIII., in 1485, and reorganized by Pope Benedict XIV., and to the "Lancie Spezzate," by which name were designated the hundred nobles assigned by the Senate and people of Rome to be the body-guard of Pope Paul IV. Both guards were suppressed during the stormy times of 1798, but Pope Pius VII., in the year 1801, substituted in their place the Noble Guard. Under Napoleon's invasions, this Guard was dispersed, but only temporarily, as it was reorganized again in 1815.

Pope Leo XII, reduced the number of the Noble Guard to one company, in 1824, and about the same numbers have been maintained down to the present day, with the exception of the inevitable changes in the regulations and duties rendered necessary by the loss of the temporal power and the Pope's imprisonment in the Vatican. The Noble Guard consists at the present time of seventy-seven persons in all, including the colonel in command of the corps (Prince Rospigliosi), the lieutenante (Conte Camillo Pecci), a sub-lieutenant, eight officers known as "privileged," or exempt from ordinary guard service, an adjutant, forty-eight officers of the guard, a quartermaster, a master of the stables, four trumpeters, a master-at-arms, and a procurator. To be admitted into the Guardia Nobile the candidate must possess a patent of nobility recognized by the Holy See for at least sixty years back, must also be a subject of the papal states, and own a capital of 20,000 lire. The limit of age for admission into the Guard is twenty-five years, and must not be less than twenty-one years. The regulation height is 172 centimetri and, as in any other military corps, robust health is an essential. A rather curious fact in the archives of the Noble Guard notes that in the year 1815 young Count Mastae-Ferretti, afterwards Pope Pius IX., made an application to be enrolled among the Pope's Noble Guard, but was refused on account of his somewhat delicate health.

The uniform of the Guardia Nobile has undergone many changes, and in some frescoes in the Vatican Library, representing events of the time of Pius VII., one sees the Guard wearing tricornered hats. These were succeeded in turn by plumed cavalier hats, that were to be finally superseded by the most military headgear of all, the present day brass and steel helmets with horsehair plumes. The various uniforms of the noble corps seem planned to set off to the greatest advantage the fine, soldierly figures of the wearers. With the exception of the grand gala uniform they are quiet in color, but thoroughly smart and soldier-like. The ordinary "bassa tenuta" consists of a dark blue tunic, with lighter blue pantaloons, the tunic with pale blue and gold facings on cuffs and collar, gilt buttons and epaulettes, sword belt, cartridge belt of black leather and helmet without plumes. On occasions of gala dress a dark blue tunic is worn over white knee-breeches and long Hessian boots with silver spurs. Collars, cuffs, and facings, sword-belt and cartridge-belt are of gilt, and the helmet with its smart white side-cockade has long drooping plumes of black horsehair at the back. On the Pontifical Jubilee Day in St. Peter's the original high-gala uniform was revived for the first time for many years. It is one of the most magnificent of all the uniforms of the papal soldiers,—bright scarlet tunic with pale blue and gold collar, cuffs and facings, white knee-breeches, and the same decorations as on the ordinary gala uniform.

The important office of the Noble Guard consists principally in acting as the Pope's private and public escort, in his daily life in his private apartments, at audiences, receptions, and papal functions, accompanying His Holiness constantly and on all occasions.

The corps of the Noble Guard, like all the other pontifical soldiers, depends on the Maestro di Camera, and is under his especial orders. On the death of a Sovereign Pontiff the Noble Guard is at the disposition of the Conclave, each Cardinal being during the time of interregnum a possible pope. Among their duties is that of escorting the Sacred College each day into the Conclave, an officer of the Guard being also told off every night to guard the cell of each separate cardinal. Another especial privilege of the Noble Guard bestowed upon them by Pope Pius VII. is that of carrying the nomination to the cardinalate, and the red hat, to nuncios, papal ablegates or archbishops who have been created cardinal and reside in foreign countries. The officer who fulfills this duty is specially appointed by the cardinal secretary of state. Various members of the Guard have been the bearers of the red hat to the United States, to Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Satolli, and Cardinal Martinelli. At papal functions in the Sistine Chapel, the Hall of Consistory, or St. Peter's, the Noble Guard on service take their places on either side of the pontifical throne, the commander and superior officers, coming in later with the papal cortege, closely encircling the Sovereign Pontiff with drawn swords.

As is well-known, Leo XIII. had an especial predilection for young men, the younger officers of his Noble Guard being the objects of his fatherly interest. Constantly associated as they were with his daily life the late Pope took the greatest pleasure in making real companions of these trusted soldiers, drawing them into conversation when in private, and in his walks in the gardens allowing them to talk freely to him. He took a personal interest in their families, their doings, their travels, experiences and opinions.

Taken from the best ranks of the Roman patriciate the Noble Guard are usual-

ly representative types of what is best in the Roman world of today. Altogether they form a fine soldierly body worthy of the trusted office which they fill with such fidelity. They are noted among all the papal troops for their splendid military bearing and perfect discipline.

Being solely the personal body-guard of the Pope the Noble Guards are not seen, except on the occasion of papal functions, outside the private apartments. Consequently they are less known and admired by the world at large than the second pontifical guard, the Swiss Guard, who are more constantly in evidence as sentinels of the Vatican, every person who passes within the precincts of the palace being obliged to account for himself to the Swiss at the gateway. This company of pontifical soldiers was founded as early as the sixteenth century, under the pontificate of Julius II., that warlike Pontiff who had such a marked predilection for all things soldierly. In the year 1505, after some negotiations through a Swiss cardinal, the Swiss republic placed at the service of the Pope a permanent company of two hundred men taken from the Catholic cantons of Switzerland. The first commander of the Swiss Guard, one Gaspare de Silenen, brought the first detachment of men to Rome in 1505, and throughout the centuries they and their successors have held the honorable office. At various intervals when Rome suffered from pillage and invasion and the popes were obliged to fly from the Eternal City, even as late as the exile of Pius VII., the Swiss Guard was temporarily disbanded, but promptly re-established on the restoration of the Pope. Needless to say the corps consists entirely of Swiss Catholics, the office of commandant as well as that of the other officers and soldiers having descended for generations in many good Swiss families. At the present time there is among the officers of the Guard a representative of the family of Carlo Pyffer of Altishofen-Lucerne (created commandant of the Swiss Guard by Pius VII. in 1801) in the person of Major Pyffer, actual major of the corps. The personnel of the Swiss Guard consists of one hundred and seventeen men, including the commandant, Baron Meyer von Schauensee; a lieutenant colonel, Colonel Twoberdorff; a major, Major Pyffer; a captain, Captain Othmar Schmidt; a quartermaster, a chaplain, and sergeants, corporals, drummers and "halberdiers." Each man is Swiss either by birth or direct descent, the guard being re-enforced by young men coming immediately from Switzerland. None is accepted over twenty-five years of age, and the average height must be one metre, seventy-five centimetres.

The barracks of the Swiss Guard is within the actual precincts of the Vatican, so that they are constantly replaced in the guard duty, each man having ten days service during the month. After eighteen years of service a guard is entitled to a pension. The special duties of the Swiss consist in the guarding of the person of the Sovereign Pontiff and of the pontifical palace. The officers are on guard in one of the pontifical antechambers and the soldiers in the adjoining halls, and on the staircases and entrances to the private apartments, as well as at the gateways of the Vatican, and other parts of the palace giving access to the pontifical apartments. They form part of the Sovereign Pontiff's escort and in former days invariably accompanied him when he appeared in public in the streets of Rome or in grand religious celebrations at the churches. During the pontificate of Leo XIII., besides their daily guard and attendance duties, the Swiss Guard appeared at all pontifical functions in the Vatican, the "Cappella

Papale" in the Sistine, for the various anniversaries, also consistories, canonizations, beatifications, pilgrimage audiences, etc., and any grand celebration in St. Peter's, such as the jubilees or the opening of the jubilee year, wherever in fact the Pope appeared in state. When His Holiness was carried on the sedia gestatoria on occasions of ceremony he was preceded by the commandant and officers of the Swiss Guard, and escorted on either side by six of the tallest Swiss soldiers, bearing long swords with undulating flame-like blades representing the Catholic cantons of Switzerland.

When the death of a Pope is formally announced by the Cardinal Camerlengo, the commandant of the Swiss Guard in the name of his troops presents a petition offering their services to the Sacred College, and during the conclave they remain at the disposal of the Camerlengo, who is its head.

Now as to the gorgeously picturesque uniform of the Swiss, most striking of all the papal uniforms. It is said to have been designed by Michel-Angiolo, but in fundamental form it represents the original costume of the soldiers of the Swiss republic at the date of the foundation of the Guard. Most probably, however, the great maestro had some share in its design, for at the time of their establishment Michel-Angiolo had been doing much work for Pope Julius II. In color combinations alone it is a triumph of artistic skill, and nothing could have been better chosen to harmonize with the background of the Vatican. This uniform is one of the few military uniforms that have come down to us intact from the sixteenth century and still remain in practical everyday use. No costume in the world, not even that of the Beefeaters of the Tower of London, surpasses it in picturesqueness. It is difficult to give any idea by description, or even by a photograph, of this unique costume, for its most striking feature, the color, must necessarily be wanting.

There is much diversity too in the various costumes of the Swiss. The "bassa tenuta," or every-day uniform, consists of a tunic made of alternate wide stripes of black, red and yellow cloth, the tunic bordered and decorated by a narrow braid into which is woven the coat-of-arms of the reigning Pontiff. With it are worn short, puffed knee-breeches of the same motley cloth, with black and yellow cloth stockings and buckled shoes. A broad leather belt with brass buckle bearing the letters "G. S. P." (Guardia Swizzera Pontificia) completes the costume. A helmet with long horsehair plumes is worn when on duty on occasions of gala and pontifical functions, but on ordinary sentinel duty an eminently picturesque "Tam O' Shanter" cap, black, with scarlet border, replaces the helmet. A blue-grey fatigue overcoat, scarcely less striking than the motley, covers all this magnificence in winter, revealing only the wasp-like cloth stockings of black and yellow. On grand solemnities of pontifical state the tri-colored uniform becomes still more striking with the addition of mediæval armor in the shape of a steel cuirass; white ruffs are worn about the neck, and the white plumes on the helmet are changed to vivid scarlet.

In strong yet harmonious contrast to the brilliant costumes of the Guards comes the more sombre uniform of the petty officers, the same in form, but differing in color. Splendid martial-looking figures are the big sergeants, batons in hand, wearing tunics of black cloth adorned with white braid and wide puffed knee-breeches of deep crimson with crimson stockings to match. On grand gala occasions an even more striking study in crim-

son is presented by the Swiss sergeants. The black tunic bears crimson decorations instead of white, a fine cuirass of armor is worn over the uniform and the helmet is finished with crimson horse-hair plumes. Least imposing of all the uniforms of the Guard is that worn by the superior officers on ordinary occasions of papal duty and papal functions. In fact, one wonders how it could ever have been approved for the representative uniform of an ancient military corps noted for picturesque mediævality of costume. It can only be accounted for by the fact that it is a comparatively modern innovation probably substituted for the early dress during the utilitarian period before the art revival of colors, costumes, and furniture had come into vogue. The one thing that can be said in favor of the uniform is that the effect is exceedingly trim and smart, singularly resembling a naval officer's uniform. It consists of a tunic and pantaloons of dark blue cloth, gold stripes on the pantaloons, gold-fringed epaulettes, gold braid on collars and cuffs, and double rows of gilt buttons on the tunic. The whole is completed by a polished leather sword-belt with a sash of gold and white, the papal colors, and a short sword with fine antique mountings. The helmet of steel and burnished brass with long drooping plumes of white horsehair similar to a dragoon guard's forms an effective lightening of this altogether naval uniform, so little in keeping with that of the Guards.

However, the grand gala uniform of the Swiss officers, purely mediæval in design and coloring, fully compensates for any shortcomings of the "bassa tenuta," leaving nothing to be desired in the way of picturesqueness and suitability. Since the coming of the Philistines, otherwise the Piedmontest invaders of papal Rome, this most splendid of all the uniforms was never seen even on the many grand pontifical solemnities celebrated by Leo XIII. during his long pontificate, until the Jubilee Day, March 3rd, 1903, when the commandant and officers of the Swiss Guard appeared in St. Peter's in all the splendor of their mediæval uniform. After the Sovereign Pontiff they were perhaps the most observed and striking figures in a scene where one costume rivalled another in interest. Indeed, as the commandant and his staff of officers passed up and down the church before the coming of the papal procession, one had difficulty in believing that they were not mailed knights of the time of Richard, Coeur-de-Lion, ready to tilt a lance in any tournament. They were literally mail-clad in steel cuirasses, breast-plates and arm-pieces—the whole surface of the cuirass arabesqued in gold—worn over a tunic of chain mail and short knee breeches of crimson velvet and crimson silk stockings. The sword belt was of crimson velvet threaded with gold, with gold buckle and a fine old sword of antique workmanship. A white Elizabethan ruff around the neck, and a splendid burnished helmet, copied from the antique, adorned by a single ostrich feather, completed this thoroughly mediæval dress—in the case of the commandant the ostrich plume being white instead of red. A most interesting fact connected with the revival of these antique uniforms was that the richly-arabesqued cuirasses worn by all the officers were family heirlooms inherited from their grandfathers or ancestors who had preceded them in the pontifical service. The present commandant, Baron Mayer, wore that of his grandfather, commander of the Swiss Guard in 1846; Major Pyffer of Altishofen that of his many ancestors who gave centuries of faithful service in the Guard; and Captain

Schmidt that of his father, formerly a lieutenant-colonel.

The most striking picture in St. Peter's during the Jubilee function was that presented by the cohort of armed Swiss who, shoulder to shoulder, halberds in hand, kept the guard of honor around the tomb of St. Peter during the Mass, a thousand electric lights flashing on their burnished armor, arms, and helmets. It is certainly to the Swiss that a large share of the world's admiration turns, in the representatives of the various races and peoples who come to Rome to visit the Vicar of Christ, from kings and emperors down to the poorest pilgrims. The Swiss Guard always seems to us, as it really is, part of the Vatican, and the most casual stranger proceeding on his way to the Vatican picture gallery must pause to admire the color effect of the little picket of soldiers grouped around the massive bronze doorway, the sentinel, bayonet in hand, pacing across the entrance, and the group of the Guard beyond the portals. On the dullest day these splendid figures make a veritable burst of sunshine against the old grey walls. They are unconsciously and impassively statuesque, and blandly impervious to the international admiration daily bestowed upon them, for even fine-looking six-foot young soldiers cannot live under a constant fire of kodaks, cameras, and admiring comments in the principal European languages, without growing somewhat blase during the process. It is really interesting to stand awhile by the bronze door to watch the people lingering before the Guards, contemplating them curiously as if they were wax works instead of living men. The great blond giants stand the scrutiny with true Swiss stolidity.

The corps of the Swiss Guard is a fine-looking body of men, strong and vigorous specimens of lusty athletic manhood, and for the greater part thoroughly German in type and feature, forming a striking contrast to the lithe and mobile Italians. It is curious also to note the difference in their manner and bearing. They are so much less ready, less quick to understand questions asked in a foreign language or with a foreign accent. I was about to say, too, less courteous, but that would be a libel, for the Swiss, though cold and undemonstrative as compared with the quick ready Italian courtesy which always charms foreigners, are usually kindly if not expansive. In point of fact, numbers of the younger men of the Guards have but recently come to Italy, and are not familiar with the language, being therefore unable to express themselves with fluency even if their disposition led them to do so. Besides this it is scarcely conducive to constant amiability to be annoyed by perpetual and often not very pertinent questions in various languages, the excitement, not to say fussiness of pilgrims, especially feminine pilgrims, on the occasions of papal functions or audiences being so great as to lead them to make the lives of the soldiers and chamberlains a burden for the time being. Indeed, after hearing and seeing some of the cranks of varied nationalities one wonders how the Swiss Guard or indeed any of the officials keep their patience and retain their courtesy as admirably as they do.

Amusing incidents occur sometimes at the papal functions, and the Swiss Guard, if privileged to do so, could surely relate some good stories of their cosmopolitan experiences. As a rule the Swiss are not popularly credited with an especially keen sense of humor, but nations can never be taken as a whole, and a few authentic anecdotes related of the Swiss Guard show them to be individually possessed of a certain amount of quiet humor. The small feuds of the various nationalities who

brush shoulders on the common ground of the Vatican, at papal functions, are often amusing. On one occasion, that of a consistory in the Sala Regia, an international episode occurred which was mirth-provoking except to the principal actors concerned. They took it seriously. An Italian lady who, by early arrival, had secured an extra good place in the front row behind the guards, while awaiting the arrival of the papal procession became engaged in a wordy war with a French lady, whom she declared to be insistently encroaching on her preserves (otherwise her right to the front row), with superbly Gallic dash and assurance and utter disregard to the feelings of others. Deeds followed words presently, and recriminations shortly gave way to unladylike pushing and hustling, so much so that in despair the little Italian lady appealed to the representative of law and order who stood, halberd in hand, before her, guarding the passageway. Man-like, he had let the two old ladies fight it out till personally appealed to . Had he been anything else but a Swiss and a soldier I should have said he was afraid of them, but as it was his reply was worthy of the occasion. "Will you kindly speak to this person, she has been leaning on me and trampling on my feet for more than an hour," entreated the poor little Italian woman piteously. The guard turned, right about face, confronting the two angry and heated combatants. Then with a comprehensive glance at the solid personality of French avoirdupois pressing closely on the thin but wiry Roman lady he said politely in his curiously guttural Italian: "What would you, Signora mia! You must have patience, she is a French woman." Evidently he had been brought up with a proper respect for the French powers of self-assertion, and for point, pithiness and finality his remark could scarcely be improved on.

Another amusing incident is related of a Swiss Guard on the occasion of one of the Jubilee Masses in St. Peter's. At the end of the Mass when the Holy Father was carried through the church on the sedia gestatoria, His Holiness surrounded by all the pontificial court paused before the statue of St. Peter to give the apostolic benediction from a platform erected in the centre of the aisle. A space was cleared around the sedia, and the guards were obliged to request the distinguished entourage of cardinals, princes, bishops, and prelates forming the papal procession to stand back. During this process the highest dignitaries were sometimes unceremoniously jostled, and in the haste and confusion a cardinal was thrust back by an over-zealous Swiss Guard, intent on clearing the way. The venerable prince of the Church mildly complained of this drastic treatment, and the Swiss, horror-struck and aghast at his untoward mistake, hastened to make an abject apology, in the following terms: "A thousand pardons, Eminenza!, but I thought you were only a bishop!"

An even better story is told by the witty Romans at the expense of the Swiss Guards in olden days when the Pope kept summer court at the Quirinal Palace. The then reigning Pontiff was suffering from slight indisposition, and complete rest and quiet had been prescribed by the physicians. The guards on evening duty were given strict orders to not allow the least noise to disturb the courtyard upon which the pontifical windows looked out. The faithful Swiss carried out these orders with the greatest precision, not a pin-fall being heard in the vicinity. Towards the shades of night, however, a luckless stable boy managed to elude their vigilance and make his way into the courtyard, to draw

water from a well. In his undue haste to escape again without the guard seeing him he lost his footing, slipped and fell headlong into the well. Naturally his cries and frantic struggles to get out called the attention of the Swiss, who rushed to the well, and peering down espied the youth vainly attempting to clamber up the slippery sides of his watery prison. "Zitto! Zitto! (Hush! Be quiet)" he whispered in a guttural whisper, "Do you know that the Pope is sleeping, and the orders are that no noise is to be made here." "Help, help! I am drowning, man, drowning! do you hear?" gasped the dripping stable boy in despair. "Drown quietly then!" was the laconic and unsympathetic response as the Swiss shouldered his halberd and strode away to resume his patrol, leaving the victim of circumstances to extricate himself from his plight as best he could.

I would not be willing to vouch for the entire authenticity of this anecdote, for it seems to me the lapse of time has added to its flavor at the expense of its veracity. "But," said the Roman, who told the story, reflectively and sadly, "the Swiss are not so simple nowadays as they were then, they are more like the Romans."

The papal soldiers are inseparably connected with the recollections of a first visit to the Vatican and a private or semi-private audience with the Pontiff, one of the things never-to-be-forgotten. They are met with first when on driving around the back of St. Peter's by the Via della Fondamenta one arrives at the massive gateway of the first courtyard where the Swiss sentinels are on guard. A curious feature which always strikes strangers is that just inside the arch leading to the gateway of the Vatican are the long low buildings of the "Zecca" or "Mint," which in former days, like the rest of Rome, belonged to the Pope. It now belongs to the government, but the Mint is literally within the walls of the Vatican, the Italian sentinel patrolling the wall directly overlooking the Vatican gate, and within six feet of it. The presence of the Italian soldiers here, as if on guard at the very doors of the Vatican, looks extremely curious, and it is one of the contrasts of modern Rome to see the Swiss Guards and the Italian soldiers, bayonets at rest, looking each other across the narrow strip of roadway which stretches between them like an impassible gulf. Usually as one drives by the rival military appear to be playing the game known in our childhood as "staring each other out of countenance," a game in which the Swiss would inevitably beat the Italians. But on the whole the relations seem peaceful, if not cordial, a sign perhaps of the relations of the higher powers they represent. Passing through two succeeding courtyards after that of the Zecca, the carriage drives into the splendid courtyard of San Damaso, surrounded by the glass enclosed "Loggie of Raffaelle," and draws up at the doorway of the private pontifical apartments, "the Pope's front door" as a little American naively expressed it. A magnificent pair of Swiss guards are on duty at the foot of the staircase. It is one of the most imposing and picturesque "bits" in the Vatican, this wide white marble stairway of the Scala Regia with the colossal stained glass windows (representing SS. Peter and Paul) throwing richly-colored tints on the stairs, on the marble-lined walls, and on the statuesque figures of the Swiss sentinels who stand on every landing, silently motioning the visitor upwards with their halberds. An afternoon calm seems to pervade the scene. It is like an enchanted mediæval castle, altogether apart from the surroundings of everyday life. The associations, the tra-

ditions, the very continuity of the Papacy are suggested by it, rendering this first glimpse into the inner house of the Vatican a unique memory, never to be effaced. Up above, in the grand old Sala Clementina with its frescoes, another group of Swiss are on duty, and they are to be found also in the succeeding halls and ante-chambers, the higher officers replacing the soldiers as one nears the Papal presence, till, on entering the last ante-chamber, the Swiss are replaced by the Noble Guard. Many other picturesque figures of the papal court are to be met with, but that first scene on the stairway is perhaps the most impressive of all.

During the recent visit of the German Emperor to the Vatican the imperial party were much impressed by the picture presented on the Scala Regia, the Emperor pausing in the ascent to point it out to his sons. Indeed, it was remarked that the two young princes were intensely interested in the picturesque figures of the Swiss, and would fain have lingered to inspect them more fully, the living soldiers attracting them more strongly than fine architecture and works of art.

It is but a brief transition to pass from a description of the Swiss Guard to their neighbors in the papal service—the Pontifical Palantine Guard of Honor, who possess, together with the Swiss, the right of coming immediately after the Noble Guard in rank of precedence. Though a larger corps, consisting altogether of 350 men, the Palantine Guard cannot boast of as ancient a foundation as the Swiss, for, though two companies of papal soldiers previously existed, exercising almost the same office as the Palantine Guard at the present day, it was not until the pontificate of Pius IX. that these two (the Civic Guard and the City Militia) were amalgamated in the year 1850, under the title The Pontifical Palantine Guard. This unique Guard consists of four companies of eighty men each, under the command of a lieutenant-colonel, major, and captains. Each company has its captain, lieutenant, sub-lieutenant, upper sergeant, quartermaster, four sergeants, eight corporals, sixty-one guards, vice-corporals and drummers. The office is purely honorary, each member giving his service without emolument, and being allowed a nominal sum, eighty lire annually, for the uniform. The petty officers and soldiers are recruited from the good old Roman borghese (burghers) and the superior officers for the most part from the well-to-do proprietors. In the days of the papal rule, the shopkeepers who formed part of this Guard were exempt from paying taxes on their shops, but, naturally, under existing conditions this no longer holds good. The lieutenant-colonel of the Guard is not necessarily in the Guard. He may be chosen for special reasons completely outside of it. The fine-looking, hale old soldier, with his medals of honorable service, Commendatore Fortunato Ceostarosa, for so many years a familiar figure at papal functions, and a thorough-going type of the soldier of the old school, but lately resigned to a younger successor, his office as commander of the Palantine Guard, which he held for so many years.

The present commander is an interesting personality, Count Camillo Pecci, the nephew of the late Pontiff. This gallant and soldierly gentleman having been an officer in the Noble Guard for many years, is well fitted to worthily command the valiant regiment to which he has been appointed.

A word as to the duties of the Guardia Palantina. Together with the Swiss they are assigned to the office of acting as the Pope's escort. They have their own special quarters or barracks in the Vatican, from which each day a picket is told off for duty in one of the pontifical ante-

chambers. This honorary corps keeps guard in the body of the church in St. Peter's, on the occasions of papal functions, and in the halls of the Vatican through which the Pope passes on his way to a consistory or any papal function in the Sistine Chapel. To the Palantine Guard is also deputed the office of escort to the Prince Marshal of the conclave on the death of a Pope.

Their uniform, though laying no claim to picturesqueness, is remarkably trim and smart. It consists of a dark blue tunic relieved by gilt buttons and red facings, crimson silk cords and gilt shoulder straps (replaced by epaulettes in the case of the petty officers) and dark blue pantaloons with side stripes of red. A smart "kepi" with a crimson cockade completes the uniform, the red cockade being changed to white on gala occasions. The ensemble of this corps is always effective, especially on state ceremonies in St. Peter's, when the long line of the Guard is drawn up en masse.

Besides these three regular armed corps of the Vatican there is also the fine company known as the Pontifical Gendarmes, who used to be called the Carabinieri or military police-custodians of the apostolic palace. They are constantly seen on guard on the various staircases and in the courtyards, and the Loggie of Raffaelle and the Loggie Mantovani (the covered gallery forming one of the approaches to the pontifical apartments). Their fine uniform is most striking and soldierly, all the men of the regiment being of remarkably fine height and bearing. The high gala uniform is almost like that of a hussar, black tunic with white cords, white knee breeches, Hessian boots, and a busby with a side cockade and white cords. The every day dress consists of black tunic and blue pantaloons, the tunic relieved with touches of red and corded with white. Cocked hats with red cockades form the head-gear. The Colonel of the Pontifical Gendarmes is Cavaliere Tagliaferri.

Last in the papal ordnance come the Pompilli, firemen, whose duties, if usually light, would be no sinecure in case of a fire in the Vatican. Their uniform much resembles that of firemen the world over. On ordinary occasions they are not greatly in evidence, but during a crowded function in St. Peter's they are to be observed dotted about in various coigns of vantage, ready for any emergency. Though small in numbers this corps is thoroughly workmanlike and efficient. With them our review of the armed custodians of the apostolic palace comes to an end. This little army of the Vatican has been drawn up before us in martial array, in grand tenue, and in their daily life and duties. Every scene, event and personage bearing in any way on the life of our Holy Father is of supreme interest to Catholics, no matter how far away from the centre of Catholicity they may be, and these faithful soldiers stand out in unique interest from the other personages of his court. None who had seen Leo XIII. in one of his garden walks accompanied by a stalwart Noble Guard can ever forget the impression produced by the tall armed soldier bending down from his great height to the frail white figure beside him—armed force and superb physical strength contrasted with the purely spiritual personality of the Pontiff who was so feeble in body and so vigorous in mind. One wonders that an artist had never thought to transfer such a picture to canvas, giving it the title of "The Spiritual and the Temporal." Such a picture would live, as the actual scene lives in the memory—a constant recollection of the departed Pontiff who was loved so well by his soldiers, the brave, loyal men who glory in serving under the papal flag of gold and white, and whose proudest motto is "Pro Pontefice ed Ecclesia."

AN AERIDHEACHT.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

On the first Sunday of June I joined an *Aeridheacht* to a mountain top in the West of Donegal. An *Aeridheacht* is the Gælic term for an outing, for, in the Gælic, which is an older sister, or perhaps I should say an aunt, to the Latin, Aer means the air, and an *Aeridheacht* therefore means an airing or outing. This particular *Aeridheacht* of which I write is a survival of an old custom. The mountain of Carn-na-Mhaoin (which name signifies The Pile of Wealth) is one of the highest and most difficult of ascent in the chain of mountains traversing the west of Donegal; and the first Sunday of June in each year has always been set apart for an assembly of the boys and girls from the Glens around, upon the top of this mountain. As the chain in which this hill stands forms a complete and wide separation between two entirely different worlds, so to speak, the boys and girls of both worlds, who have not seen one another for twelve months before, and who but for this meeting might never see one another in this world, are here given the opportunity of coming together, and making new acquaintances and renewing old.

On this particular occasion of which I write, some Gælic League branches, in a few of the villages eight or nine miles to the southwest of the mountain, organized parties to join the *Aeridheacht* that they might get an opportunity of mingling with the glens' people, talking to them of their common language, advocating its preservation, and advocating, too, the preservation of the many beautiful old customs that still linger among the mountains and the mountain glens. And one of these parties I joined.

Unlike the usual frequenters of the *Aeridheacht*, we, being demoralized village people, journeyed to the mountain foot upon jaunting cars. The country people who go there, generally journey their five or six or ten or twelve, or more, miles to the mountain on foot, and home again by the same conveyance. Having partaken of a light luncheon, and tea prepared upon a peat fire at the mountain foot, we joined the streams of the country boys and girls who were now converging upon the mountain, and with them wended our toilsome way up its steep face. It was a trying climb, particularly upon the girls of the party, and in some parts it had to be negotiated upon hands and knees, while many a halt was required for breath, and to view the beautiful ever-widening prospect below. Our trouble was, however, doubly repaid when we reached the mountain-top, and beheld not merely all the beauties of the country we had traversed spread under us like a map, but also the fresh beauties of the great new country that was revealed to our vision, lying upon the other side the range of hills—a country in which hill upon hill rolled away to a far, far distant horizon, and in which lakes uncountable shimmered like mirrors to right, to left, ahead, on all sides; and the distant ocean, out of which the western islands arose, fringed and indented the far-away land, and stretched on till it was enveloped in the haze of the horizon. All sides of the mountain now too looked lively with the many colors worn by the boys and girls, who, in ones and twos, and in bands, were climbing it, to meet and mingle on top. Some of the boys were dressed in the homespun, some in "shop-clothes," and the girls in every variety of dress conceiv-

able. Some of the girls wore hats, some wore shawls, others handkerchiefs, while many others, both hatless and shawlless, came their many miles to the mountain-top as unpreparedly, as unconventionally, as they would have traveled to visit at their next neighbor's house.

Those from the different glens and different parishes met and gladly greeted, and exchanged the news of the doings, the deaths, the births, the marriages, of their respective worlds, and in doing so they pleasantly ripened their old-time acquaintance.

There were some fiddlers,, and, though the ground was not very favorable, a few Irish dances were at intervals indulged in. Quite a number of Irish songs—both solo and chorus—were given, and speeches in Irish were made. A long, happy, sunny afternoon was spent on the mountain-top, and, when the sun was wearing low in the heavens, the great, good-humored crowd, heartily pleased with their meeting, bade good-bye for another twelve months, and separated, bounding down the mountain on all sides, and facing over the moors for their own homes.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

BY THOMAS F. O'MALLEY.

William Carleton—Ireland's greatest novelist—was born in Prillisk, in the Parish of Clogher, County of Tyrone, February 20, 1794, and was the youngest of fourteen children. His parents were good and pious people of pure Celtic origin. The Carletons were originally Carolans, and O'Carolans and the present form of the name is undoubtedly traceable to the Act of Parliament making it compulsory on the natives to adopt English names. Carleton was well aware of the original form of his name and often mentioned it to his friends. Dr. John O'Donovan, the great Irish Gælic scholar, cites it as an illustration of change, in his learned papers on "The Origin and Meaning of Irish Family Names."

Carleton's parents were splendid types of the sturdy old Irish peasantry. His father was a man of deep piety and great integrity. Among his neighbors he was noted for his great memory, and his knowledge of old legends, tales, and traditions. All kinds of charms, old ranns, poems, prophecies, superstitions, and revelations from ghosts and fairies, were familiar to him. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency. From him Carleton acquired that knowledge of Irish folk-lore which proved so valuable to him in after-life, as a literary man.

Carleton's mother was a Mary Kelley and was a remarkable woman. Her voice was the sweetest within the range of many baronies. We are told that when she went to sing at a wedding or keen at a wake the neighbors for miles around would flock to hear her. She had a great store of old Gælic songs and tunes. Many an air, sung once under all Irish roof-trees, has gone into the grave with her. She was not well acquainted with the English tongue and generally gave the old Irish version of the songs. Such were the parents under whose untaught but natural genius Carleton grew up.

Carleton was born, luckily, just after the time when it was impossible for Catholic youth to get an education except in a surreptitious manner. A relaxation in the rigors of the penal laws gave a ray of hope to the Irish youth. Government had done its best to crush out education, and only succeeded in doing what like policy had done for the priesthood, surrounded it with a halo. At this time Ireland had a liberal supply of hedge schoolmasters, but unfortunately many of them were impostors. Such as they were they were welcomed. So great was the love of education among the people that they tolerated and harbored the worst of petty tyrants rather than be without a school in the community.

Carleton sat under three hedge-schoolmasters in succession. His first experience was at Tonagh, in a school kept by one Pat Frayne—the prototype of Mat Kavannagh in "The Hedge School." This school did not last long. Frayne was a petty despot and by his heartless and cruel treatment of his pupils brought down upon himself the wrath of the people and was soon obliged to leave the neighborhood. For nearly two years after his departure there was no school sufficiently near for Carleton to attend. Finally another schoolmaster, O'Bierne, opened a hedge school at Findramore. O'Bierne was an excellent specimen of the itinerant pedagogue, and possessed all of that cruel nature that seemed to be inseparable from his class. Carleton and his brother John attended this school for about a year and a half, when Frayne, having made his peace with the community, once more opened a school at Tonagh. This school being nearer his home, Carleton attended it, remaining for a year or two, when the family moved to Nurchasy, a place within a half a mile of Findramore. This change brought him back to O'Bierne's school, where he stayed until a teacher came to Tulnavert and opened a classical school. This institution was short-lived, existing but six weeks when the teacher was groaned out of the barony. Carleton described this teacher, whose name he would never mention, as "a tyrannical blockhead . . . . who ought to have been put in a straight jacket or the stocks." He was the individual who is pictured as the classical teacher in "The Poor Scholar."

About this time the family moved to Springtown, and as there was no classical school within twenty miles, Carleton found himself without opportunity for completing his education. The desire to obtain a classical training was very strong in him and he determined to set out for Munster as a "poor scholar." Accordingly, on a beautiful May morning he separated from his family and started in quest of education. A young man who was to accompany him, at the last moment changed his mind and Carleton was left to journey alone. He traveled as far as Granard, and despite the fact that he experienced warm hospitality on the way his courage failed him and he began to waver in his purpose. A dream of an encounter with a mad bull, which he took for an ill omen, ended all uncertainty and he returned home, much to the joy of his mother. His experience in this venture gave rise to one of his most popular stories, "The Poor Scholar."

After his return home he led an idle life. Having been intended by his father for the priesthood he was considered to be on a different plane from his brothers, and too exalted to occupy himself with manual labor, a view not displeasing to Carleton. After the death of his father he fell into complete idleness for several years, staying for a month or two with each of his relatives, his family being too poor to support him. With nothing of a serious nature to engage his attention he spent all his time in sports and pastimes. He became an athlete, a famous dancer, something of a fighter, and popular with the girls. An

excellent story-teller, and an all around good fellow he was a favorite at dances, fairs, and merry-making.

When about nineteen he made his second foray into the world. His father had often told him of St. Patrick's Purgatory on an island in Lough Derg; how St. Patrick killed the great serpent and left its bones changed into stone, visible to all men forever; and of the blessings that fell upon all who journeyed there. Carleton made a pilgrimage to the spot, a pilgrimage, by the way, which furnished the theme of his first literary venture. This event had a peculiar influence upon him. On his return he gave up all idea of the priesthood and changed his religious opinions to quite an extent. He began slowly to drift into Protestantism. Quite deficient in education, and not given to deep thinking he failed to appreciate the significance of the piety of the peasantry, and saw in their intense spirit of devotion nothing but superstition. If this view was excusable in the light of Carleton's experience and surroundings, it was so only by reason of his youth and the bent of the time. It was not an age of deep thinking, but was rather one of mere debaters' notions. In the course of time, however, his ideas changed, and he grew up into one of the most deeply religious minds of his day—a profound mystical nature, with a tinge of sadness, akin to melancholy, at its root.

Shortly after his Lough Derg pilgrimage he came on a translation of Gil Blas, which stimulated his love of adventure and filled him with a longing to see the world. In the meantime his relatives had become weary of supporting him and supplying him with money. The necessity of making an effort in his own behalf, and the influence of Gil Blas' inimitable adventures started him on his third foray—this time not to return. Leaving his native hills he wandered about the country endeavoring to obtain a tutorship. Drifting into the parish of Killanny, in Louth, he stayed a while with the priest, who was a relative of the one in his native parish. At the end of a fortnight, however, he moved to a farmer's house, where he became tutor to the farmer's children. This place was not far from Wild-Goose Lodge where, a short time before, a family of eight persons had been burnt to ashes by the Ribbon-men. This affair made a deep impression upon Carletion's mind and furnished the story of "Wild Goose Lodge," and the beginning of his bitter opposition to secret societies.

Presently he found that he was not seeing the world in this quiet parish of Killanny. Life in the farmer's household was dull and uninteresting, so he again became a wanderer. Hardship and suffering marked his migrations. He was often in the direst poverty. The few tutorships he procured were but miserable situations. Once he attempted to run a hedge school on his own account, but after a short and most wretched experience he was forced to give it up. So forlorn and dismal were his prospects that on one occasion he thought of enlisting, and with that end in view wrote a letter in Latin to the colonel of a regiment, near whose quarters he passed, asking to be accepted as a recruit. The colonel seems to have made out the Latin, and dissuaded him from his intention, besides giving him some sorely needed monetary assistance.

The Mecca of his hopes and wanderings was Dublin. He imagined that once there his troubles would end. Alas for human hopes! Dublin had many disappointments in store for him. For months he sought in vain for employment. The charity of chance acquaintances alone enabled him to live. In his despair he once tried to get work as a bird-stuffer, though he knew absolutely nothing of the trade. When asked what he stuffed birds with his innocent reply was "potatoes and meal." He did not secure the place.

A charitably-inclined clergyman who recognized his ability and latent genius secured for him a position as teacher at a school kept by a man named Fox. Now Fox had a niece, a Miss Jane Anderson, and Carleton, with that wisdom that seems to be peculiar to impecunious genius, at once fell in love with and married her. She proved a most devoted and admirable companion during their long married life, a life which was destined to be heavily burdened with poverty and suffering.

Shortly after his marriage he secured a position as clerk in the office of the Irish Sunday School Society, at a salary of £60 a year. It was while there that he first began to realize that he possessed literary talent. Certain short character sketches which he had written for his own amusement were loudly praised by his friends and paved the way for his entrance into the world of letters.

In those days there lived in Dublin a remarkable character—"a lean controversialist"—the Rev. Cæsar Otway. A favorite joke about him was "Where was Otway in the shower yesterday? Up a gun barrel at Rigby's." Otway was a Trinity man, and after his ordination spent many years in a country parish, whence he came to Dublin. There he attained considerable local fame as a preacher and for a time was one of the assistant chaplains at the Leeson Street Magdalen Chapel. In 1825 he, with Joseph Henderson Singer, established the Christian Examiner, the first Irish religious magazine connected with the Established Church. In some way he and Carleton met. Otway, who was a shrewd observer, recognized in Carleton a vigorous intellect and a possible contributor. The short character sketches pleased him and he urged Carleton to write his experiences of peasant life, and offered to accept anything from his pen which treated of the "superstitions" of the people. Carleton having lost his position with the Sunday School Society readily accepted Otway's proposition and sent as his first contribution an account of his visit to Lough Derg. "The Lough Derg Pilgrim" appeared in the Examiner in 1828, and was much admired. Some years later Carleton revised it and cleared away many passages. Otway would hardly approve it in its present form. As we have it now the tale is a most remarkable piece of work. The dim chapel at night, the praying peasants, the fear of a supernatural madness if they sleep, the fall of the young man from the gallery—no one who has read it can forget these things.

Carleton's second contribution was a much inferior sketch entitled "Father Butler." Meanwhile he went on contributing to almost every number of the magazine. Everything he sent to it, however, was of a marked Protestant tendency, necessarily so in order to suit the zealous Otway. His best work he reserved for the first series of the "Traits and Stories," which came out in two volumes in 1830, when he was thirty-six years of age. Of these stories only those which treated of the devotional side of the people in a severe and sarcastic spirit appeared in The Christian Examiner. The rest had never before been published. The work met with an immediate favor and approbation which was quite general.

Carleton now found himself famous, and well he deserved it. His writings presented the first real study of the Irish peasantry. To the English reader, accustomed to that impossible creature, the Irishman as portrayed on the British stage and by British writers, his pages unfolded a character and life entirely new and strange. With "Traits and Stories" began modern Irish literature.

In 1831 he ceased to write for the Christian Examiner. His last contribution was "Denis O'Shaughnessy going to May-

nooth," a tale which in some of its phases reflects incidents in Carleton's own life. This story suffered severely at the hands of the editor, who compressed and mutilated it. Carleton now had a standing in the literary world which justified him in setting a higher price on his writings than Otway could pay. It is fortunate that the parting came at this time, and that he sought a broader atmosphere. Otway's magazine was the organ of the narrowest sect of Irish Protestants and was bitterly and venomously opposed to any and all concessions to the Catholics. Carleton's productions, warped and mutilated for sectarian and partisan purposes, would have lost their charm and perhaps been buried beyond the hope of resurrection.

As for Otway, he kept on in his chosen field, writing under the pseudonym of "Terrence O'Toole." Curiously enough the Christian Examiner, though it lived for nearly forty years afterward, died almost at the same time as Carleton. Its final number contains a lengthy obituary notice of its most famous contributor.

Carleton next appears as a contributor to the National Magazine. This periodical started, in 1830, under the editorship of Charles Lever, then an unknown student at Trinity. Unfortunately its life was short. It was controlled by the same class of sectarians who owned the Christian Examiner. Lever incurred their wrath by a eulogy of the poems of Shelley and was forthwith removed from the editorship. In his place was installed Philip Dixon Hardy, a pious, but stupid book-seller and author, who speedily accomplished the extinction of the magazine. Carleton's contributions were excellent and are not as well known as they should be.

In 1833 appeared the second series of "Traits and Stories," and its reception was even more flattering than that accorded to the first. The critics pronounced it to be the most notable accession ever made to Irish literature. "The author is a jewel," wrote Christopher North in Blackwood's Magazine, and the other reviewers concurred.

Carleton's fame was now secure, but unfortunately fame did not carry fortune with it. Authors were not well paid in Ireland and Carleton, with a large and increasing family growing up around him, found himself in debt. The commercial instinct was lacking in him. He possessed no business capacity and was incapable of making a good bargain for himself. His books were popular and went through numerous editions, but he gained practically nothing by them.

The Dublin University Magazine, the best literary periodical Ireland ever had, was founded in 1833. Carleton was one of its brilliant band of contributors. This magazine paid him well for his work, but as he could make but one contribution a month the remuneration was not sufficient for his needs. Then was incurred the indebtedness which was the bane of his whole life.

Up to this time Carleton's work was confined to short stories and character sketches. Many doubted his ability to produce a properly constructed novel. "Fardarougha the Miser" at once settled the doubt. It ran through the University Magazine as a serial in 1837-38 and was published as a book in 1839. It is a graphic and masterly story, and is now justly ranked among the best of Irish novels. It is an impressive study of the struggle between avarice and parental affection. The miser himself is perhaps the greatest of his creations. The miser's wife, Honor O'Donovan, is one of the best of Carleton's female characters.

About this time a most unfortunate quarrel occurred between Lever, who had become editor of the University Magazin and Carleton, with the result that the latter did not contribute a line while Lever retained his editorship, a period of some years. From 1839 to 1845 he published

very little beyond a few sketches which appeared in 1840-41 in the Irish Penny Journal.

In 1842 was founded the famous Nation, the organ of the Young Ireland party. Carleton, who was on intimate terms with the party leaders was induced to write a story for the people, which should exhibit the tyranny of land agents and Orangeism. It was intended for publication in the Nation, but on the advice of the editors it was once issued as a book, with illustrations by H. K. Brown—better known to the world as "Phiz." The title was indeed a bit demonstrative, "Valentine McClutchy, the Irish Land Agent, and the Pious Aspirations of Solomon McSlime, Religious Attorney." The object of the book is defeated by its partisanship. The intensity of the purpose lowers the art to caricature. The novel contains some of his best as well as some of his worst work. His description of an eviction equals anything he ever wrote. Young Ireland and its literature were now in full swing. "The Library of Ireland," a series of small monthly volumes founded by Thomas Davis was rapidly crowding the chap-books out of the pedler's pack and starting the prose literature of Ireland. Carleton was invited to contribute to it, and he felt bound to do his part. He speedily produced "Rody the Rover," a story on his old theme—a denunciation of the secret societies and conspiracies so much favored by the people. This unimportant little book, he afterward declared, caused the disbandment of six hundred Ribbon lodges.

In September, 1845, Thomas Davis, the best beloved of the Young Ireland Party, died, and the editors of the Library of Ireland were in search of a volunteer to provide the November volume of the series. Carleton was approached and at once stepped into the breach and in nine days wrote "Paddy Go Easy." It is a story of bad farming and slovenly housekeeping; a study of a very lazy man who is eventually reformed by an energetic wife. Although a useful and interesting book with considerable humor, it has never been a favorite with the Irish people.

This period, which was the busiest in Carleton's life, still found him burdened with indebtedness. His necessities had become a matter of public comment, and his friends cast about for means of relieving him. Upon the death of John Banim an attempt was made to secure the revision of his Civil List pension to Carleton, but Sir Robert Peel for some reason refused to recommend it, although he generously aided him out of his own purse. With a pension Carleton might have been saved from the break-up of his genius through hack work.

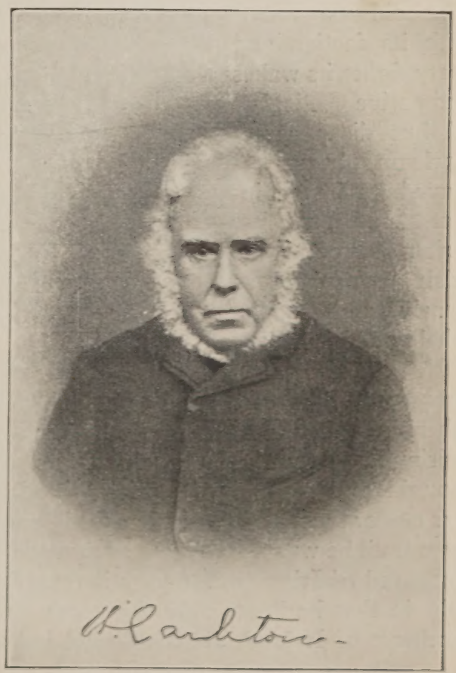
About this time appeared "Art Maguire, or the Broken Pledge," a temperance story, and a powerful one too, intended to help Father Mathews' temperance crusade. Next in order came "The Black Prophet," a thrilling story of famine, and then "The Emigrants of Ahadarra," one of his best productions.

In the meantime Carleton's indebtedness had reduced him to straits which were almost desperate. His admirers once more rallied to his relief. In 1847 a movement was started in Dublin to bring his case before Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister. On all sides it met with the warmest support. People of all shades of political and religious opinion viewed it with a favor bordering on enthusiasm. Almost every person of note in Ireland signed the Memorial and even Clarendon, the Viceroy, gave it a strong indorsement. Lord Russell assented to it, and in 1848 a pension of £200 per annum was granted. It came rather late, however. The strain of years of misery had begun to show itself. His splendid genius had been nearly ruined by hack work and pot-boiling efforts, and the era of decadence had set in. The novels which followed were poor in

CARLETON'S HOUSE IN RATHGAR AVENUE DUBLIN.

comparison with his earlier works. "The Tithe Proctor," published in 1848; "The Squanderers of Castle Squander," in 1852; "Red Hall," afterward published as "The Black Baronet," were certainly inferior stories. "Willy Reilly and his Colleen Bawn," issued in 1853, is the most popular of all his novels, and with the exception of "The Evil Eye or the Black Spectre" (1860), the weakest. His other novels are "Redmund Count O'Hanlon, the Irish Raparee," "The Double Prophecy," and "The Red-Haired Man's Wife."

As soon as he found himself in possession of a settled income Carleton became quite indifferent as to the quality of his work, and consequently his fame has suffered. His pension did not place him beyond the reach of poverty. He was always in difficulties, which were enhanced by the burden of a large family who could not assist him. His love for his children was so great that he could not bear to have them leave him to seek their own fortunes. When two of his daughters married they left him for a few years. Both soon became widows and returned with their children. His eldest son was unsuccessful in the battle with the world, and with his family were quartered upon the already over-burdened father. It was indeed a heavy drain on his scanty resources. In his latter days he became very infirm, and



his once powerful frame was worn by illness and privation. He died on January 30, 1869, at the age of seventy-five.

Carleton is not only a great novelist, but also a great historian. The history of a nation is not in its legislatures and battlefields, but in how the people live and what they say to each other in their daily life. These things Carleton has recorded. In his pages is preserved the history of the people of his time—their manners and their customs. The Ireland of his day is not the Ireland of today. The quaint types and characters found in his works belong to an all but vanished world. Emigration, changed conditions, national schools and the lapse of time have produced a radical change in the people. The old peasantry with its faction and party fights, its wakes and native Gælic, has all but disappeared. Carleton has preserved its image intact. In no other writer is found the Irish atmosphere so clearly and unmistakably defined.

CARLETON IN 1848.
From a sketch by Charles Gray.

No other writer knew the Irish peasantry and understood them as he did. No other novelist had his opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of their habits of thought and manner of expression. He was one of them and lived exclusively with them until he was thirty years of age. His command of Irish phraseology is remarkable, in that he knew only the north and northeast of Ireland, yet his dialect holds good for the whole country. Outside of the peasant's world he was not successful. When he undertook to describe genteel life he was "beyond his depth," and the beauty of his work is greatly marred. One or two of his stories, such as "The Black Baronet," are quite unreadable on that account.

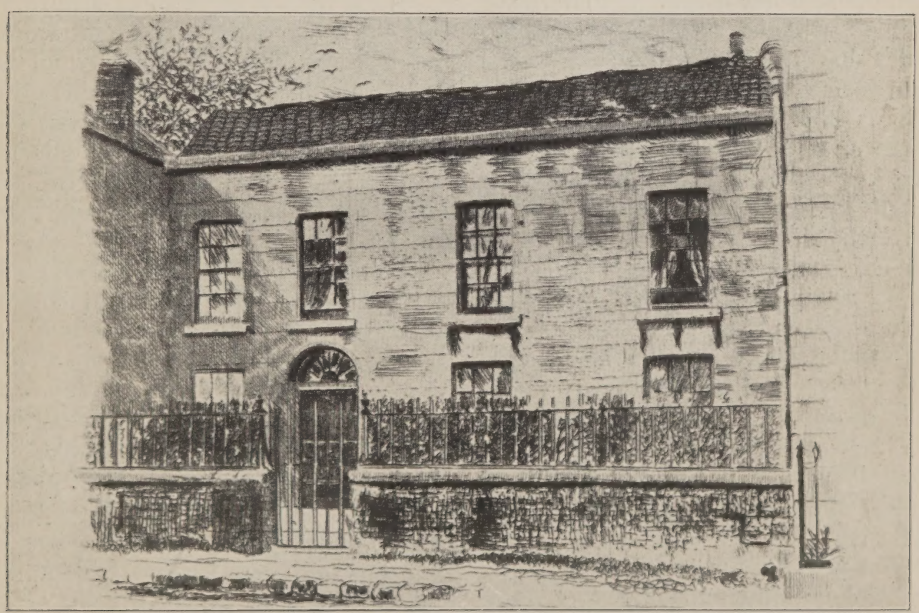
A marked feature of his writings is that for the most part they are the results of observation, and although he was not deficient in imagination, his best work must be attributed to his memory. He described what he had actually seen, rarely inventing his incidents. In one respect his writings have been successfully attacked and that is in reference to his use of the Gælic. Eminent Gælic scholars have pronounced his Irish Gælic phrases generally hopelessly corrupt. He attempted to give the phonetic spelling of the Gælic words, which led to much confusion among Irish, without assisting English readers.

Many Irishmen entertain a very strong prejudice against Carleton and not without reason. It cannot be denied that he only too frequently abused his opportunities, and burlesqued many of the most cherished convictions of his countrymen. It is indeed unfortunate that his necessities compelled him to connect himself with one party or another, and that his aggressive nature urged him to such an em-

phatic support of the peculiar views of the party or sect he had elected to serve. His works, to say nothing of his reputation, have suffered from it. Those discursive "asides" (which disfigure his books), replete with the notions of his then employers, are now read with irritation, as they serve only to distract the attention and interrupt the narrative. A glance at the bulk of his writings reveals the extent of his shortcomings in this direction. His earliest stories, encouraged by and written for a very active group of Protestant evangelizers, exhibit a spirit and feeling that certainly must have been foreign to his true nature, and are of such a proselytizing tendency that nobody would describe them as literature. Later he turned his back on his Protestant patrons and wrote exclusively for a Catholic publisher, and in like manner after preaching to the Irish tenantry on their wicked practices, he took the landlords and agents in hand and denounced their enormities.

His apologists have urged his poverty in his defence. While poverty may serve as an explanation it cannot excuse or justify him. He was not an unwitting sinner. His knowledge of the Irish people was too complete to attribute his shortcomings to ignorance, and the verdict must be that he traduced his race for a mere temporary gain. It is indeed a harsh commentary on his character, but it is the fact and must be so recorded in the pages of history.

In his treatment of his subjects he was forceful, thorough, and ruthless, and at times even fierce, yet these are the qualities that make his descriptions of national life so valuable. It is true that he has given us a gallery of murderous ruffians, yet it must not be forgotten that he has also left us some sublime types of Irish goodness. generosity and gentleness. Taking him all in all, he rendered Ireland a service that cannot be obliterated, and he is justly entitled to rank as the greatest delineator of the manners and customs of the Irish peasantry.



HOUSE AT SANDFORD, DUBLIN, IN WHICH CARLETON DIED.

THE SOPRANO AT ST. LUKE'S.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

(Concluded.)

The girl had awakened an interest he could not subdue from the first moment he had seen her, and each meeting had intensified the interest, until it had ceased to be interest and was fast becoming love. But he had never lost control of himself so far as to be unable to keep up a constant and torturing series of comparisons of his present with his past. He had loved the woman who had been his wife —in the beginning. Would Dorothy Vance stand the test of marriage, of that daily and lifelong intercourse, the clash of different temperaments, the petty annoyances of domestic life! But on the other side, they had congenial tastes. He was sure of that much. He loved music and pictures and books, and Dorothy loved them. And when she sang to him her voice stirred his soul like magic, its tones made him think of Titian's coloring and Rembrandt's shadows translated into life. And the girl herself was like some rare picture —with a charm no picture could have, the charm of a beautiful soul. Besides loving her he found in her his embodied ideal of womanhood. She was pure in heart, refined in thought, cultivated in mind—life with Dorothy would come very near to solving the problem of earthly happiness. But might not she develop little meannesses, sink to lower planes, become the slave of fashion, a mere votary of pleasure? His experience had made him cynical, distrustful of all womankind, of love itself, and he frankly recognized his own mental attitude. But at last these mists of doubt had cleared away, and the sunshine of a great love illumined his heart. He knew that however much he might distrust himself he would never again distrust Dorothy. Upon reaching this decision—and he had gone away to reach it, or some other—he was all impatience to have the promise of the girl he loved to marry him. He did not doubt his power to make her love him; he was not vain, but neither was he obtuse, and he knew that she liked him, enjoyed his society, was happy with him. The question would be whether she had any scruples about divorce. Would she prate some twaddle like "once married, always married," or would she look at the matter sensibly? Happiness was in her grasp, her happiness and his. Would she fling it aside for a scruple?

Ah, why had he not met and married a woman like Dorothy Vance in the long ago? Why had fate made such a travesty of his early manhood?

As the train went rushing onward, taking him back to St. Louis and Dorothy his forehead was distorted by an ugly frown, and his eyes had a metallic glitter; for the past in all its ghastly ugliness was trooping through his brain. His marriage had been a failure, direful, complete—yet he had thought he was marrying for love!

At twenty-three he had married a girl of twenty-one. But he was a boy with character and habits just forming, and she was a woman, already matured, a woman who might change but would never grow. The trouble began with galling incompatibility, and it speedily developed, on her part, into constant nagging. His friends bored her inexpressibly, and hers aroused his temper and his sarcasm. She became jealous without any cause so far as any one woman was concerned, although she might well have been jealous of womankind in gen-

eral living on higher planes than hers. She soon became faded, spiritless, sullen, and tearful when not vituperative. Her children took up nearly all her time without being the better for it. The eldest died and matters were gloomier than ever. She thought she was doing her whole duty as a mother when she performed the tasks a nurse-maid could have done as well, and sneered at better women who were truer mothers, because they did not spend their lives over a baby's crib. She could not understand or appreciate the type of woman who can be well-dressed, and well-read, and bright and charming, devoted as a wife and interesting in society, and at the same time be the wisest and most loving of mothers. By some unfathomable mental process she seemed to connect motherhood and dowdy stupidity. Her sneers were sometimes coarse, and always ill-timed, because they aroused her husband's resentment.

Their tastes were as far apart as the poles. She knew nothing about music and cared little about it, except the airs made popular by the orchestras at the summer resorts. She liked plays where a modiste's establishment was displayed on living models, or where horse races or a real fire engine, or plenty of gold lace or a regimental ball were exhibited on the stage; he raved over Mansfield, Irving and Jefferson: she wanted novels highly spiced to carry around on crowded hotel verandas; he liked to read Wordsworth and Dante and Shakespeare, stretched at full-length on the grass, the blue sky and green trees above him, the murmur of running water in his ears, and the rustle of overhanging leaves; her social tastes lay in the direction of big receptions with the World and his wife on parade, with plenty to eat, and women in gorgeous gowns; he liked little dinners perfectly cooked and expeditiously served, with a half-dozen charming women and distinguished men around the table. And yet—and yet—this woman had been his first love! The summer he had wooed and won her had seemed almost like a pastoral of Theocritus. When she came down the walk bordered by old maples whose boughs formed a glorious arch, daintily attired in organdies or mulls, her cheeks flushed, coquettish little curls peeping from under the brim of a big hat trimmed in daisies, there were thrills in his heart which all the poets in the world could not put there. And when she consented to bring her embroidery out to the summer-house, and spend long sweet mornings with her young admirer at her feet reading aloud to her his favorite authors or reciting his own sonnets earth suddenly became Elysium.

Once when he had come upon her abruptly as she was reaching a plump, white hand for a spray of roses to wear at her belt, and had whispered "Mignon, sweet," she had seemed bewildered, and answered shyly, "Is Mignon one of those Greek women you are always raving about?" but he had forgiven her on the spot because she looked so pretty.

And he remembered afterwards, when it was too late, that she had always been strangely silent when books and men and places were talked about although never lacking for something to say in the ordinary chatter of people who spend a casual five minutes together. At another time he had heard her say that Niagara Falls is a very pretty place, only that the ice cream was bad at their hotel, and that the young men wouldn't dance! And yet he had laughed indulgently. "So long as a woman's heart is true, it doesn't matter about her head," he had thought with that broad tolerance for womankind characteristic of a man of twenty-three.

How innocent, and sunny, and sweet was this girl, and what a fortunate fellow he was to win her love! was what he told himself. He could not know that in the privacy of her own room his Mignon spent

her time reading novels no pure-minded girl would have touched with her fingertips, and that she could and did talk about things which even the mother of ten children would have treated with reticence. He could not know that she had raged for a week because her father would not send her to Narragansett Pier for the summer, and that she was spending the hot season at a country hotel because it was cheap, and not because she loved the beauties of nature which had been the attraction for him. He had never seen her in a soiled wrapper and old slippers, her beautiful blond hair in curl papers, and her face covered with cold cream. Small wonder that the disillusions of matrimony had made him cynical! Since the courts had restored his freedom he had enjoyed the society of many women, but he did so with the security of a man whose knowledge bought with experience left nothing to fear. Sometimes when a man he liked unusually well was led gently to matrimony he would look at him sorrowfully, and murmur, "Poor idiot!"

He admitted to himself that Dorothy's fascinations must be powerful, indeed, since they had prevailed against his prejudices. In the next stage of his passion he had berated himself for a stupid fool for imagining that all women are alike. He no longer had any doubts of himself or of his love for the young singer. This deep, strong, overmastering love of his manhood was to the fleeting passion of his callow youth as sunlight to starlight. Roseate visions flitted through his fancy —visions of a cozy home, with rare books and pictures and flowers, and an open wood fire, with Dorothy, dainty and sweet in a pretty frock, flying down the stairway to kiss him a welcome. When these daydreams were realities he would be as near earthly felicity as is given to mortals to be. As for the felicity of another world he was willing to take his chances. His life had been clean and honest and honorable according to the standards of the world. He had a religion even if he did not have a creed, he would have said.

Two hours after Clayton set foot in St. Louis he was standing in Mrs. Hart's parlor. He proposed to Dorothy and was accepted. He was very frank and manly in dealing with the divorce, and the girl admired him for trying to take some of the blame from his wife. "It was a case of utter incompatibility," he said, "and no one knows all the misery concealed in that word who has not experienced it. The marriage was a mistake for both of us, and we did after ten years what we should have done after ten months—separate." No woman has ever left on record her sensations just after she has given a man her promise to marry him. And the novelists, professional historians of love, either end with an engagement or begin with a wedding. Dorothy was blissfully happy. She had not dreamed that life could mean so much.

At first they thought of an immediate and quiet wedding, but several reasons arose for postponing it, at least for a time. Dorothy did not want to resign from St. Luke's until the summer vacation when the committee would have time to supply her place satisfactorily before fall. And complications at the Cripple Creek Mines in which Clayton had largely invested necessitated his presence there during a great part of the summer. There was another reason which Dorothy kept secret—she wanted a trousseau and to get it she needed all the money her position at St. Luke's would bring her. No man can understand how the demands of a woman's wardrobe can hamper her actions

Clayton objected to his wife singing for money. Her voice would give pleasure to him and his friends, and perhaps swell the coffers of charity, or help the missionary society buy flannels for urchins in Timbuctoo, but it should not be heard as a matter of right by the veriest stranger. So they planned to be married late in the

summer, and to go up the St. Lawrence and through Canada, and perhaps, take a short autumn trip to Europe on their bridal tour. Plans they were that had the music of magic to the ears of untraveled Dorothy Vance.

IV.

When the heat of July came and with it the release from St. Luke's choir, Dorothy was glad to accept an invitation from her old teacher, Madame Zardetti, to go away with her for the summer.

They went to Waukesha up in Wisconsin where fashion and simplicity wage a friendly contest for supremacy. Madame Zardetti's one object in life seemed to be for the time, to drink as much as she could of the famous Waukesha waters; that duty performed with clock-like regularity, she amused herself with fancy-work and novels. She soon became a welcome member of the rocking-chair confraternity to be found on every hotel piazza. Dorothy accompanied her dutifully to the particular spring best suited to her somewhat indefinite malady, and obediently drank of its waters. And then she would go for a tramp on her own account, or coax Madame into taking a drive over the broad, shady roads leading into the country.

The two formed insignificant units among the hundreds who were sojourners with them at a vast wooden hotel which stands on a gently sloping knoll, and commands on every side views that are pleasing and varied, if not wildly picturesque. A half-mile of verandas and acres of golf links and tennis courts, with a fairly good orchestra, and a ballroom that has no reserves, afforded the amusement the guests seemed to expect and desire. There was a supplement, which the visitors found for themselves, of driving and cycling and picnics, with everything, as a waggish youth described it, copiously *watered*.

To Dorothy it was all a delight, although a belle might not have found existence there eminently exhilarating. The girl was sometimes a bit lonely, for Madame's friends were not always interesting, and the younger crowd, with ambitions to be exclusive, could not, of course, take into their set a pretty girl without credentials, who was known, even to her chaperon, only as the soprano at St. Luke's and a former Conservatory pupil.

Sometimes Dorothy would turn the solitaire flashing on her finger, and smile complacently to herself, thinking how speedily indifference would change to courtesy did she choose to announce what that ring stood for. More than one girl at Waukesha, as she very well knew, would have been glad to be the betrothed of Reginald Clayton. But she kept her sweet secret even from Madame Zardetti.

One morning Dorothy sat a little apart from the veranda group, with book in hand as an excuse for not talking, gazing over tennis court and straggling young trees, to the hills beyond, where the darker green of hemlock and fir mingled with the bright-leafed maples in a purplish haze of nestling clouds, and the sunbeams came for a trysting-place. Around her were old women and young; mothers of spoiled children and spinsters with advanced views and hobbies; sweet young girls and clever matrons. Nearly all of them were doing embroidery with colored silks, or drawn-work—drawing the life-blood out of women's reputations at the same time, thought Dorothy whimsically, as bits of gossip floated to her ears. Women acquire the gossip habit just as men become victims to the cocaine or cocktail habit, and the one seems as hard to break as the other.

It was one of the little coincidences that come into every life that the two women nearest her, both old and fat and wrinkled, with the unmodified voices of middle-class America, should be discussing the marital

troubles and the divorce of Reginald Clayton and his wife. Above the tinkle of the mandolins and guitars, and the wail of the violins, for it was the hour of the morning concert, their words came sharp and barbed. And before they had spoken a dozen sentences Dorothy knew that the woman they were talking about, Mrs. Clayton, with her children—she was still known as Mrs. Clayton, not infrequently as Mrs. Reginald Clayton—was there in the hotel, under the same roof as herself. She had been among the late arrivals of the previous afternoon, and it was her advent among them which had stirred the gossips and brought reminiscent details to their tongues. Dorothy was ready to cry out at the irony of the fate which had thrust this waking nightmare upon her idyllic summer days.

But the morning's revelations were not yet over, for a warning—"sh" from one of the dames stopped a sentence midway, just as a woman with two children came out of the corridor door and advanced towards the little group.

Dorothy felt as if she must scream or choke. She got up hastily and fled indoors, and to her own room. Had she waited a moment longer a friendly dame would have introduced her to Clayton's widow-in-law! However, the introduction had to come, and Madame Zardetti, who knew everybody, was the unsuspecting instrument.

"Dorothy, do you see that woman coming up the walk with the two children?" said Madame, merely as a preliminary remark, for no one not hopelessly near-sighted could have failed to see. "That's the divorced wife of Reginald Clayton. You know him, don't you? always comes to our concerts, and is really very nice. But of course you do—I forgot; it was he who secured the place for you at St. Luke's. Well, there's his wife. I knew her in St. Louis—dined at her house just about a year before the divorce. She is a namby-pamby sort of creature, I always thought, but good and—"

Whatever else Mrs. Clayton was in the opinion of Madame Zardetti was not then revealed, for the lady under discussion had nodded to the famous old singer and was coming towards her.

"Mrs. Clayton, I want to introduce my best pupil, Miss Vance," said Madame, and Dorothy managed to articulate the Anglo-Saxon absurdity, 'How do you do,' without acting as if she were being presented to a ghost.

"Come here, children," called Mrs. Clayton to a boy and girl who were holding shyly aloof. "Madame Zardetti, you remember my children, don't you, Reginald and Mabel?"

Madame kissed the children who stared owlishly, and presented them in due form to Dorothy. Then they all found chairs and made a little group of their own at one end of the almost deserted veranda. The women talked the commonplaces usual at such times—the comparative merits of the various springs, the improvements at the hotel, the hot wave in Chicago. Dorothy made use of the chance to study her predecessor at close range.

Mrs. Clayton looked worn and tired and faded and listless. Black lines were under her eyes, and her hair showed streaks of grey. Her gown did not seem to fit her and was in evident need of brushing. Her face in repose showed many tiny wrinkles. Yet her features were fairly good, and her complexion, which had once been faultless, still retained traces of its loveliness; and Dorothy could easily see that in her youth, when she had won Reginald Clayton, she must have been beautiful, with that placid, doll-like sort of beauty of a non-committal face which sometimes conceals unsuspected depths of character and sometimes masks a vacuum. Poor Clayton had evidently found a vacuum.

The mother broke off in the middle of

a complaint about a hackman's extortions, to give a querulous reprimand to the boy, and Dorothy instantly decided that she was the kind of woman to nag her children into deception, and her husband into politics or insomnia.

It was these children who day after day gave the young girl her greatest hurt. Reginald, who had that other Reginald's eyes and straight nose, and even his masterful walk—Dorothy noted with an amusement which was also pain, that the boy had a talent akin to genius for getting his own way—and Mabel, gentle and sweet, and unselfishly devoted to her brother. Dorothy saw a great deal of both mother and children, for Mrs. Clayton seemed to have attached herself to Madame Zardetti, and Reginald and Mabel apparently found in Dorothy a comrade much to their liking. Sometimes as the girl bent over them caressingly a wave of deepest pity filled her heart. Instinctively she felt how Clayton must long for his boy, his first-born; and wild ideas flitted through her brain of begging the mother to give him up to them after they were married. She was conscious of her own ability to bring up the handsome boy more to the liking of his father than the frivolous, weak mother could ever do.

Reginald, who was already past eight, often spoke of his papa to Dorothy, and confided to her that he was a way, way off on business, and that he often came to see them and brought them things. Then the girl would twirl her engagement ring nervously, the token which bound her to—another woman's husband! The thought was maddening. Sometimes she asked herself if she could marry a man despite those living links which nature intended to be the seal of the union between husband and wife. The family is the social unit—she had heard that sentence somewhere, and could that unit be divided without ruin to the fragments? In other moods she resolutely put these fancies from her, determined to accept the happiness which fate had thrown in her way. Why should she spoil Clayton's life and her own for a scruple—a scruple about something which was being done every day, and by people who went to church and headed the charities, and were honored as the bulwarks of the best society. And while the girl was tortured between her conflicting moods it was the unexpected that happened.

Clayton, who had counted on being kept in Colorado until August, suddenly found himself in a position to leave the mines. He hastened north to Waukesha, bent on giving Dorothy a surprise, and effecting a *coup-de-main* over all minor obstacles by being quietly married in early morning, and bearing his bride away on the first out-going steamer to Europe. He arrived at Waukesha from Chicago on the two o'clock train, and was quickly driven to the hotel. He jumped out of the trap with the elation of a boy on his vacation, and all at once there was a rush of childish feet down the deserted veranda and two healthy trebles were calling joyfully, "Papa, papa!"

As fate would have it Dorothy Vance, dozing over a pile of magazines at an upper window, was attracted by the commotion below, and looked out in time to witness the meeting—Reginald in advance and four-year old Mabel toddling behind, her skirts keeping her back in the race with the lithe-limbed boy. To Dorothy, her heart beating like a trip-hammer, the skirts typified the limitations of her sex, and taught the futility of a race on their own grounds with men.

In a few minutes—it seemed ages to Dorothy, ages in which she had grown old and been put on the rack and tortured with hot irons—a bellboy came to her door with Clayton's card.

Her lover was alone in the big cool drawingroom, sun-burnt from his western

trip, but handsomer and stronger than ever.

Dorothy wondered how he had managed to get rid of his children. She was pale and her eyes were almost black; she felt her knees tremble and queer sensations were around her heart as she advanced with proud, slow steps towards the waiting man. She held out her hand, and when Clayton, who had been startled at the expression of her face, an expression he had never seen before, attempted to take her in his arms and kiss her, she repulsed him almost roughly. "No, no, Reginald, that is all over," she panted. "I can't marry you. I can't marry a man with a living wife and children. I had meant to write and tell you, but I—I didn't expect you, I thought there was plenty of time, I—"

"What do you mean, Dorothy? You knew that I was a divorced man when you accepted me. What absurd notion has got into you?" he answered passionately, still retaining her hand and almost crushing the slender fingers in his grasp.

Then his tone changed to its tenderest cadences, and drawing the girl down beside him on a little sofa he began to plead love's story. Dorothy was crying in a moment, but she did not veer from her decision.

The interview was suddenly interrupted by the advent of the children, who could not understand their father's devoting himself to anyone save themselves so soon after his arrival. Clayton with an impatient gesture was about to send them away, hurt and wondering at their angry dismissal, when Dorothy interposed.

"Come here, children," she called, and as the two approached she arose to go, wiping her eyes hastily, and trying to smile despite the agony which was blinding her.

"We are great friends, Reginald, Mabel and I," she said to the father, and held out her hand as if for a final goodbye. But Clayton cried despairingly, "Dorothy! this is all some ghastly mistake. You can't mean it—you mustn't—I can explain—anything you wish," he stammered incoherently.

"It will be of no use," said the girl slipping away, followed by the curious gaze of the children who could not fathom why their papa was talking to Miss Vance and not to their mamma and them, and what was making her cry.

Some hours later the moon was rising over the trees at the back of the hotel, a faint breeze stirred the leaves lightly, and from the ballroom came the throbbing notes of the orchestra mingled with the sounds of care-free laughter and the swish of dancing feet. Dorothy, her face almost as white as the gown she wore, sat opposite to Clayton in a little summer house where they could talk undisturbed. The man, iron-willed as he was, had found a determination to match his own, and he, too, was pale, and sick with despair. Wild schemes surged through his brain of hypnotizing the girl, fleeing with her to some rural justice of the peace and being married at once. He knew that Dorothy loved him, and once married he did not doubt that he could win her to her senses —which, interpreted, meant to his way of thinking. Their voices rose and fell, now soft and pleading, now hard and almost angry. "Reginald, don't you see that you are breaking my heart!" cried out the girl in torture. "Don't you know that I would give half my life if things could be as we planned! But you are bound to another woman—she is your wife—nothing can alter that. Nothing, nothing, can break the spiritual bond between husband and wife. As well try to separate wine and water."

Clayton laughed harshly. "If you had studied chemistry you would know that wine and water can be separated," he said. "Yes, by chemical process, as marriage can

be dissolved—by death!" answered Dorothy.

"Oh, Reginald, Reginald, why did we ever meet!" moaned the desolate girl. "To go through the form of marriage would be the merest farce. I would know that I was not your wife, and you would know it, too."

"Dorothy, stop! I will not permit you to say such things!"

"It is only the truth. Even if I tried to do as you wish that other woman's face would haunt me, come before me when I sat in her place at your table, received your friends. When you kissed me her hand would push you away. It is no use!" Another mood succeeded the outburst of passion, and Dorothy, her nobler self coming to the front, tried to point out the spiritual heights that beckoned them.

"It is your duty, Reginald, to go back to your wife and children. You swore before God to love and cherish and protect this woman until death, until death, remember. And she is not dead. Then how could you make the same vow to me? You have broken your solemn word, a thing one would hardly think you capable of. You chose her when she was a young, innocent, pretty girl; now that she is a faded, sad-hearted woman you have no right to desert her. You asked her to marry you—she didn't ask you. You were wiser and stronger than she—why didn't you reach down and help her up to your plane? What if you were young—a boy—you were old enough to know the sacredness of a solemn vow. And why should she alone suffer and you escape? It is always the woman, the woman that must pay the penalty of a mistake. Her youth and her beauty are gone now—she gave them to you—and no man wants her for his wife. But you—any girl could love you—love you until the day you die! Don't you see that if you had not married her in her girlhood beauty, some other man who could have made her happy might have chosen her for his wife? You owe her a boundless atonement! And those children—have you no duties to them? God gave them to you as much as to her! Are they to grow up lacking a father's love, a father's care? Ah, Reginald, there is but one course for you—be a man, and go back to your wife and children!"

They sat within earshot of the heedless revelers, talking earnestly far into the night, these two who were to have been husband and wife before the waning of the moon then shining over their heads.

A fringe of clouds passed by, and a straggling moonbeam illumined the white, impassioned face of the girl, and made Clayton think of some priestess of the temple, some consecrated vestal forever removed from the passion and the pain of the world. And Dorothy felt as if under a spell. Her overmastering love for Clayton seemed suddenly to have fled into some secret recess of her soul, and in its place arose the impregnable barrier which separated her from another woman's husband.

Presently the dancing ceased, the last wail of the violins was hushed, and the lights began to vanish from the lower windows. The hour of parting had come.

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Society was stirred to its depths when Reginald Clayton, late in the autumn, brought his wife and children back to St. Louis, and took possession of his old home. His life and Dorothy's were in different orbits, and it was long before they met.

During the merry mad rush of the Christmas time, when everybody was hurrying down town, securing presents for loved ones, or seeking bargains with which to pay off pressing obligations, the crowds thronging Barr's great emporium threw Dorothy Vance almost into the lap of a woman wrapped in sealskin, and as the girl recovered her balance she recognized Mrs. Clayton.

The little lady appeared to be ten years younger than when at Waukesha; she was fashionably gowned, and seemed to be prosperous and happy, evidently pleased with herself, and with her niche in the world. She was examining dressing gowns for gentlemen, and was too much absorbed in her happy task to notice the girl who had brushed against her. Dorothy, wearing last winter's hat and coat, hurried by, glad to escape recognition. A few feet further on she came upon the Clayton children standing in ecstatic contemplation before a huge elephant loaded with toys. Reginald was explaining to his sister why an elephant has one of its tails fastened to its nose—every look and gesture recalling his father.

At the book counter Dorothy paused aimlessly, her thoughts in a maze, now going back rebelliously to the past, now running, questioning, on to the future. A basket was heaped with Christmas cards. She picked up one, a timely recollection of Madame Zardetti's claims to a little token from her old pupil coming to mind. Beneath the picture of a child under the wing of a beautiful angel in white and gold was a fragment of a poem in old English script. Her hungry heart read and was comforted:

"Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step's enough for me."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Christian Apologetics. By Rev. W. Devivier, S. J. Edited by the Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer, D. D. New York, Benziger Bros, 1903. Price, $1.75.

We cannot help urging all those who have charge of young men in colleges and seminaries to make this valuable work the ordinary text-book of the class in Chrisitan Doctrine. We know well that in many places instruction in matters of religion is given by way of lecture, but experience teaches that unless a text-book is had, the lectures do not, for the majority of students, bear lasting fruit. Now no one can deny the extreme importance of the study of "Apologetics." One by one, the definite tenets of the old Protestant sects are vanishing, and our young men are compelled, the moment they leave the faith-hallowed atmosphere of our colleges, to listen to strenuous and repeated attacks against the foundation-stones of Christianity. Is it not, therefore, a serious duty on the part of presidents and rectors of colleges to introduce into the curriculum a course of systematic lectures upon "Apologetics"? This will be most effectively accomplished by the adoption of a safe and complete text-book upon which all lectures can be built. Among all works upon this subject we have never seen one that is so well adapted for this purpose as the one under review. We hope that Pere Devivier will give us a full course of Dogmatic Theology for the laity. What we have said of our colleges may also be affirmed of the higher academies for girls. Revelation and other kindred topics attract many women, and our students must be prepared to meet the chilling questions of a cold and unbelieving world. The highest charity is to warn the unwary of their dangers.

The Friars and How they came to England. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. St. Louis, Herder, 1903.

The general attack upon the Religious Orders both in France and elsewhere makes this book peculiarly interesting. It is a conclusive proof of the valiant service wrought for God by the noble army of St. Francis in the English domain. The value of the volume is enhanced by an introductory essay upon the spirit and genius of the Franciscan Friars. The Friars arrived in England in the year 1224, during that momentous epoch when feudalism and democracy were struggling for the mastery. Into this combat the Church was drawn and her position as guide of the nations was vigorously attacked. Thanks, however, to the lowly, devoted Sons of St. Francis, the blows of the enemy were met by battalions of

well-equipped, spiritual soldiers who showed to all the regenerating influence and power of the Christian spirit. Hence it was that in the new society which emerged from the throes of the wars of the Middle Ages the Church retained her ascendancy and Christ was acknowledged to be the Leader and Chieftain of the nations. Well would it have been for men, if the Franciscan spirit had been preserved in its vigor—the spirit of democratic freedom and of fervent devotion to the Person of Christ as the rule of life. This volume is useful, not only as a record of past achievements, but also as offering suggestions to those who are struggling to lift our modern world up to a plane of truly Christian activity.

The Two Kenricks. By John J. O'Shea. Philadelphia, McVey. 1904.

Pre-eminent among the many illustrious men who have adorned the American hierarchy were the two Kenricks, Francis Patrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, and Peter Richard, Archbishop of St. Louis. Both were men of deep learning, both were men of ceaseless toil, both possessed of a faith which was remarkable for its tenderness and its fervor, both were generous beyond description, and both labored in the spirit of absolute self-surrender and of self-effacement. Too long have we waited for the biographies of these spiritual leaders and we trust, therefore, that the present volume will meet wih a hearty welcome. It unfolds to us the leading part taken by these two apostolic men in the stirring tragedies in the United State during the Hogan and the Know-Nothing disturbances. It is rather difficult for us in these days of well-organized and splendidly equipped dioceses to realize the colossal tasks which confronted our pioneer bishops. How wisely they met all obstacles and how valiantly they champion the cause of faith may be abundantly gathered from this interesting biography. We only wish that the author had given us a larger volume and that in particular the splendid contributions made by the Archbishop of Baltimore had been noticed more in detail. Still, let us be thankful for what we have and trust that Mr. O'Shea will be able in a second edition to add many more chapters upon the eventful lives of these two holy prelates.

The Inner Life of the Soul. By S. L. Emery. New York, Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. $1.50.

It is an encouraging sign of the times to see this excellent collection of short, spiritual messages for the ecclesiastical year. It is a proof that not everything has drifted to materialism, but that there are still many noble souls who hunger and thirst after the life of the spirit and after the peace of the children of God. Miss Emery has produced a volume abounding in original thoughts, in terse, happy expressions, and in that ardent spirituality which is the surest safeguard against the chilling blasts of an unbelieving and cynical age. It is a book to which the doubter can go for enlightenment, the despondent for encouragement, and the sorrow-tried for comfort. It should have a wide circulation among the members of our Sodalities and Confraternities and among all those to whom the "higher life" is not a vague dream, but a pleasing reality. It will also prove a delightful gift for that ever-increasing class of persons outside the church who long for spiritual food and for peace of heart, but who hesitate to enter formally the Fold of Christ. May the writer live many years in order to gladden a world weary of ponderous treatises upon atoms and microbes by these enchanting strains of heavenly music.

Visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. From the French by Grace McAuliffe. New York, Benziger Bros., 1903. Price, 75 cents.

The Blessed Sacrament is the centre of Catholic devotion. The true Catholic finds his comfort and strength in visiting the Prisoner of Love in His earthly tabernacle. Not all, however, are able to turn by themselves these visits to the highest profit. Take this little book as a companion and each visit will become a source of instructive thoughts and of abiding consolation.

A Precursor of St. Philip (Buonsignore Cacciaguerra). By Lady Amabel Kerr. St. Louis, Herder, 1903. Price, $1.25.

St. Philip Neri is one of the most winning of God's halo-crowned champions. His generous nature, his warm, loving heart, his wonderful condescension and his kindly manners made him truly a magnet of souls. We are, consequently, deeply interested not only directly in this apostle of charity, but also in all those influences which helped to mould so noble a life. Among those who undoubtedly spurred the brave Philip to scale the loftiest heights of Christian perfection was one of his first companions, Buonsignore Cacciaguerra. This ardent apostle of Christ left an autobiography and some writings which unfold to us his character and his dealings with the founder of the Congregation of the Oratory. The information afforded by this autobiography and the light it throws upon the great work of his times make it a valuable contribution to Oratorian history. We are indebted for this English version to the busy pen of Lady Amabel Kerr.

Cacciaguerra's life teaches the important

lesson that upon the wreckage of many years of unrestrained license a beautiful edifice of Christian sanctity can be built. For almost forty years he was a wanderer from God and from the ways of virtue, until grace touched his heart and won him to virtue. From the day of his conversion until his death, through the busy days of both a lay and a priestly apostolate, Cacciaguerra was not only an exemplary penitent, but a model apostle. To send as many souls as possible home to heaven was the end of a life of unremitting prayer and of ceaseless toil. We are sure that every reader of this exquisite pen-picture of a sincere penitent will learn therefrom many a lesson of self-surrender, of self-effacement, and of heroic labor for the spiritual uplifting of others.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. By Richard H. Clarke, LL.D. Philadelphia, P. W. Ziegler & Co.

Since the death of the late illustrious Pontiff, many biographies have appeared. Some of them are good, some poor, others wretched. Nearly all which have appeared seemed to have been published for the occasion; that is, to a mass of material about the Pope's early life a few chapters have been hastily added so as to give the reader a farewell glance at St. Peter's successor. These books necessarily bore the stamp of hurriedness and lacked that finish and that attention to detail which only time can give. Dr. Clarke strives to give us a work of a scholarly character. He attempts to sketch both the inner character and the marvellous external activity of the Pope. It has been wisely observed that "the outward and the inward aspects of every earthly course are mysteriously related to each other. The age, the country, the physical organization, education, society, and the like, exert an acknowledged influence in the intellectual and moral development of a human being." The author, consequently, traces the connection between the inward force and the outward work which make the reign of Leo XIII. so remarkable. This method of treatment lends an especial charm to Dr. Clarke's work and distinguishes it from the numberless other books upon the subject. We only regret that the publisher did not bestow more care upon the binding and the illustrations. The former is showy but weak, the latter are in several instances so blurred as to be almost unrecognizable.

The Holy Family Series of Catholic Catechisms—No. III. By Rev. Francis J. Butler. Boston, Flynn & Co., 1903.

We sincerely reiterate with regard to the present booklet the encomium passed by us, in a previous number of the Magazine, upon the preceding issues of this series. It is evident to all that Sunday school work must be, in many places, reorganized, if we wish to gain therefrom the best possible results. Is it not true that in a large number of cases the burden of an already overtaxed director is made doubly hard by incompetent teachers, who simply listen dryly to lessons learned by rote, without attempting to give an explanation of the words used or to furnish an illustration by way of throwing light upon subjects necessarily difficult for a child to grasp? With Father Butler's Catechisms this irrational method of managing a Sunday school class must vanish. (1) *The books are graded;* therefore, no attempt will be made to feed both the infant and the somewhat developed mind upon the same food. (2) *The explanations are adequate, clear and to the point.* Hence routine work will be avoided. (3) *The plan is such as to give a comprehensive view of our faith and of our duties.* Hence the pupil will be given a thorough training, not in one line, but in all. (4) *The mechanical arrangement impresses the eye.* Hence the pupil's attention is drawn to what is necessary, and many distractions will be kept aloof. Speed the good work onward.

Saint Cuthbert's. By Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. New York, Benziger Bros., 1903.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to write a strictly original college story, so well has the ground been covered by authors of widespread reputation. Hence Father Copus has had to grapple with a task of an unusually thorny nature. While we cannot say that his plot and the incidents connected therewith differ materially from the conventional college story, yet there is an originality in the arrangement and a careful attention to the methods by which character is developed which will make St. Cuthbert's a valuable addition to the Catholic boys' library.

The story is simply yet entertainingly told, with no pretensious narrative or descriptive passages, brimful of animation, and interspersed all the while with refreshing pleasantry. The hero, Howard Hunter, and his companions are ideal Catholic boys: earnest, upright, and fun-loving students, yet just enough above the prosaic reality to make them the admiration of the generous boy. One cannot but regret, however, that Father Copus has not given us a glimpse of our friends in the class-room. An hour at recitation with the unsophisticated Mike Fenley would have been a treat.

The scene of the story is a new one, in romantic old Kentucky, and gives an opportun-

ity for a splendid picture of Southern life. This feature of the story might have been developed to a much greater extent.

There is very little attempt at tragic denouement and the curtain descends with all the principals extremely active and thoroughly happy after their short career upon the boards.

Young Explorers of the Isthmus, or American Boys in Central America. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston, Lee & Shepard. 1903.

A timely book, in very truth. The startling events that are moving so rapidly in Central America rivet the eyes of the universe upon that portion of the world. The formation of a new republic and the birth of a new nation have an interest for all, both young and old. To understand the magnitude of recent and present incidents, it is necessary for our young people to have a correct idea of the countries of Central America and of their inhabitants. This knowledge will be most securely won by a perusal of the Young Explorers of the Isthmus, by Edward Stratemeyer. The points of information are conveyed in so appetizing a manner that, like Oliver Twist, the reader, after one supply, will surely appeal for "more."

The Frolicsome Four. By Edith L. and Ariadne Gilbert. Illustrated by Josephine Bruce, Boston. Lee & Shepard, 1903. Price, 80 cents.

Children will be interested in this enthusiastic story of two brothers and two sisters, who are as merry as crickets, as happy as larks and as playful as squirrels. Each character has marked traits which will impress the little folks, though we think that Billy, clumsy Billy, will be the favorite. For the learned boy there is scholarly Larry, who leads his class and marches off with the prizes.

Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, M. A., has produced a Father O'Growney memorial volume, which is a worthy tribute to the saviour of the Gælic—the priest who burnt out his young life for the revival of the Irish language. Miss O'Farrelly's work contains a biography of the beloved priest, appreciations and sketches, an account of his funeral—held in Dublin, last September—together with the sermons, both Irish and English, and a complete collection of all Father O'Growney's writings in both languages, his grammar, composition, translations from old Irish, etc. It is a very large volume, and is turned out in really handsome style with sixty beautiful illustrations.

Miss O'Farrelly is one of the most energetic and ardent workers in the Gælic Revival, and has been for some years a hard-working member of the Executive of the Gælic League. She is a young lady of marked ability, and a writer of much power, both in English and Irish. She has already published two books in Irish which have had large sale, and much appreciation at the hands of the critics, and also several truly charming stories and sketches in English.

For the information of Irish-Americans anxious to become possessors of the memorial volume it will be mailed post free, for a dollar and a half, if that sum be sent to the Secretary, The Gælic League, 24 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin, Ireland.

QUESTION BOX.

Why may not a good Catholic vote for the Socialist ticket?

The Church does not as a rule interfere in politics, except where these affect the sphere of her spiritual activity, when she is forced, from motives of self-protection, to enter into civil matters. Hence the Church cares not whether a man is a Republican or a Democrat, a Monarchist or an advocate of the representative form of government. But why, you may ask does the Church proscribe Socialism? Simply, because she regards its principles as harmful to the true life of a nation. And when we speak of Socialism, we understand the recognized forms of that system. Is it not true that the general literature of this movement leaves us room to doubt its materialistic and atheistic tendencies Take the Gotha and the Erfurt programmes. Moreover, does it not seem obvious that the abolition of all private capital and the common ownership of *all* the means and instruments of production—the object aimed at by the genuine Socialist—will result not in a complete emancipation of the working class, but in a still fiercer slavery than that under which the toilers now suffer. We must not overlook the warning given us by the eminent Father Coppens: "There are three things which we may conceive to be necessary for the very existence and continuance of a civil community along those lines of material civilization with which no one would be willing to dispense. These three things are briefly: (1) freedom of individual demand, (2) a more or less determinate unit measure of value for the purposes

of exchange, and (3) freedom of the individual to choose an occupation and to qualify for the same. In the present advanced stage of material civilization, these three things are necessary as stimulus or aid to the development of individual capacity." Since it has never been shown, that a state founded on the fundamental tenet of socialism can supply these three needs of the individual in the modern civilization, we see that, in addition to the prohibition of the Church, there are economic reasons which should keep a Catholic from lending favor to a movement fraught with so much danger. The Church and her members must always sympathize with the burdens of working-men, and they must always take an active interest in safe and sound movements to ameliorate the condition of the masses. But movements built upon false and illogical grounds are neither safe nor sound, and it is from the principles adopted by the various Socialistic leaders that the Church withholds her sanction.

Is there any convent in the United States which receives, as boarders, ladies who desire to lead a retired life, and yet do not wish to assume the obligations of vows?

There is no specific foundation for this purpose; but the writer would undoubtedly find what she is seeking in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or Montreal. Apply, for example, to the Sister Superior, 209 W. 15th street, New York City; Grey Nuns, 89 Union Park street, Boston; Grey Nuns, 390 Rue Guy, Montreal.

Is the word "Guild" of Protestant or Catholic origin? It has been asserted that Catholics have associations and sodalities; Protestants, guilds.

The word "guild" comes to us from the days of Saxon rule. It meant "a fraternity" and it was derived from the verb *gildan, to pay*, because every man paid his share towards the expenses of the community. During the Middle Ages guilds of all kinds were very numerous. All European mechanics, for example, were organized into guilds which possessed important legal powers and often exercised great political influence. The Stationers' and Ironmongers' Guilds are survivals of these ancient times. There were also guilds for charitable, pious and educational objects. All these associations retained, as a general rule, the principle of relief to members in case of sickness. Funerals were properly attended to, as well by money allotments as by the attendance of the members. The good conduct and conversation of the members were strictly enforced by fines and penalties, while they were forbidden to go to law with one another before they had endeavored to settle their differences by an appeal to the good offices of the guild. Each guild had a special patron and the feast day of the saint was celebrated with due solemnity. Thus, St. Joseph and St. Andrew were the patrons of the Carpenters' Guild, St. Barbara of the Mechanics', St. Wilfrid and St. Honorius of the Bakers', St. Anthony the Hermit was the patron of the Basketmakers', the Holy Innocents and St. Felicitas presided over the Children's Guild, St. Ives kept watch over the Lawyers', while the Physicians had three illustrious saints to guide their professional lives, St. Luke, St. Pantaleon and St. Roch. It will thus be seen that the word "guild," with the concord and generous service implied thereby is "pre-eminently a word of *Catholic* usage.

What is the *Golden Mass?*

It was the Mass formerly celebrated on the Ember Wednesday of Advent in honor of the Mother of God. It was celebrated with ritual and music so elaborate that it was often protracted for three or four hours. The bishop and all his canons assisted at it, as well as the members of the various religious communities of the place where it was celebrated. Gifts and alms were generously distributed among the people. On account of the lofty dignity commemorated by the feast, it was written in letters of gold. The meaning of the title is hence apparent.

Where can I find reliable statistics concerning the various religions of the world? The almanacs which profess to give the numbers seem to give the same figures from year to year.

The eminent Father Krose, S.J., has just published in the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* two able articles upon this topic. He gives the following numbers as approximately correct:

	Catholics.	Protestants.	Orthodox Greeks.	Orthodox Russians.	Oriental Schism.	Total.
Asia	11,513,276	1,926,108	12,034,149	436,907	2,726,053	28,636,493
Africa	3,004,563	1,663,341	53,479		3,608,466	8,329,849
Australia						4,167,202
Oceanica	979,943	3,187,259				133,907,846
America	71,350,879	62,556,967				373,975,951
Europe	177,657,261	97,293,434	97,059,644	1,736,464	220,394	
Total	264,505,922	166,627,109	109,147,272	2,173,371	6,554,913	549,017,341

DEATH OF THE RT. REV. D. M. BRADLEY, D.D., BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, N. H.

The Rt. Rev. Denis M. Bradley, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, N. H., died at 2.25 A.M., Sunday, December 13, in the fifty-eighth year of his age and the twentieth of his episcopate.

When the public became aware of his death deep grief was manifested, and despite the early hour, more than one thousand people gathered about the Bishop's residence and at the cathedral close by. Not one in the great multitude was dry-eyed. Shortly after 6 o'clock the cathedral bells were tolled fifty-seven strokes, one for each year of the Bishop's life.

Late in the day the body of the Bishop, dressed in pontifical vestments, was brought from the chamber in which he died to the parlors at the episcopal residence, and between 6 and 7 o'clock the public was admitted. Thousands crowded the residence during the hour, the body being attended by the Sheridan Guards as a guard of honor.

In all of the Protestant pulpits touching allusion was made to the death of Bishop Bradley, several of the clergymen referring in both prayers and sermons to the great bereavement which had come to the city and State in the Bishop's death.

With the city in mourning, the funeral of Bishop Bradley was held from St. Joseph's Cathedral on December 17th. In the congregation were representatives of the State and city governments, in addition to the prelates, priests, and officials of Catholic societies. At 10.30 a Pontifical High Mass of Requiem was sung, the celebrant being the Right Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield. The eulogy was delivered by Bishop Harkins, of Providence.

The Catholics of Manchester frequently gave evidence of their love and attachment to their chief pastor. These sentiments were notably manifested on his return from Rome in 1887, and again in 1897, when men of all creeds and of no creed at all joined in sincere demonstrations.

Perhaps, however, the best indication of Bishop Bradley's amiable and just qualities was in the love and reverence of his priests. The Bishop's fatherly interest in his priests won their devoted attachment. He ruled always in an atmosphere of love and esteem. The celebration of his silver sacerdotal jubilee, on June 3, 1896, was made one of the most brilliant and successful ceremonies ever witnessed in St. Joseph's Cathedral.

FREDERIC R. COUDERT DEAD.

Frederic R. Coudert, the well-known lawyer of New York city, died at Washington, D. C., December 20th, from an affection of the heart, from which he had suffered for several years. He was seventy-one years old. Mr. Coudert, with his wife and an unmarried daughter, was spending the winter in Washington, where he hoped to escape the severity of the climate of the more northern city. In addition to the members of his immediate household there were with him when the end came, Mrs. Frederic Benedict of New York, a widowed daughter, and Mrs. J. B. Bellinger, a married daughter.

Funeral services were held at St. Pat-

rick's Cathedral, New York city, on Tuesday morning. The burial was in Calvary cemetery, Brooklyn.

Frederick Rene Coudert was born in New York, March 1, 1832. His father, Charles Coudert, was not only an immigrant, but an emigre—that is to say, a Frenchman who had been forced out of France for political reasons. The political reason in his case was that he had been concerned in the futile attempt to seat the Duc de Reichstadt on the throne of France, and that on the failure of that attempt he was fain to make his escape from his own country. He arrived at New York in 1824, and sought his livelihood by opening a French school, which very soon took a leading place. His eldest son, who has just died, received from his father his early education, including, of course, a mastery of the French language, to which he had added an almost equal command of Spanish, of which tongues both were of great professional usefulness to him, and the former indispensable to his peculiar success as a public man. He entered Columbia at the age of 14 and was graduated in 1850, having paid part of his college expenses by newspaper work and translations. At graduation he stood No. 1 and was valedictorian, and immediately after betook himself to the study of law. His professional studies were made in the office of Edward Sanford, a distinguished lawyer of the time. Mr. Coudert's admission to the bar was as early as it could legally be, in 1853, and not very long afterward he formed with Charles Coudert, Jr., and Louis Leonce Coudert, the firm which still exists. He was an LL.D. of Columbia, Fordham, and Seton Hall, and upon him, with very peculiar appropriateness, Columbia first conferred the J. U. D. (Juris Utrius Doctor). He had been the president of the Columbia College Alumni, of the Young Men's Democratic Club and of the Bar Association.

His active intellectual curiosity was not appeased by his strictly professional labors. He wrote much upon non-professional topics, including a striking reply to Dumas' book on "Divorce," and lectured on Curran, Burke, "Church and Bar," "Manners and Morals," and "Lying as a Fine Art." He was a member of many Catholic associations, was a generous supporter of the Catholic literature, and was one of the first stockholders in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE Company.

He wore the cross of the Legion of Honor, with which both the French and Italian governments invested him. His club affiliations included the Manhattan, Reform and Democratic clubs.

Photograph by Giletta.

SAN REMO FROM THE PIER

Photograph by Noack.

A BAY WITHIN A BAY, GULF OF GENOA.

See page 131.

IN THE MONASTERY.

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LI. FEBRUARY, 1904. NO. 2

"TOSCA" ACT I. CATHEDRAL SCENE.

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

After *Parsifal,* and opera as Mr. Conried presents it, the most notable theatrical event of any season in New York is the appearance of Henry Savage's company in English grand opera. The manager gave a month of entertainment at the West End Theatre, presenting capable artists in a repertory as varied and extensive as can be given even at the Metropolitan Opera House. How he has won so great a success, in making the above statement possible, is one of the wonders of the time. Grand opera in all countries is produced by the subventions of government; in this country it becomes possible through private subscriptions; Mr. Savage has established his company without any outside assistance whatever.

This *is* success. There seems to be no good reason for not having grand opera

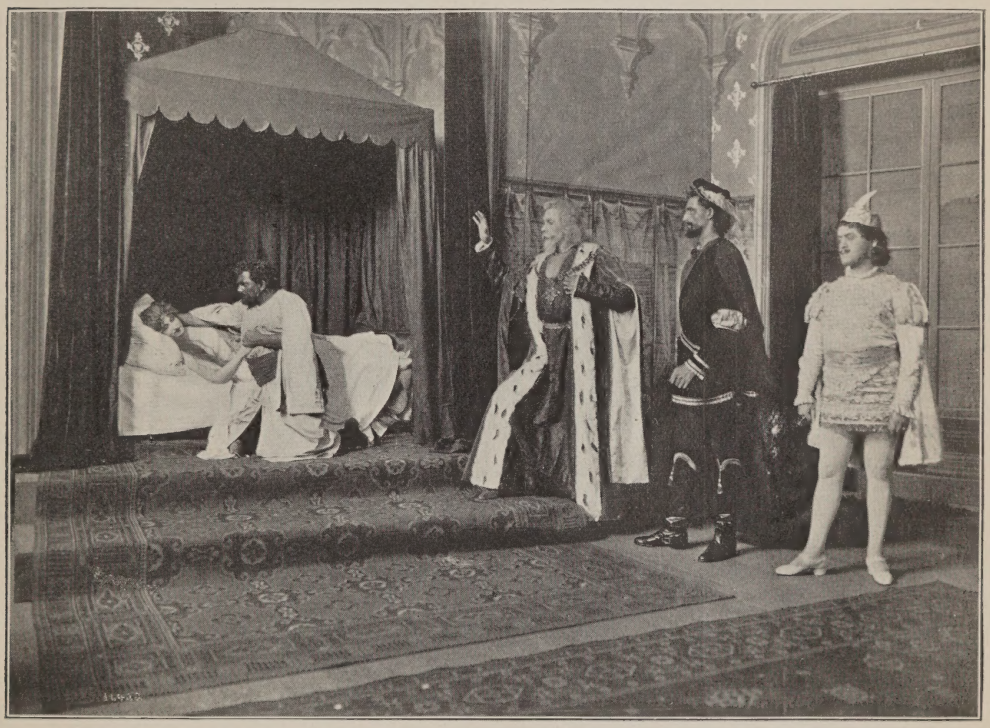
WINFRED GOFF AS TALRAMUND IN "LOHENGRIN."

in English, except that society will not support it, and the profits are therefore small. The manager has to appeal to the general music-loving crowd, scattered over this immense territory of ours, and get their small financial aid by pleasing them according to their tastes. One can see in this condition a problem bristling with difficulties. The problem has been solved, the difficulties overcome, the people satisfied, and a fine opera company firmly established, with a history of eight years forming its perspective. How has the manager attained this success? By pouring out money? By hard work and skilful financial management? By keen study of the conditions? By giving the most perfect and beautiful productions possible, in every way worthy of the object? Precisely so; but there was something else, without which money, labor, skill, enthusiasm are nearly valueless in novel enterprises. Henry Savage is an idealist, and he sought to express his idealism in this particular way.

In all departments of human activity it is the ideal which provides the true aim, adorns it, keeps it out of the mire, into which the human is sure to sink when left to itself. Mr. Savage has been a rather successful man. His list of good things in comic opera and common drama shines like a string of diamonds, and turns out a revenue more beautiful than rubies and sapphires. If he had stopped at mere money-making, he had been a trifling millionaire. With rare prudence and generosity he made comic opera the servant of his idealism, or rather of his scheme of grand opera in English. All our brilliant managers have aims, more or less ambitious. It is said that Charles Frohman aspires to be the Napoleon of managers, to own all the stars, all the little managers, all the fine theatres, the entire theatrical firmament. If this be true, he has pursued his aim mightily; but he will never have to weep, like Alexander, over the lack of dramatic worlds to conquer. They turn out stars nowadays while you wait, and therefore Charles had to join the Syndicate to keep up with the astronomical army. His aim demanding quantity, the quality has suffered. The late Augustine Daly had a high aim, to give the best in the best way; to provide clean plays, reputable theatres, and reputable actors. He succeeded admirably, and would have gone higher but for his untimely death.

The theatrical Trust has an aim beside which the soaring ambition of Charles Frohman is as a farthing candle to the sun. It would be the Rockefeller of the stage, owning everything from the one-ringed circus to the doors of the Metropolitan Opera House, and enough of the government besides to save it from instantaneous jail. Naturally the Syndicate has forgotten all other aims than the monstrous task of satisfying its appetite. Oscar Hammerstein, the genius, who can build theatres while you wait, seems to

have an aim purely personal, like a comet's tail, something that marks him off from the other fellows. Harrison Fiske is probably following in the footsteps of Daly, whom he resembles in many points. Belasco is dominated by ideas, but the æsthetic is wofully lacking in him; his great successes have been dazzling, but his themes touch on the putrid. His aims are high, but something elementary is absent from his composition. By the way, he has drawn the sword in the fight against the Trust. Forced to present *The Darling of the Gods* at a stock theatre in Brooklyn he made a speech to the audience. Said Mr. Belasco: "I have asked you to come to this theatre because the policy of those who control most of the theatres in the country made it necessary for me to stand alone. I was forced to take this position because it is my misfortune to value art above commercialism. They have sought to dictate how and where I should present my stars and plays. I will not stand such dictation. I would rather retire altogether, or go back to the time when I started years ago, selling papers on the streets of 'Frisco. In spite of the opposition of the theatrical trust, I was determined that Miss Bates should appear in Brooklyn. You have given me the opportunity. I thank you for your encouragement, and the manager of this theatre for giving me the chance to present the play."



JOSEPH SHEEHAN AS OTHELLO ACT IV.

Mr. Belasco puts art above commercialism, and doubtless as his conceptions of dramatic art clarify he will rise to better things. Mr. Savage's aim has been higher than the highest of these: to establish grand opera in English on a secure footing, to make it in America as

familiar as it is in Italy, and thereby build up musical ideals for the multitude, of which they stand very much in need. At first sight one hardly suspects the magnitude of this task and the height of this ambition. There is no particular reason why grand opera should be confined to Europe and to other languages than English. We should have our composers, English libretti, singers and leaders. We have them not, because society will not pay for opera in English, and the people know too little of music to appreciate grand opera. Our composers may write operas, but no manager will present them; there is no promise of profit in the scheme.

GERTRUDE RENNYSON AS TOSCA.

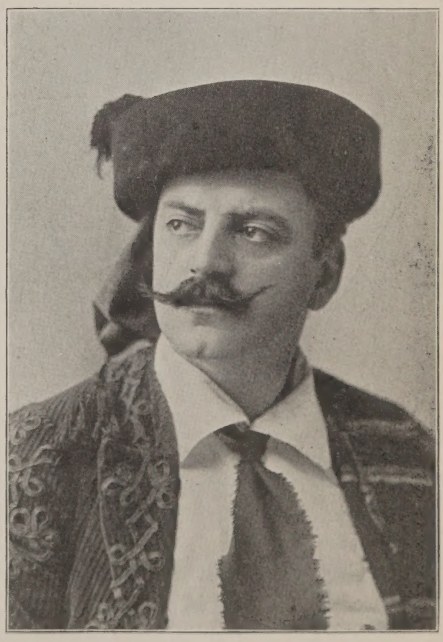
Few countries need musical training more than this. The common people here, by whom I mean all but the ten thousand who have received a musical education, have their musical taste developed by the publishers and singers of *Silver Threads Among the Gold, Hiawatha*, and *Stick to Mother Now She's Old*. They turn up their noses at the Italian immigrant for various reasons, yet in music they are barbaric compared with the vender of peanuts and vegetables. We had in camp one year at the Summer School an Italian barber who often entertained the campers with the story of a Verdi opera, and illustrated the tale with the famous melodies of the composer and descriptions of the orchestral effects in the concerted pieces. He was in great demand as an entertainer. The same barber would laugh till he cried over the inane melodies of American vaudeville. The boy knew all the popular operas of Italy, and had a keen appreciation of true music. The incident measures precisely the condition with which Mr. Savage had to deal. Grand opera in New York amuses society, but does nothing for the elevation of the common taste in music. Here then is the aim of this resolute and daring manager, who intends to become an eminent factor in the history of American music.

The elements for the carrying out of his grand opera scheme lay close to his hand. It was not certain that audiences of music-lovers could be picked up in the larger cities of the country, though small operatic companies had succeeded, even a company modeled on the Italian plan. Trained voices had become more plentiful, and ambitious students could be found everywhere; there were also fine soloists with stage training to be had, excellent musicians for an orchestra, and even capable leaders. Organization was the one thing needed, and a leader, an executive, with knowledge of the situation, ability to direct it, faith in his own ultimate success. Two or three enterprises, in which much money had been spent, had come to grief, and their bleached skeletons lay on the operatic road. The Sav-

MARION IVELL AS CARMEN

age enterprise made a beginning, however, in Boston, with the now famous Castle Square company, and to the surprise of the managers continued for three seasons to hold the interest of music-lovers, changing the bill weekly, running summer and winter, increasing in skill and resource with each year. After this demonstration of power Mr. Savage invaded New York, engaged the American Theatre, and for nearly two years repeated on a larger scale the Boston success. The metropolis is considered a difficult town in which to begin an enterprise of this kind. Perhaps it is, though I am not of that opinion. Mr. James Morrissey some years ago used to give spring seasons of grand opera for ten weeks with good success, but he could never make the scheme pay on the road. Mr. Savage undertook to do four times as much on a far grander scale and succeeded to this extent, that even the sensitive patrons of opera in a foreign tongue found his work not only pleasant and entertaining, but of great educational value.

Eight years have passed since the work began, and the results are rather remarkable. His company has given over four thousand performances, and produced eighty-one operas. The manager's methods show originality. In New York, for example, he had one set of singers giving light opera, and the other grand opera. While the latter was instructing New York the former entertained Philadelphia or Washington; and then the two changed localities, grand opera to the lesser cities and light opera to the metropolis. With Chicago for the center, he did the same for Milwaukee and St. Louis. In the matters of scenery and costume not even the Metropolitan has surpassed him. His chorus is now made up entirely of Americans, pupils of our conservatories, and students from abroad, which in itself must have been a great help to the musical art. From this group



PIETRO GHERARDI. DON JOSÉ IN "CARMEN."

of singers the managers of the country are getting the best material for light and comic opera and musical comedy. Each year one or two new operas are added to the repertory, and in consequence the remoter cities may hear *La Boheme* and *Tosca* and *Othello* as early as the patrons of the Metropolitan. Finally, to sum up Mr. Savage's achievement in the phrase dearest to the American mind, his organization is the finest in the world. This

"CARMEN" ACT I

is mentioned because in England there exists a creditable English grand opera company numbering eighty-five people all told, with a limited repertory. The American organization consists of an orchestra of forty musicians, perhaps twenty soloists, and a chorus of fifty men and women. It may be said that the problem of English grand opera has been solved for the United States. The work has been done, and very well done. There remains only the matter of making it a feature of the dramatic season in all the great cities, and securing for it the same rank as opera in other tongues. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Savage that he has proved the first step a success.

The test of his musical organization is to be found in the presentation of the Wagner operas, *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser*, in Verdi's *Othello*, and in Gounod's *Faust;* with *Carmen* and *Tosca* and *La Boheme*, the more modern forms of opera, a fair company may do very well; with the lighter forms, such as *Il Trovatore* and *The Bohemian Girl*, an experienced company deals as Herr Conried's singers deal with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. It may be said without reflecting on the capacity of the Savage organization or its capable leader in Wagner opera, Mr. Elliott

Schenck, that Wagnerian opera is beyond its powers. The demands made upon singers by this music are so great as to require peculiar gifts of voice, and special training. I do not think the world has been particularly blessed by the tremendous voices which Wagnerian music has given us. The bellow is too often heard in the recitatives, the shriek of the sopranos is often distressing. Undoubtedly the impression of great power from such parts as *Amfortas* and *Kundry* and *Klingsor* and *Ortrud* and *Lohengrin* is deep and abiding; frequently it is little more than repulsive and incomprehensible. While Mr. Savage's singers give a faithful and beautiful rendering of the opera, they have neither the strength of voice nor the training to produce the Wagnerian idea; not much of a loss in my opinion, but then the critical standpoint must be kept in view.

In *Othello* Verdi made the change which proved his acceptance of the modern theories of grand opera music. He tried to graft the new on the old, and succeeded very well, the musical authorities tell us. At any rate, he has given us a fine music-drama, in which the abilities of Mr. Savage's singers find a satisfactory test. In the modern plan of opera the acting is supposed to be on a par with the singing, and the music must indicate the emotion of the actor. No longer are the feelings of the dramatis personæ expressed in melodies like the never-to-be-forgotten witcheries of *Il Trovatore*. All that has gone over to light opera, musical comedy, comic opera, and musical hodge-podge. The three singers who take the parts of Othello, Desdemona, and Iago are usually Mr. Sheehan, Miss Rennyson, and Mr. Goff, who are representative of what the company can do. Their acting and singing of the drama were far beyond what one expects, and every bit as good as the majority of opera stars give their audiences. Mr. Sheehan, as a tenor, is close to being the finest tenor of the time, and he is a very good actor. Mr. Goff's baritone is of fine quality, and Miss Rennyson's soprano delightful. Gounod's *Faust* is really old-fashioned opera, without a thought of drama other than the plot, with songs, and duos, trios, quartettes, and choruses introduced *ad libitum*. The company rendered it with a dash and swing not to be excelled, and the chorus made a perfect impression by its alertness, evenness, and good tune.

Carmen, in which Madame Calve made a reputation more as an actress than as a singer, is really a tuneful light opera of the better grade; one might really class it as a character opera, if such a thing existed. Musically there is nothing to it, but its power to attract an audience by its lively movement and fascinating melodies. The same may be said of Puccini's two operas, *Tosca* and *La Boheme,* whose themes are taken from Sardou's drama and Murger's popular novel. The themes of all three are anything but nice, and the moral conveyed is more obvious than a case of delirium tremens or two hours in a police court. They could very well be dispensed with even at the expense of their delightful music; but in opera it is not the plot or the theme that counts, only the music. However, if we are to have opera in the vernacular, it would be better for the cause of music and opera to keep away from the putridities of Paris. In the ancient and well-loved *Il Trovatore* the company sang like children at play, and brought tears to the reminiscent and smiles to the generation hearing the former Verdi for the first time.

It may be said in conclusion that there is no dramatic organization in the country which so satisfies the demands of the playgoer in all the niceties of a presenta-

tion; good leaders, capable orchestra, charming voices, strong chorus, fine costumes, beautiful scenery, and perfect stage management. A feature of the late Augustine Daly's training of actors was the graduating of his pupils into the leading dramatic companies. He provided many stars for other managers, and to have been with Daly's company is still a mark of honor and excellence. The same thing is happening to Mr. Savage. Josephine Ludwig, a St. Louis girl, who sang for him three years, now charms Paris at the Grand Opera; Yvonne de Treville holds a like distinction in St. Petersburg; several others are stars in comic opera at home. It is not easy at this moment to forecast the next development of the Savage scheme, but anyone can see that the topmost height is not too high for a nature like that of Henry Savage. He is hard to come at, and seems to spend the greater part of his life on railroad trains. They report that he is not yet forty, a graduate of Harvard, traveled and cultured, able to make much money out of musical novelties, and ready to spend it all on great ideas. What a genius! May he live to produce in English an opera on the Crusaders, or Joan of Arc, or Isabella of Spain. The noblest themes alone become this clever manager.

TWO GLORIES.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The broad snow-fields around lie angel-pure,
In placid whiteness; but the ice below,
Pellucid blue today, tomorrow's snow
May softly silver or rose-rays demure
Retouch divinely—never, never sure
Of its own fleeting color! Sinking slow
The sun inundates earth with scarlet glow
And lo, its tint is flame.—Yet all allure.

These strange reflective changes, born of light,
Charm us, poor natives of a changing earth;
Our souls repeat her vermeil and her grays,
Her fluctuant beauty, in its hourly flight—
And yet we yearn for our immortal birth,
Our changeless emerald of celestial days.

LADY ANNE FITZGERALD AND THE EMMET REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

The following unpublished letters may have interest at the hundredth anniversary of that strange little no-insurrection upon which they throw a serio-comic sidelight. The originals figure among the Hardwicke MSS. of the British Museum, a great collection just catalogued and thrown open to the public. Lady Anne Fitzgerald, the writer, aunt by marriage to Ireland's adored "Lord Edward" of the '98, was by birth a Fitzmaurice of Kerry and Lixnaw. She was the only girl born to William, second Earl of Kerry, and his wife, the Lady Gertrude Lambert, daughter of the Earl of Cavan. In 1764 she married Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, who died without issue in 1780. The Excellency addressed in the first letter is that good gentleman, the third Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Lieutenant, to the mildness and justice of whose administration in Dublin Emmet himself attributed, in part, the collapse of his plans on July 23rd, 1803. For that gentle administration temporarily drew away the eye, he thought, from the evil system of English rule in Ireland. The Lady Anne is agitated, and throws off syntax like a dust, as she goes.

I.

My Lord,

I hope your Excellency will pardon the Liberty of this Letter, But finding that some persons have thought proper to say that I am Aunt to the Unfortunate Lord Edward Fitz Gerald and think in Consequence that I would Harbour Mr. Robert Emmett and of Course Twice Searched my House and Garden Yesterday. Nothing certainly could be more Polite than the Yeoman were But your Excellency may Easily Conceive how dreadfully my Feelings must be Wounded at any Person suspecting that I who am all Loyalty could be capable of Harbouring any Traitors. No My Lord were he my Nearest and Dearest Relative and capable of such Conduct he should not find Shelter in my House. I beg Leave to mention to your Excellency that I am Sister to the present Earl of Kerry who had I believe the Honor of being known to Your Excellency and Widow of the Late Maurice Fitz Gerald Knight of Kerry both known to be Strictly Loyal Subjects.

My Servants informs me that some deal Sticks which I had for my Flowers were taken away Least they might be used as Pike Handles if they will look over my Garden they will find Hundreds of the same affixed to Different Flowers I mention this only for fear that your Excellency should hear that any Pike Handles were found From all that I can judge by the Conduct of my Servants they are realy sober and in every Respect well Conducted they all know my Sentiments of Loyalty but as in these Times there is no being certain of anything I should be very Happy if your Excellency should think it proper to order a Couple of Well conducted Soldiers to Guard my House for as an unprotected Old Woman I cant help feeling most Accutely that any Suspicion should fall on my House.

Permit me to Subscribe myself

Your Excellencys
Most Obedient
Very Humble Servt.
Anne Fitz Gerald

[Gloucester Street, July 29th 1803.]

Lord Hardwicke was a very busy man just then, as his alarmed correspondent discovered. The day on which the above letter was written and received was the day on which Parliament and the Royal Assent empowered him to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and to try seditious persons by martial law. Apparently he forgot to send over the couple of well-conducted soldiers, to Gloucester Street. Hence, the lady's second appeal, this time sent to her friend, Mr. Latouche, in an inimitable lyric strain, on the 31st of the same month. It is safe to assume that the Mr. Latouche addressed was the Rt. Hon.

David Latouche, who had voted honestly for the Legislative Union: his was one of the seven Yeas in the Irish Parliament which were not bribed.

II.

Gloucester Street July 31st 1803.

My Dear Sir

The many Ridiculous Stories that I hear has been propagated Respecting the Search made at my House on Thursday for Mr. Robt. Emmett and the not having had any Notice taken of the Letter I wrote to the Lord Lieutenant and sent by the Kt. has so wounded my feelings that I could no longer resist from Publickly avowing My Principles of Loyalty and making it known from whom I am descended for tho Certainly My Rank is not so high as some have since Thursday been pleased to Raise Yet as I have ever been Foolishly proud of being of the House of Lixnaw. I do not at present wish to forfeit my Tytle to it. The Search I thought nothing of because it is highly proper that every exertion should be made to find out so vile a Traitor but I own I think when that was twice indeed I may say thrice made in the most Minute Manner even to the Searching the Clock and that my Servants took their Oaths that no Man had been in my Carriage that day but that unluckily my Footman having had dreadful Sore Eyes and the Dust very great thought as it was only an Old Carriage the Coachmaker had Lent me yt he might shelter himself in it and drew up the side Blinds that he might not be seen as he knew how angry I should be if he went into it as it had once before happened with my own Carriage and I then declared if ever he did it again I would turn him off. What I suppose made them suspect anything of the kind was my having requested of Mrs. Spring on my Hearing that Mr. Holmes was taken up to take the Carriage and go to Mrs. Temple's Lodge in Dawson St and ask if they had heard anything of it. I know there can be no one whatsoever more Loyal than Mrs. Temple and her Late Husband paid Dearly for his Loyalty in America as he lost his fine Estate there and Govt. in consideration of it gave a small Pension to his widow and Daughters. I mention this to shew that I could not suppose there was any harm in my Carriage going there and as I had reason to think that Mr. Holmes reprobated the former Rebellion I could not help being shocked. I shall never deny the regard I ever had for Doctor Emmett I owe him my Life and I am convinced he Never knew till long after his son Tom was taken up that he had gone the Lengths he did he in the most Solemn Manner declared so to me and in truth Condemned it. I never saw Mr. Tom Emmet since he was Taken up nor Mr. Robt. since two days after the poor Doctors Death when I went to see his poor wretched Mother and surely I who can never forget my own sad loss must feel for any in a Similar Situation and perhaps with greater Agravations for alas her Sons instead as they might have been blessings have by their Conduct made themselves Incapable of being so & must assuredly bring shame to her my Servants do not even know Mr. Robert Emmet as they assure me. I am told it is reported that Alderman Carleton said I had told him that both Mr. Tom and Mr. Robt. Emmet had dined with me a few days before the Search at first I did not mind his saying so to my Servt as it might have been done to try to get them to own if they knew anything of him but I realy think that the Alderman should have taken care that that falsehood should not be propagated — No one even if my Rank was as high as they have chose to make it is above Sensure nor has age so blunted my feelings as to make me Careless because I know my Innocence of what is said this business has shattered me more than had it not Happened I am certain ten years added to my Life could have done. The Enclosed I had hoped would have been early enough at the Printers to have appeared in last nights Evening post but as it was not I have had these struck off May I request you will shew one of them to the Lord Lieut in hopes that this publick Avowal of my Principles (which will most assuredly make me a marked Victim to the Rebels) will convince his Excellency that both me and all my House are what we ought to be as I fear from not hearing from the Castle my Letter did not [reach] I have many apologies to make to you for this long scroll but I have had so many proofs of your friendship that I think you will pardon it and Compassionate my feelings which has actually deprived me almost of the power of holding my pen I shall hope to hear that Mrs. Latouches cold is better and beg that you will ever believe me to be

Dear Sir
Your much obliged
and most Sincere Friend
Anne Fitz Gerald.

I much fear you cant make out this but my agitation is so great I cant write to be read.

I beg leave to mention to you that the sticks I had for tyeing Holly Hocks and Lillys to have been reported to be Pike Handles.

The Mr. Holmes, whose arrest caused Lady Anne such a flutter, was that manly man, Robert Holmes, Robert Emmet's brother-in-law and most faithful

friend, afterwards a distinguished advocate; he lay in prison a year without trial, and being then dismissed, came home to find his brilliant wife, Mary Anne Emmet, dead. A legend, not authenticated, even says that she fell dead in his arms on his return. In either case, she met the premature and tragic fate which overwhelmed all the Emmets. Her husband lived on, a widower indeed, into his ninety-sixth year, dying in 1859. "Mr. Tom Emmet" is, of course, Thomas Addis Emmet, who bore his stainless part against the evils of the venal time, became a State prisoner at Fort George, and later, in his expatriated condition, a great ornament to the New York Bar, and the founder of a family beloved and revered by all Americans. "Mrs. Temple," herself, was an American: Harriet, daughter of Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts. She was then living in Dublin as the widow of Robert Temple of Boston, and Allentown, Co. Dublin, who was son of a senior Robert of Boston, and first cousin to Dr. Emmet. He was a thinking person, not at all blindly British in his colonial sympathies, and though, like many moderate men, he came to some grief in our Revolution, he survived to influence Dr. Emmet strongly towards what we now see to be the American idea. His younger daughter, Anna Western Temple, married her cousin, Temple Emmet, the Dr.'s remarkable and early-dying eldest son, of whom the great Grattan said: "Temple Emmet, before he came to the Bar, knew more law than any judge on the Bench." It is not uncharacteristic that Lady Anne should lay such unimaginative stress on the supposed conservatism of the Temples and of Dr. Emmet. The latter got his Republican trend originally straight from the Temple breed, through his mother, Rebecca, daughter of Thomas Temple; and the young Emmets out-ran all their contemporaneous Temple kinsfolk in their Irish passion for liberty and equal rights. The impression which Lady Anne seems to have received, or blamelessly conjured up, that Dr. Robert Emmet and Elizabeth Mason were dissatisfied with the children whose unhappy fortunes hurried them both to the grave, and were less than sympathetic towards their political convictions, is inaccurate. Everyone remembers Emmet's confident appeal for vindication to the spirit of his father and guide, in answer to Lord Norbury's aspersion of this sort at the trial. And there is extant a letter from Mrs. Emmet to her elder surviving son, in which, after dwelling on the comfort which her favorite Robert's presence gave her in those first days of her bereavement, she goes on to say: "Never parent has been more supremely blest than I am in the affections, the virtues, and the dispositions of my children." What a deal of condolence on matters domestic is wasted in this world! The mother so pitied by Lady Anne wrote at a time when she must have known in some degree that her boys were up to their ears either in unrepented or unconsummated "treason," and within less than a twelvemonth of "Mr. Tom's" final exile, his brother's execution, and her own proud heart-broken end. The printed broadside, now a great bibliographical rarity, is appended to Lady Anne's letter, and forms folio 69 of the Hardwicke MS. 35741. Some soulless setter of type tampered with the punctuation, if not with the composition, with the sad result that the individual tang of the inconsequent phrases, the aroma as of the Complete Mrs. Nickleby, has all but vanished.

LADY ANNE FITZGERALD.

Feels it a duty she owes to the Earl of Kerry, whose sister she has the honour to be, as well as the Family of her Husband, the late Maurice Fitz Gerald, Esq., Knight of Kerry, to declare that she would be incapable of suffering her house, carriage, or servants, to give protection or shelter to Mr. Robert Emmet, or any other traitor to his King and Country; so

far from it, she in the most solemn manner declares, that was her nearest relative capable of being a traitor, she would not be the person to shelter him: she had flattered herself that her principles and sentiments were too well known to have made any one suspect that any friendship to the deserving part of any family should make her suffer her house to be a shelter to the unworthy.

In justice to her servants, who have in the most solemn manner cleared themselves before Alderman Alexander, and are ready to do so again whenever required, she does hereby declare that as far as she can judge of them by their behaviour since they have been in her house, that they are sober, honest, well-conducted men, always at home and minding their business.

Lady Anne is induced to insert this character of them, of her household in general and of her own principles in particular, from the many curious and ridiculous stories that she hears has been circulated respecting the search made on Thursday last, at her house, by two parties of the Yeomanry, and to beg, that these Gentlemen will be assured that she feels herself very much obliged to them for their politeness to her, and that she is very sensible how much she and every loyal subject owes to their vigilance and exertions.

Gloucester Street
July 30, 1803.

The gentlefolk who had been neighbors and visitors of the Emmet household all seem to have successfully cleared their characters after the same fashion. The whole episode here detailed has no moral, unless it be that of "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." There was surely a part written for Lady Anne Fitzgerald in that wild, tearful, half-grotesque drama of 1803; the lovely lover, Sarah Curran, and the true peasant wench, Anne Devlin, were not meant to be the only women on the stage. Robert Emmet in his downfall owes nothing to the suspected owner of Dublin "Lillys and Holly Hocks"; he was neither aided nor avenged by those pike-handles which never grew in her scandalized garden. She, in turn, was not martyred for her strenuous support of the Government as she expected, but lived on and on in the deadly "unidea'd" day of King George the Third, which was eminently adapted to ladies of a quiescent turn of mind. She went her decent dreamless way, to her own satisfaction. "Me and all my house are what we ought to be," and thus will continue. Meanwhile her young kinsman, Lord Edward, and her young friend, "Mr. Robert," unaccountably go their ways also: go in a green cockade to ruin and immortality. Might it not be well, Ireland or no Ireland, to have one's name stand in some affectionate association with those quick-passing demigod creatures, radiant, selfless, of incomparable pensive charm? But oh, these worthy wooden prodigals who let slip their one romance, their one historic chance. Blessed be established conditions; and yet—*sua si bona norint!*

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE TURK IN EUROPE.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXV.

After the death of Anatolius, Gennadius, a good and pious bishop, governed the Church of Constantinople during a few years, and upon his death in A. D. 471, Acacius, a bishop of a very different character, occupied his place.

The Emperor Marcion died A. D. 457, and was succeeded by Zeno, the Isurian, who filled the throne until A. D. 491, with the exception of a brief period that Basiliscus tyrannized over Constantinople during the temporary abdication of Zeno and his flight into Isuria.

During that period, the dreadful effects of state interference in ecclesiastical affairs evidenced themselves. When the Christians were persecuted by the emperors, religion was preserved pure and vigorous; but when the emperors became the protectors of the Church and the union of Church and State was formed, most of the bishops became courtiers and by so doing, they had less trouble, less privation, less danger and more worldly influence and more worldly possessions. Courtiers regulated church affairs by the principles of human policy and the Church was constantly disturbed by the interference of the State. The ignorance of Leo, the vacillating tyranny of Basiliscus, and the officiousness of Zeno, threw everything into confusion. There was scarcely a See in the patriarchate of Constantinople whose bishop was not bribed, exiled or deposed by one or the other of the three rulers. Persecution for the difference of faith was formally introduced at this period.

Leo was a Catholic but very ignorant; Zeno cared nothing for religion, and plundered his subjects whilst the barbarians ravaged his provinces with impunity. He, having fled to avoid the rage of the people, Basiliscus, brother-in-law to Leo, usurped the throne; he wished to form a party of his own, and finding many Eutychians to whom he was attached, he condemned the Council of Chalcedon, and banished and deposed several bishops who refused to sign his act of condemnation. Upon the return of Zeno, he was sent by him into Cappadocia, where he and his wife and children were immured in a castle and left to starve to death. Zeno undid all that Basiliscus had done and deposed those whom he had favored. At this time, the Catholics and the Eutychians came into violent opposition. To try to reconcile both parties Acacius advised the emperor to publish an edict in which the exposition of the Catholic faith concerning the incarnation was accurately given; but, to gratify the Eutychians, no mention was made of the Council of Chalcedon or of the decrees. This was called the Edict of Union. The Eutychians refused to embrace its doctrines, and the Catholics refused to treat a General Council of the Church with disrespect. The emperor then, on the advice of Acacius, determined to punish both by banishing most of the bishops of the empire and by enacting cruel laws against both sides. This is the first instance we have on record of monarchs regulating the doctrines of religion.

Pope St. Leo died A. D. 461, and was succeeded by St. Hilary, who died in 470. His successor was St. Simplicius, who died in 483 and was succeeded by Felix III. This Pope sent three legates, Vitalis

and Misenus, bishops,—and Felix, to Constantinople to remonstrate against this persecution, to have the edict countermanded, and to prevail upon the emperor to withdraw his support from Peter Maggus, the unprincipled patriarch of Alexandria. Acacius had so completely captured the weak-kneed emperor that he had the legates thrown into prison, and finally succeeded in bringing the two bishops into communion with Peter Maggus. The Pope assembled a Council at Rome, deposed his legates and excommunicated Acacius, who in turn excommunicated the Pope. This was the beginning of the second schism of Constantinople.

Acacius died in 488, and was succeeded by Flavita, who not only was a schismatic, but also a heretic. These poor unfortunate people were now divided into three parties, —Catholics, Eutychians, and a third party called the doubtful—all irreconcilable. Flavita was soon succeeded by Euphemius, who held the Catholic faith and received the Council of Chalcedon. He found the people in a lamentable condition, torn by schism and heresy. Acacius had, in revenge, deposed most of the orthodox bishops, and Flavita was anxious to fill their places with Eutychians, so that the faith was entirely lost in many of the churches. Euphemius wrote Pope Gelasius, the successor of Felix, who died in 492, that he condemned Dioscorus and received the Council of Chalcedon, praying to be received into communion. Gelasius required the name of Acacius to be taken out of the dyptics of the church of Constantinople and that of Felix to be inserted. Euphemius refused to obey the first part, but willingly offered to comply with the second part of the requisition. Gelasius therefore refused to compromise, and the schism continued. Meantime Zeno was succeeded in the empire by Anastatius I., who at first punished all the parties, but subsequently attached himself to the Eutychians, deposed and banished Euphemius, and had Macedonius substituted for him. The schism continued under Macedonius though his faith was orthodox. Anastatius soon found an excuse to depose and banish Macedonius and also Flavian of Antioch and Elias of Jerusalem. St. Sabas, the abbot, and other holy men, remonstrated with the emperor, who desisted from his persecution for a short time. Another profession of faith and petition was sent to Pope Symmachus by most of the churches, stating that they thought it hard to be punished for the sins of Acacius. The Pope answered that the profession was orthodox, but that they should acknowledge also the propriety of the condemnation of him whose crime they all admitted.

Meantime, Vitalian, a Scythian, raising a large body of troops under pretense of defending Catholic faith, over-ran Scythia and Mysia, penetrated through Thrace, and laid siege to Constantinople. The emperor promised to reunite himself to Rome, and the army withdrew. He applied to Pope Hormisdas, who required the same conditions as his predecessors had. The emperor refused, but many of the bishops and monasteries acceded and were reconciled. St. Sabas and a number of other holy men again appealed to the emperor and he appeared to relent, but still delayed. He died in the year 518, and was succeeded by Justinus I., through whose intervention in the year 519 the names of Acacius and Flavita, Euphemius and Macedonius, were stricken from the dyptics of the church, the Council of Chalcedon restored, and an end put to the schism.

III.

After the reconciliation with Rome in 519, there was a period of calm in the Church of Constantinople. The emperor, Justin I., dying in 527, was succeeded by Justinian I., his nephew, whose wife

Theodora was a Eutychian. The emperor had a religious turn of mind and a great inclination for legislation; a union of which qualities in a person possessed of his authority might have made him an ornament of the Church. He was, at the commencement of his reign, a Roman Catholic, and not only religious, but austere and mortified. He devoted very little time to the luxuries of the table, and very little to sleep. He frequently fasted upon one meal a day made up of wild herbs and vegetables. He prepared himself for his future innovations by the study of theology and canon law. He is the first prince we find usurping this power; but his first edicts had more the appearance of civil than of ecclesiastical legislation, on which account the usurpation did not require strenuous opposition: besides, the subject of the edicts was evidently good and timely. He also published a profession of faith which contained the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and on this account was pretty well received. He manifested great zeal for the conversion of heretics and infidels, and brought many to the external profession of the faith, though most historians agree that he made more hypocrites than converts, and indeed, the means which he used, viz., rewards and punishments, were better calculated to produce hypocrisy than conviction. Some writers even say that he had an interest in these persecutions, for it is stated that he put into his private purse the proceeds of the wholesale confiscation to which he subjected the obstinate.

At Alexandria in Egypt the Eutychians caused great trouble and even schism among the faithful. The emperor called a conference of the Catholic and schismatical bishops, in his palace, which resulted in a disagreement. Justinian drew up another formula of faith and sent it to Pope John I., requesting him, as the head of all the bishops, to confirm it. This form contained a clear exposition of the true faith, and was approved by the Pope A.D. 529, and subscribed by most of the oriental bishops. Justinian was desirous of revising the laws of the empire, and putting them into a better form, and for that purpose employed some of the ablest lawyers and scholars of his time.

In 529 he published the code called after himself, as being the book which contained the select constitutions of the preceding emperor's and his own, which he wished to preserve in force; and in 534 a more correct and improved selection was published. About the same time the best decisions of the lawyers upon cases under those constitutions were published under the title of Digests or Pandects, and these were immediately followed by four books of Institutes or introduction to the study of this law and these decisions.

There was an appendix called Novellae, which principally consisted of ecclesiastical laws, compiled in like manner, and of several laws of his own. The entire work forms what is called the Civil or Justinian Code. Many of the ecclesiastical regulations were never received by the Church and several that were received were subsequently repealed by contrary usage, by disuse, or by the enactments of canons which are inconsistent with the statutes of the Novellae. Such laws as were in force at any time received their authority not from the enactment of Justinian, but from the acceptation of the Church. One of the principal topics in this appendix regarded the appointment of bishops. Some of the Eastern churches received the discipline there laid down, but very few in the West acted on it.

The discipline of the Western Church was founded principally upon the canons of the apostles. The canons of the Councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus and Calcedon, which were general, and of the

provincial councils of Ancyra, the capital of Galatia, in Asia Minor, held in 314; Granges the capital of Paphlagonia, held in 470; Neo-Cesarea in Cappadocia, held in 315; three councils of Antioch in Syria, in 265, 359 and 452; Laodicea, in Phrygia, and some others found in the collection of Dionysius the Little, a learned priest of Rome, who published in 520 the first collection of canon law, to which he afterwards added the Decretals of the Popes Siricius, Innocent I., Zozimus, Boniface I., Celestine I., Leo the Great, Gelasius I., and Athanasius II. This same Dionysius was a great astronomer who renewed the computation of the cycle, that of St. Cyril having expired, and substituted the Christian era for that of the consulates.

It is well to bear in mind the attitude of Justinian on certain important matters, when considering the Novellae. We have noticed that he compelled people to profess a faith to which they were not attached. This produced bad results, amongst which was one that proved serious. One Tribonian, a heathen, who pretended to be a Christian, was questor, which office is about the same as judge in equity. This man, who was one of the best lawyers of the age, was by no means as upright as he was learned. Procopius and Suidas accuse him of having been corrupt and venal. He was one of the chief compilers of the Pandects and editors of the Novellae, and in them he frequently evidences how little he was influenced by the principles of that religion which his interest obliged him to profess against his conviction.

We have stated that the Empress Theodora was a Eutychian. But, like all heresies, the Eutychian was now divided into several minor sects. The principal one was called the Acephalists, and to this sect the empress attached herself. Upon the death of Epiphanius, the patriarch, in 535, she managed to have Anthimus, who was a member of this sect, raised to the See of Constantinople.

St. Agapetus, who had succeeded John II. in the See of Rome, was consecrated on the 4th day of May, 535, and at the request of Theodotus, king of the Goths in Italy, went to Constantinople for the purpose of persuading Justinian from sending an expedition against Italy. In this he failed; but the Catholics of the Imperial City accused the patriarch of heresy. Agapetus refused to receive Anthimus into communion unless he subscribed to the decrees of the Council of Calcedon. The emperor and empress used their influence in vain with the Pope. Anthimus returned to his former See, and the Pope consecrated Mennas patriarch of the Imperial City. This created for the Pope the enmity of the empress and her adherents.

Upon the death of St. Agapetus at Constantinople, on April 18th, 536, Silverius was consecrated Pope on the 8th of June, 536. Beulisarius, the commander-in-chief of the army, having made himself master of Sicily in 536, took Naples, and, marching towards Rome, that city at the request of Pope Silverius was delivered up to him. The empress looking upon this as a good opportunity to promote her views wrote to the Pope requesting him either to acknowledge Anthimus Bishop of Constantinople or to proceed to that city and examine his cause. He wrote back that he could not grant her request as he could not betray the cause of the Catholic faith, which had been placed in his hands.

At this time Vigilius, one of the archdeacons of the Roman Church, who had accompanied the late Pope, was still at Constantinople. The empress promised to have him made Pope, as Rome was now in her power, and to bestow on him a large

sum of money provided he would condemn the council of Calcedon and restore Anthimus to communion, who was to be reinstated in Constantinople, and Severus and Theodocius the Eutychian, patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria. The conditions were acceded to, and Vigilius set off for Rome with a letter to Belisarius, commanding him to banish Silverius and have Vigilius placed in his stead. The Church of Constantinople had long felt the evils of a connection with the state; and the sad historic review which we have been making shows but too evidently the terrible effects of this unnatural and demoralizing union.

Belisarius showed great reluctance to execute this commission, but his wife Antonina, who was a favorite of the empress, had a great ascendency over him, and prevailed. "The empress commands me," said the general, "I must obey. He who seeks the ruin of Silverius, and not I, shall answer for it at the last day." The Pope was accused of having held a treasonable correspondence with Vitiges, the Goth, who was raised to the throne in place of Theodotus, who was deposed. To prove this, a letter was produced as from the Pope, inviting Vitiges to attack the city and he would open the gates. It was proved that this letter was forged by Marcus, a lawyer, and Julianus, a military man, who had been suborned by the empress' friends. Belisarius entreated the Pope to comply with the request of his mistress and not place him under the necessity of what he claimed to be his duty. The Pope declared that he could not be false to his trust and that the power of rulers could not justify him before God. He then took refuge in the Church of St. Sabina. The general contrived to get him out of the church and had him privately removed; and Vigilius was consecrated on the 22nd of November, 537, it being published that Silverius had voluntarily resigned. The good Pope was removed to Palmaria in Lycia, the bishop of which place treated him with the kindness due to the Father of the Faithful, and obtained from the emperor an order for his restoration unless he could be proved guilty of high treason. He was detained, however, on this little island, where he died of ill-treatment or, according to some historians, by the hand of the assassin on the twentieth of June, 538.

Vigilius repented of his crime and became the successor of Silverius, so that the designs of Theodora were frustrated. Justinian, however, could not refrain from interfering in the affairs of the Church. He had a Council called under Mennas, in which laws were passed against the Nestorians and several sects of the Eutychians; and the emperor persecuted all who would not receive these laws. Some of these sects now took up the strange doctrines of Origen; and an application was made to the emperor, who neglected the government of the empire to get entangled in these subtle theological disputes. He drew up a new edict in which he divided the errors of Origen into classes, ranged them under six heads, and condemned them. He sent a copy of this to Mennas requiring him to have the bishops of his patriarchate and their abbots, subscribe thereto, and he informed him that he had sent a copy to Pope Vigilius and the other patriarchs for the same purpose. The edict contained no error, and was received and subscribed. While his majesty was thus employed, Chosroes, king of Persia, was ravaging his eastern territories with impunity. Nor could the daily accounts of successive disasters withdraw him from his ecclesiastical legislation.

Amongst the insincere subscribers to the edict which condemned the errors of Origen one of the principals was Theo-

dore Ascidas. This man contrived to obtain the bishopric of Cesarea in Cappadocia, and became the centre of the new Eutychian heresy. He was a man of consummate artifice and unsurpassed hypocrisy. Being on good terms with Justinian and favored by Theodora, he devised a mode, as he thought, of destroying the authority of the Council of Calcedon. He told the emperor that if instead of publishing edicts against the Acephalists and other Eutychians, he would only have the Nestorians fully put down, all the Eutychians would join the Church. Justinian wanted but an opportunity to begin the new work. He published his edict, condemning the three chapters, as these writings were called, in 546. This created great disunion of the Church.

HOW SUCCESS CAME TO PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

BY BELLE CASE HARRINGTON.

Poverty and the drawbacks of race prejudice combined with the usual discouragements of literary beginners to make Paul Lawrence Dunbar's pathway to success a little more rugged and forbidding than that of most young authors. But success came, nevertheless, and came as the result of quiet, dogged persistence in following the vision which beckoned him forward.

It is not strange that people laughed at the idea of a penniless colored boy aspiring to the dignity of authorship. The bright young fellow had many friends in his own city, Columbus, Ohio, but none of them thought seriously of the verses he was continually writing in his yellow-covered memorandum books, and supposed he would, after a little, give it up and settle down as a hotel porter or something of the kind. The high-spirited boy had higher ideals than this. He persisted in his desire for an education, and succeeded in finishing the high school course at Columbus, graduating with honor.

Long before he was through school his teachers began to notice unusual ability, and this colored boy, the son of ex-slaves, who could neither read nor write, began to be recognized as a lad of promise. It was in school that he scored his first modest literary success. The boys and girls were required to present one declamation each term. Young Dunbar, failing to find anything that suited him, wrote one for himself. The other pupils were loud in their praises of his "piece." Finally he was flattered into admitting that he wrote it himself, whereupon their admiration began to wane, and with characteristic human fickleness they concluded that it "wasn't much of a piece after all."

His mother was the boy's best friend and confidant. She shared in his ambition, and, with the true darkey ear for melody, she proved an excellent critic for his verse. When the embryo poet would read to her his compositions, her "Dar, dat sounds good," or "No, dey's sumpin' wrong wid dat, Paul," proved an almost unfailing guide.

The admiration of a few friends and an occasional acceptance by the newspapers did not warrant the taking up of literature as a profession. After graduation, a position as elevator boy was the best thing that offered. Taking his books with him, he worked, and studied, and wrote. When friends tried to reason with

him, telling him that he would never succeed in literature, and that he would better take up some trade, he answered almost fiercely, "I tell you I will succeed."

It was at this period that Dr. H. A. Tobey, manager of the Columbus Hospital, became interested in the boy, and gave him the first real help he had ever received. The stray scraps of verse were gathered together, and a little volume of poems, "Oak and Ivy," published. The attention that this received was only local —so little is one book noticed in the great flood which every month deluges humanity. The publication of his work gave the young man greater confidence, and two years later "Majors and Minors" came out through the assistance of the same friend. By this time, papers outside the state began to give an occasional notice of his work, and in a year it seemed best to incorporate the latter book into the new volume "Lyrics of Lowly Life."

Dr. Tobey was now located in Toledo, Ohio, and made it a point to introduce the young author to his friends. He suggested that Mr. Dunbar go out among these friends and try to sell his book. This the young man attempted to do, but at the end of the first day he returned, the picture of abject despair. "Oh, Mr. Tobey, I can't do that. I don't want to seem ungrateful, but I can't go peddling my book around as if it were a package of stove polish," and the poor fellow fairly quivered at the remembrance of the ordeal. Dr. Tobey told him to try just once more, James A. Herne, the playwright and actor, was in the city; he would be interested in the book. The young man mustered up sufficient courage to do as his friend advised, and it proved to be the turning point in his career. Mr. Herne was out when he called, but a few days later Mr. Dunbar received an enthusiastic note from him, praising the book, and saying that he had sent it to his friend, W. D. Howells.

A few weeks later Mr. Howells gave a full page review of the book in Harper's Weekly. Other reviewers began to speak with favor, and Dame Fortune, who smiles quite as often upon dogged determination as upon genius, smiled now upon the combination of both, and the obscure colored boy became Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the Poet. Ere long he was summoned to New York to give a reading before a select company of literary people at the Lyceum Theatre. He was received most cordially and was soon invited to other Eastern cities on a similar errand. Possessing the full rich voice characteristic of his race, and having a natural love for oratory, his readings were a pleasure both to himself and to his auditors. Although in ordinary conversation he speaks the purest English without a trace of the Negro accent, he can, at will, reproduce the tones and manner of the gay young Negro coquette, or the quavering voice of the old colored deacon as he utters his lament. His interpretation of his own writings no doubt did much toward increasing their popularity.

During the intoxication of his first success his benefactor began to fear the effect upon his protege. Calling the young man into his private study he talked with him seriously, telling him that this was the crucial test of his real worth. Many who could endure poverty and disappointment were not great enough to bear success. The young man was too deeply affected to reply, but the next morning he handed his friend the poem, "The Crisis." A part of it quoted here shows something of the character of the writer:—

"A man of low degree was sore oppressed,
Fate held him under iron-handed sway,
And ever those who saw him thus distressed
Would bid him bend his stubborn will and pray,
But he, strong in himself, and obdurate,
Waged, prayerless, on his losing fight with Fate.

* * * * * *

"Then he prevailed; and forthwith snobbish Fate,
Like some whipped cur, came fawning at his feet;
Those who had scorned forgave and called him great,
His friends found out that friendship still was sweet.
But he, once obdurate, now bowed his head
In prayer, and trembling with its import said:

'Mere human strength may stand ill-fortune's frown;
So I prevailed, for human strength was mine;
But from the killing power of great renown
Naught can protect us save a strength divine.
Help me, O Lord, in this my trembling cause;
I scorn men's curses, but I dread applause.' "

The ensuing years were full of new experiences and new successes. A trip to Europe occupied the summer of '96. After his return, Mr. Dunbar obtained a position in the Congressional Library at Washington. Shortly after this he married a cultured and attractive lady of his own race. Previous to her marriage, Mrs. Dunbar was a teacher in the public schools of Brooklyn. Like her husband, she is a writer of stories and verse.

Of late Mr. Dunbar has written in prose as well as verse. Whichever vehicle he chooses, it is when he falls into Negro dialect and gives the comedy and tragedy in the lives of the people of his own race that he appears at his best. While he does not, perhaps, strike a deep note, it is, nevertheless, a true one, and he has accomplished much as an interpreter of the Negro.

The author is often asked how his own people receive his work. He tells us that when he began his public readings he was frequently compelled to explain that he was not holding the Negro up to ridicule, but was honestly trying to depict Negro character as he saw it, and to preserve in the form of literature those customs and characteristics distinctly Ethiopian, which are so rapidly passing away. Now his people are beginning to understand him better and to appreciate his work.

No one who knows the Negro poet could accuse him of disloyalty to his race. The warm friendship of some of our most noted literary workers and the applause of some of our most cultured people seem not to have spoiled him in the least nor to have made him feel one whit above his brothers. His association is almost entirely with the people of his own race. He shares with them the inconveniences and annoyances arising from the feeling of race superiority, and when occasion demands it his voice is lifted with no uncertain sound, in protest against the wrongs done his people.

Three years ago Mr. Dunbar resigned his position at Washington, in order to devote his entire time to literary work. "The Strength of Gideon," "The Love of Landry," "At Candle Lightin' Time," "The Fanatics," "Lyrics of Love and Laughter," and "In Old Plantation Days," as well as his numerous contributions to the magazines, give proof of his industry.

Mr. Dunbar shares his home in Washington with his aged mother, who learned to read that she might enjoy her son's work.

The author is not much past thirty, and no doubt the coming years will add much to his fame and usefulness.

EARTH'S TRIBUTE TO ST. AGNES.

BY T. S., C.SS.R.

Hath earth no offering to make to thee
St. Agnes! now that angel choirs unite
With saints in bliss, to chaunt sweet melody
In praise to God, the Source of all thy might?

That might displayed of old in Pagan Rome
Where, witness to the Faith, thy blood was shed;
Whilst, freed from prison, to its heavenly home
Thy soul refulgent with its virtues sped.

New grandeurs such as eye hath never seen,
New music such as ear hath never heard,
New joys unknown to man's soul long have been
Thy portion, Chaste Bride of th' Eternal Word!

How well do these content thy virgin heart!
How well a moment's anguish they repay!
Thy Bridegroom's pure caresses, too, impart
Still newer pleasures to thy soul each day.

Ten thousand virgins, who triumphant bear
The martyr's palm before the Lamb's White Throne,
Rejoicing in thy happiness to share,
Glad hymns of gratitude with thee intone.

Nuns chaste and humble, who in peaceful cells,
Earth's wealth and joy for love of Christ despised,
Congratulate thee, in the realm where dwells
The only treasure that their hearts e'er prized.

Monks poor and patient, who forever trod
The path of counsels: zealous priests whose care
Oft rescued sinners as their gifts for God;
Extol His bounty for the crowns they wear.

Majestic Pontiffs who thy praises spoke
To crowds that eagerly had thronged to hear,
And love of virtue in those hearts awoke,
With radiant splendour midst that pomp appear.

There children, hurried from life's dreary stage
Ere sin had scorched them by its blasting breath,
Bless God in myriads for His foresight sage
Which made them happy by an early death.

Hear what a harmony by these is made!
Must man, o'ercome, to saints and angels bend?
Oh! never! Bravely be our might displayed;
In truth, our honours may with theirs contend.

Yea: far surpass them; for, our Jesus Whose
Most precious life-blood on the Cross was poured,
That self-same sacrifice each day renews
By earth's and heaven's revering love adored.

He gives His Father what the angels try
In vain to give Him; or the saints inflamed
With love; or Mary from her throne on high;—
The worthy homage by His greatness claimed.

He thanks His Father with a voice replete
With sweetness; rising loud o'er Heaven's best choirs;
Love wastes our Victim, whose consuming heat
Exceeds the ardor of seraphic fires.

His Blood is pleading for our pardon while
We deeply sorrow o'er repeated guilt,
Yet filled with confidence tho' sinners vile
Who pierced the side through which that Blood was spilt.

Yea more; how verily we stand in need
Of grace to soothe us midst our daily pain
He knows; and fervently His bright wounds plead,
And quickly favors that He asks obtain.

Deep, love-inspiring, Mystery Divine!
Thank-offering which men alone may make;
This power bestowed on us, Dear Lord, is Thine;
Thyself, in payment for Thy merits, take.

'Tis thus we thank Thee for the courage bold
That strengthened Agnes in her strife of blood;
Thus too, we praise Thee for the joys untold
That now abundantly her pure soul flood.

Oh! see, Blest Martyr! how we honor here
Thy God and ours; behold the angel hosts,
Who gazing jealous on this scene, draw near;
For, not e'en Heaven so grand a worship boasts.

Upon thy feast day with its stores of grace
This welcome sacrifice of praise ascends;
Aye, in it, daily doth thy name find place,
Which justly honored, with its music blends.

Oh! well earth's homage with its fourfold aim,
Its strains melodious and pervading love,
Our exile comforting, may proudly claim
To rival honors given in courts above.

Photograph by Magrini. THE OLD TOWER AT VIAREGGIO.

A LAND OF PERPETUAL SPRING: THE RIVIERA.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

Some years ago an English resident of Mentone, who had lived there for long, collected its folk-lore into an interesting little volume. The legend that accounts for local richness in the fruits of the earth is quaint and pretty, and runs somewhat as follows: Just as Mother Eve was being expelled from Paradise she caught up some oranges that had ripened in the Garden of Eden, vowing that when she could find anywhere on this earth a place to compare with that which she was leaving she would sow the seeds of the good fruit she carried away with her. But she and Father Adam wandered for long years, and with the memory of their morning-world strong upon them were discontented alike with plain and mountain, land and sea. At last when they had journeyed to a very distant part of the globe—had in fact reached Mentone—Eve said that they now looked upon a land worthy to be dowered with those seeds from the first garden, and she set them in the ground, commanding them to grow into trees which should bear ripe fruit even in the depth of winter. Now, Mentone is one of the few places in Europe where oranges and lemons ripen the whole year round. A Mentonnais cultivateur would scornfully request a sceptic, if this fact be not admitted as proof positive of the authenticity of the legend, to "find a better proof yourself." The Riviera, whether the French or the Italian part of it, is truly marvelous in its abundance of winter fruit and flowers.

A correspondent on the Italian Riviera wrote, last winter: "The very first 'grey day,' with a feeling of winter in the air,

Photograph by Noack. SAN SRUTTUOSO, ON THE RIVIERA.

came to us on the 18th of December. We had rejoiced in what the French call, the 'Little Summer of St. Martin,' from early November onwards. Until Christmas, we had ripe, green figs almost daily at table. One day, I was shown a half-basketful of mirabelle plums that a woman told me 'a tree had taken it into its head to ripen now.' A glorious, white magnolia-blossom faded below my window, *only* in mid-December, and the cones on the same tree burst, and displayed their coral-red seeds; a *datura tatula* had four or five dozen splendid, pendant, white flowers at the same date; and we had literally, roses by the thousand! Our garden boasted a pear-tree in full bloom just before Christmas (in a sunless corner, too!); but the lovely, white bouquet was not due to the mildness of the season. This particular tree has flowered every winter, or autumn, and every spring, for fifteen years. It is, however, more generous with its flowers than its fruit, the pears generally dropping off before they are quite ripe.

"San Remo was 'sun be-shone,' on New Year's Day, from the rising to the setting of the orb. There were a few coldish days between Christmas Day and the New Year. After the 'good beginning,' the cold came again, followed by 'muggy,' *scirocco* weather; which, in its turn, gave place to a real 'cold snap,'—yet, delicate Banksia roses blossomed; and three almond trees were in flower near Ospedaletti—Ligure,—the warmest place of all on the northern shores of the Mediterranean, if we are to believe Dr. Kérel, once the physician to the Imperial Court of Russia.

"Now, at the end of January, little children are already selling wild violets, and polyanthus narcissii, along the Cornice Road."

These true "Spring blossoms" are, here, of a sturdy growth. They reach their perfect loveliness, and in this are different

BAY OF SAN TERENZO.

Shelley, the poet, lived on this bay, and set out from it for the sail that proved his last.

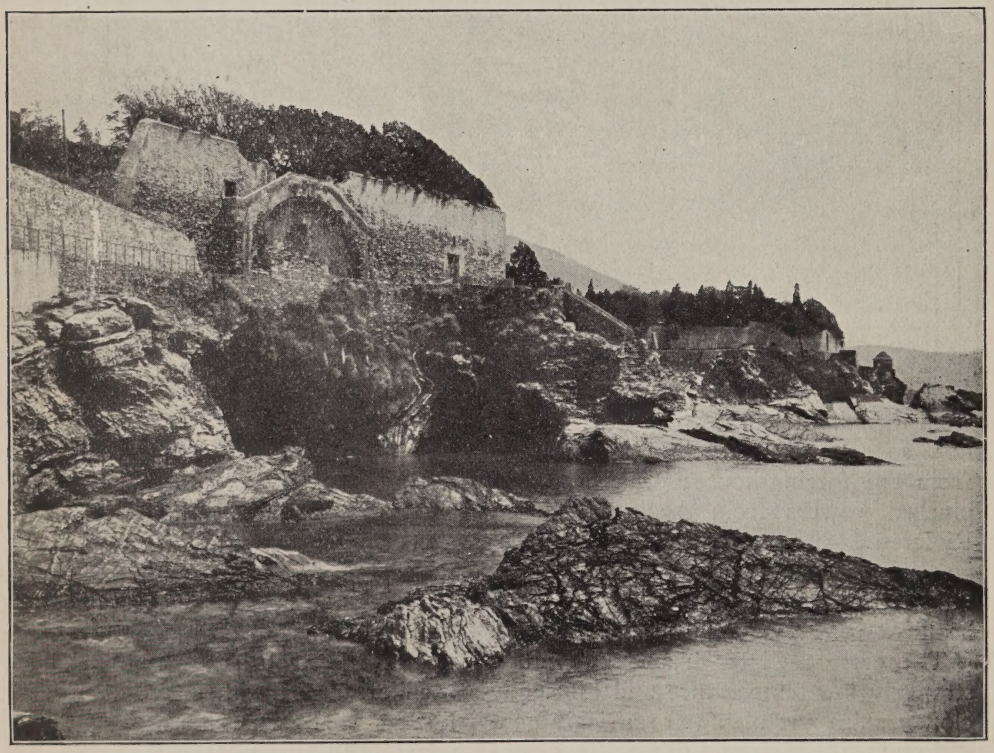
from their kith and kin of northern rearing, so often sickly, attenuated blooms from the forcing-house; or poor, frost-pinched flowers from the open border. Rivieran blossoms, to use the phrase of an enthusiastic amateur gardener, are "happy-looking," that is, well grown and healthy.

The present winter has begun with a strangely low temperature and unusually cloudy skies, yet plants are lavishly generous to those who grow them. Two sunny days covered a heliotrope hedge with fragrant flowers and a salvia bush with flaming scarlet points. A neighbor apologized for her gift as " a commonplace bouquet from a neglected garden," but the bouquet so described was a great, scented trophy of roses and carnations, which seemed to bring summer into a December morning. The wild garden of the hills and olive-yards yields Star of Bethlehem, heather, myrtle, waxen-blossomed and many-colored berries, arbutus, bluebells, grape-hyacinths, sulphur yellow honey-flower, crimson valerian, campanulae (of lovely and various kinds), many sorts of stone-crop and in the rare, damp spots, mosses, ferns, and primroses. In the damp, too, the handsome hellebore flourishes. In some hellebore plants the flowers are wholly green. In the finer kind the green bells are red-lipped. The Mediterranean heath puts forth its white flowers in February. By the way, the name heath, that is broyere, has been corrupted into briar. Briar-root pipes are carved from the shrubs with the stout boles which are one of the kinds of wild heather of the Riviera.

There is a delightful excursion to be made from San Remo, by Taggia,—of the famous bridge, and where Ruffini, the author of "Dr. Antonio," was born,—through Badalucco to Triora, a townlet built in the shape of a cap for a conical hill. The road runs by the river Argentina, and passes Montalto, another most picturesque

hill-crowning old town, and along the borders of the road, or on the near hillsides, all the various wild-flowers mentioned above may be found, with many more, unnamed, at different dates in winter and spring. They form a contrast to the sub-tropical growths down by the shore, cacti, aloes, oranges, lemons, figs, etc. The grey-green olives grow to the very foot of the steep hill on which Triora stands. Cypresses, looking positively black against the soft foliage of the olives, stand like lonely sentinels, or in lines, or are grouped, wherever there is an old church, an ornamental terrace, or a graveyard.

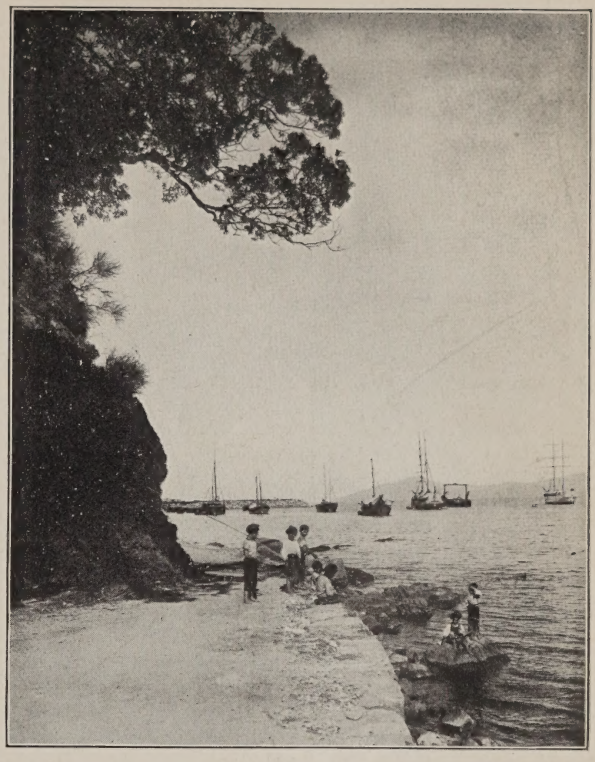
The air grows sharper with every ascending mile of the Argentina valley. Chestnuts which do not live on the warm seaboard are soon passed on the road, and there are rocks with "dropping wells" that are curtained in tender maidenhair ferns. The steep hills are terraced to their summits by the industrious peasants. Little enclosures are made for growing vegetables, almost in the river-bed wherever the valley widens. Once in three, or four, or five years these poor plots are swept away wholly by the freshet, but hard work makes "the good years pay for the bad." And, all the same, dull folk call Italians "lazy." Many things make the traveler here realize that climate depends on various conditions besides latitude.



A SEA WALK BY THE MEDITERRANEAN.

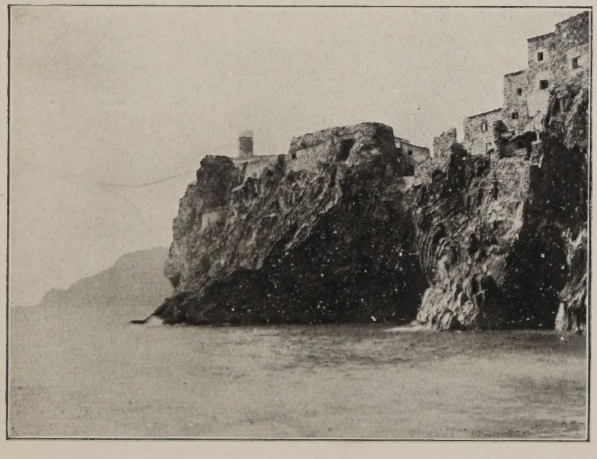
There is a hill-village called Ceriana, about three hours' walk from Ospedaletti, a place where the temperature is two degrees warmer than at Mentone, falsely reputed the mildest place on the Riviera; a place also where "winds blow not," like the valley of Avalon, and yet at this

neighboring Ceriana, the vegetation is actually of the north! Grapes grow there, to be sure, but they ripen so late that they hang on their vines long after strangers, "the swallows of the Riviera" as they are named, have taken up their abode on the *Cornice*.



A RIVIERAN HAVEN.

There lately came to an end a curious practice, at this place, Ceriana. Once every fifteen years, from time immemorial, the village went in procession to the Madonna di Villa, a solitary church on a hill-top about four steep miles away. Some thirty of the parishioners would volunteer to go as "penitents" clad as to their shoulders in one thin and clinging garment, and carrying a spike-studded, short flail with which they struck their own ill-protected shoulders. The parish clergy walked in the procession. Lanterns lit the way, for the ceremony took place at night. The boys of Ceriana made trumpets of bark and blew them, with more or less discordant result. The inhabitants in general followed singing litanies, or reciting the rosary. And when the flagellation of the humble penitents was successfully accomplished it was sometimes necessary for them to take to their beds for five or six weeks' careful nursing. The local authorities have now stepped in and forbidden this particular form of asceticism. The return of the penitents, torn and bleeding from their own scourges, was a ghastly sight. Many persons now under fifty years of age can tell from their own recollection, of the latest of these Ceriana processions. The only remaining relic of the custom is the bark horns with which the Ceriana children still make much noise.



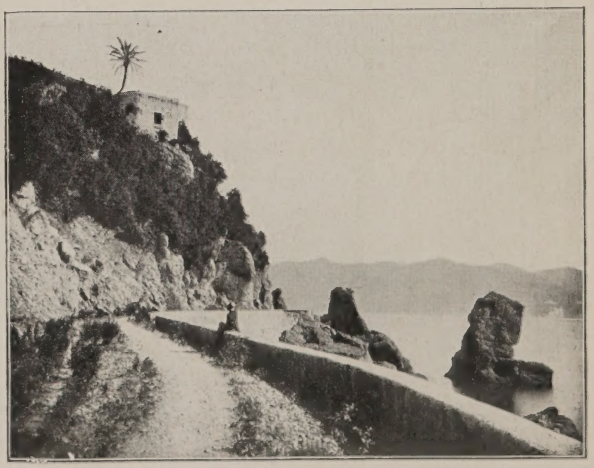
A RUINED FORTRESS AND VILLAGE ON THE RIVIERA.

Between Ceriana and the sea stand the ruins of Bussana Vecchia. Only one or two houses

A QUIET HAVEN ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

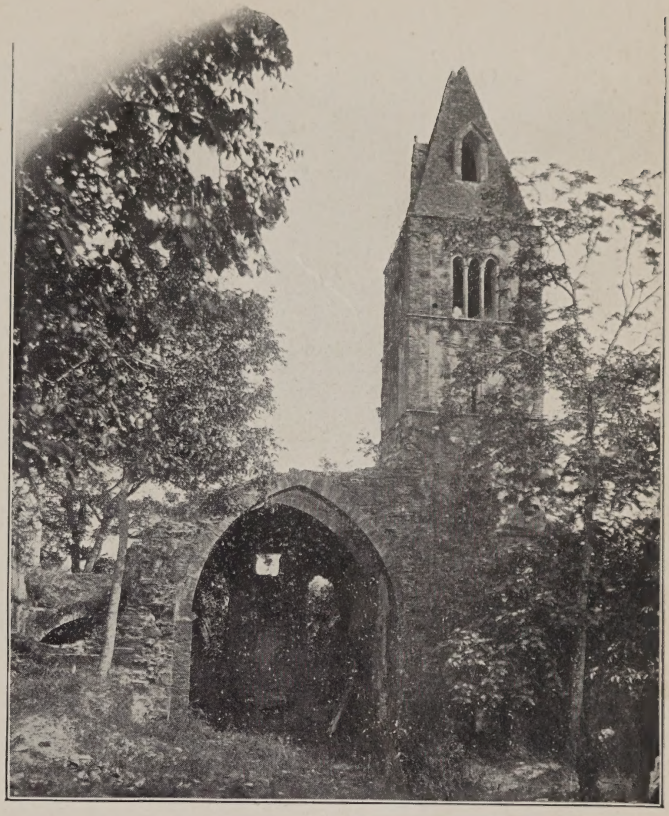
on the outskirts remain habitable, since the earthquake of 1887, but a community of nuns, expelled from France, have taken up their abode among the tottering walls. The old town stood on the heights. Bussana Nuova has been erected near the high road and the railway. Its inhabitants are those who were literally shaken out of their dwellings sixteen years ago. They have built a costly church in the midst of their commonplace, modern houses. It is said that Italian settlers in South America and other emigrants of the race contributed handsomely towards the new parish church. The old church tower on the heights leans heavily above the ruined grey walls, where on a windy day entrance is forbidden to the curious, on account of danger from the falling stones. It is a ghostly village now where wild birds congregate, and furtive creatures rustle through the grass where once there were hearth-stones and paved streets. But it forms an exquisitely composed picture from many points in the vicinity.

The beauty spot of the Riviera, eastern or western, French or Italian, is the promontory of Portofino. At its seaward end are two villages, San Sruttuoso, with its black and white striped marble church and cloisters, where the princely Dorias of Genoa are buried and its ancient Look-out Tower, whence approaching Moorish pirates must often have been sighted, and the V-shaped island-protected harbor of the fishing village of the same name as the whole headland. Across the wide bay is beautiful Sestri-Levante. Near at hand to landward are lovely Santa Margherita and Rapallo. Behind these winter stations, Sestri-Levante, Rapallo, and Santa



PRISON OF KING FRANCIS I ON THE RIVIERA.

Margherita, rises the abrupt "Daring" range of the Apennines, to give shelter to the chain of towns and villages along the shore of the Mediterranean. The promontory has a signal station at its summit, and is clad in delightfully wild shrubs and trees. It is still a haunt fit for the wood nymphs. But soon, alas, the wanderers who love it for its rustic solitude will pitch their tents there, or, to speak more accurately, will there erect villa residences, and the charm of Portofino will be at least half annihilated.



A RUINED CHURCH ON THE RIVIERA.

Carlyle, who had a gift for hitting salient points, sent out at least one of his books from the Mediterranean, and spoke of orange fruit like flames betwen dark shining leaves, blue sky, blue sea, floods of golden sunshine, and a wind that seemed freezing cold. "Strange circumstances," he exclaimed, "or," he amended the phrase, "strange combination of circumstances!"

It is the "combination of circumstances" that perplexes newcomers to the Riviera. Floods of summer air, burning sunshine, and a breeze such as mountaineers call "a wind with the snow at the back of it," blowing through those summery warm airs, form the puzzling "combination." Carlyle's freezing cold wind does not travel over Alpine snowfields. It does find out the weak places in defective health armor. But it is tonic. It acts much as acts Swiss air in summer. It is fortifying, revivifying. The crispness, the bright light, the almost formidable sun of San Remo, in winter resemble August crispness, clearness, and facilities for sunstroke in the Engadine.

The northern shores of the Mediterranean are far warmer than Naples with its underground fires and the whole length of Italy in its latitudinal favor, far warmer than Corsica, which is ninety miles south of any Rivieran point, and there are those who maintain that Algeria, at the southern side of this Middle Meer, is colder than Cannes. Climate, in fact, is largely a question of shelter, and the Riviera has Alps and Apennines for screens to the east and the north of it.

NEAR BORDISHERA. RUINED STRONGHOLD OF THE DORIA.

PINES, ROCK, AND ALOES ON THE RIVIERA.

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

AT WITCH'S CASTLE.

Madam and the Abbé O'Rourke were playing dominoes by the fire when Anne came in.

The room was draughty, and Madam was huddled in a cloak. Her little fingers as they hovered uncertainly over the pieces were claw-like; the firelight caught now and again a reflection in the little old gem rings which were so pretty, so valueless except as curios.

She shivered, as Anne coming in brought a fresh draught of wind through the open door. It was not easy in Witch's Castle to have fresh air, yet not be in a draught. A carpet on the floor would have lifted like a balloon with the sea-wind that came in at every nook and crevice; but the polished floor had only a few rugs on it. The room wanted all manner of things to be comfortable for the old people who used it.

"You are just in time to give the Abbé his tea," said Madam. "He is going to visit Sibbie Roche; she is very ill, poor child. The Abbé thinks the end cannot be far off."

"Ah!" said Anne, with a moan of compassion. How sad it was that Sibbie should go, with a little child, with a husband who had a romantic attachment for his wife!

She sat down before the little old mahogany chippendale table which bore the tea equipage. It was less harmless than it seemed, for, open, it made a card-table, its green cloth flanked by little round basins in the wood to receive the money of the players. Many a hard-fought night it had seen, the same table.

"When the devil dies in me," was a frequent saying of old Madam's, "it'll be time to order my coffin." And no doubt she would be a sportswoman to the last.

Anne's eyes watched them as her long slender fingers moved above the brown and purple Worcester china, with its little shining golden discs.

So they would be playing when some hundreds of miles of land and sea lay between her and Witch's Castle, when she would be among the Philistines. At the thought she felt her throat swell and she was obliged to swallow something hard. She pulled herself up sharply and smiled at the Abbé as she asked him if he would have toast or tea-cake. The Abbé belonged to Madam Daly's old days abroad. The Dalys had always had a chaplain, and the Abbé was as hungry for the cliffs of Erin as ever Columba was, so he traveled home to Witch's Castle with Madam when the *débacle* fell on Madam's splendid days and splendid friends. And there he had lived ever since in holy poverty, much looked up to by the country-side, and a welcome co-adjutor to the other priests in that country of long distances. If he seldom met a brother cleric on his own level of mind or of breeding, his exquisite old-fashioned manners betrayed no knowledge of the fact. There were hills of the spirit loftier still upon which he and Father Pat and Father Terence met and clasped hands.

When he had drunk his cup of fine-scented Pekoe;—Madam was as particular about her tea as about the little wine she drank, and she had found an old-fashioned Quaker firm to supply her with the precious article,—the Abbé took his cane and went out. He still wore the soft

hat, the cassock, and bands, of the French clergy, and was picturesque by the unimaginative broadcloth of the Irish secular priests.

When he had gone Madam called Anne sharply to her side. It was a sharpness that had the fear of love in the sound of it.

"Sit down by me, Anne Daly," she said, "and tell me what's disturbing you. Sure, I hear it, child, in the sighing of your breath. You came into the room and there was trouble in your steps. It isn't, it isn't that there is bad news about Brian?"

She caught her own breath as she asked. Her grandson's unaccountable disappearance was a grief she kept pushed out of sight, but which now and again had an unpleasant way of introducing its ghost into her merry moments.

"It is nothing about Brian," Anne replied, coming and taking the Abbé's seat the other side of the hearth. There was never any demonstration of affection between the young and the old woman who loved each other so dearly. No caresses passed between them. It was not Madam's way to be openly affectionate, and Anne could not have broken through the habits of a life-time if she would.

"It is nothing about Brian," she said. She had laid her muff on a chair when she came in. She went over to it now and extracted a letter from where it had lain unwarmed by her chilly hands.

"It is a letter from the Duchess of St. Kilda, Gran," she said. "You remember her. You liked her at Lugano."

"She was very civil, I remember. She sent me fruit and the like, and I accepted it. She was a well-bred woman, though she had the features of a horse and no charm; her voice was deplorable. What does she want of us, Anne?"

Madam Daly could not remember that she and hers had come down in the world. Nor was Anne the one to smile at the habit of mind which supposed that a Daly of Witch's Castle must be always the giver, never by any chance the recipient.

"I have corresponded with her from time to time, you know, Gran. She has always been kind, and has asked me again and again to visit her."

"And you would like to go? Then go, child, with my blessing. But do not stay away too long. The Abbé and I will miss you. He hasn't the *esprit* I remember. He grows old, a little dull, perhaps, from association with these rustics. Your gowns, Anne; you must be properly dressed. I have still something that I can part with. There is my wedding flounce, the finest Honiton. It will fetch a hundred pounds as a curiosity to put in a case at a museum. Don't think I grudge it to you, Anne. Why, I meant it for your wedding gown. You shall have it, child. My girl will not go among those English ill-dressed. You shall have my set of garnets, Anne. The stones don't count, but the setting is exquisite. There isn't such a set in the country. The color on that white neck of yours, my girl, contrasted with your black hair, will take the shine out of their diamonds. You shall have a rose satin like one I had at the Tuileries. Rose is your color as it was mine. I hope the woman will remember what a compliment it is to her that I consent to your going."

Anne had been trying to get in a word, with still that troublesome lump in the throat which was a new and horrible experience to a calm and repressed nature like hers. At last she succeeded.

"I'm not going visiting, Gran," she said. "The rose satin would be far too fine for me. I have asked the Duchess to find me something to do, and she has done it."

"Something to do, Anne Daly! What do you mean by something to do?" There was a quaver of alarm in the old voice that went to Anne's heart. "It isn't possible you are getting restless now, after all these years? And what is there that

you can do? The Dalys may be down in the world, but I haven't brought up my granddaughter to work like a housemaid."

"I'm not restless, I should never be restless with you and the Abbé. Only, Gran, we are very poor: we grow poorer and poorer: and the Duchess has a friend who is willing to give me three hundred pounds a year to take the head of his table and chaperon his daughters. Only that."

Anne smiled wistfully, and the smile, pale as winter sunshine, disarmed the wrath which was the old woman's first impulse.

"Sure, what would you be doing out in the world, child?" she said instead, with curious tenderness. "You were out in it once, and then, if you remember, you didn't like it."

"I should never like it," Anne said with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Still, for three hundred pounds a year I am prepared to tolerate it. We want the money, Gran."

"True for you, child." Old Madam's shrewd wits were working away against her pride, telling her that it wasn't for to-day nor tomorrow she must think, but for the long, long time afterwards, when she and the Abbé would be laid at rest, and Anne would be left on the earth alone; unless Brian should return. In any discussion on the question of Brian, Madam would have said passionately that Brian would return, must return: would have quarreled with her best friend if he or she had held to the contrary: but in her own thoughts it was different.

"True for you, child, we want the money sure enough. Dear me, I little thought when I married your grandfather that I'd ever see my granddaughter going out as a housekeeper. Poor Jocelyn! it would have broken his heart if the famine hadn't broken it already, and left us as poor as we are into the bargain or helped to leave us. And who is this person, child? A widower?"

"A widower: a Mr. Corbett with several sons and daughters."

"A gentleman?"

"A friend of the Duchess. As a matter of fact, I believe his large fortune has been made in business."

Madam's face got red and her voice rose.

"So I'm to live to see my girl, my Peggy's daughter, with her legs under a shopkeeper's mahogany."

"The Duchess says it is only people like this Mr. Corbett who have the money to spend. She speaks of him as her friend, so he cannot be a vulgar person."

"I'm not so sure of that. It's surprising where money will carry you. No one knows better than I do, for I've been about the world, and have seen strange things. But I didn't like to hear you defend the dirty guineas that unlock every door."

"I don't defend them," said Anne, patiently. "They would never unlock any door of mine. But three hundred a year is a good deal. It would make things easier for you, Gran, and procure you some comforts you need."

"Don't make an old woman of me, child. I've neither ache nor pain, thank God. As though I'd let you go on the world for that!"

"There is the Abbé. And remember how hard it went with us to pay the interest on the mortgage last year."

"True for you, child. We ought to have a man to help us. What keeps Brian away from us? If Brian were here there would be no talk of your going out housekeeping. You're not,—you're not doubting Brian, Anne?"

"I have never doubted Brian."

"He wouldn't forget his pledged word to you, Anne, and you one of his own blood, too. People blame me for that, for letting there be an engagement between you two so young, and first cousins. It isn't a thing I approve of as a general

rule, but it isn't the same with us as with other people. There wasn't another girl I'd have looked at for Brian. The boy would never forget you. Anne, if he did, if he could, why even I would cast him out of my heart for ever. And you're not thinking—you haven't been listening to people who say he won't come back. I know that there are many people who think you ought to have married Finvarra. If you had you needn't be talking of going on the world now. Finvarra's great-grandfather was a leather merchant in Cork. They made a lord of him because he sold his country and voted for the Union. Very different from your great-grandfather, Anne, my girl, who rode his horse half way into the Chamber to vote against it, because he was near being late through being stopped on the road by Freney and his men. My blessing on Freney, he let him go when he knew what his business was, and mounted him on his own horse, too. They called your great grandfather 'Daly on Horseback' from that day to this."

Madam had forgotten in this stirring reminiscence the fear with which she began her sentence, nor did she remember it till Anne assured her she would never have thought of Lord Finvarra even if there had been no such person as Brian in the world. And moreover that no gossip would damp her hope and faith in Brian's returning.

"When he comes back," she said, "we will find that there was some very good reason for his disappearance. How many times have we read of people being cast away in places that had no means of communicating with the outside world. But Brian was always lucky, Gran; you know how many hairbreadth escapes he had. Some day, any day he may be picked up. He may be on his way home to us now. The last thing that would strike Brian would be to write. The first thing we will hear of him will be his voice. You may be sure of that, Gran."

Anne was talking as much to put Madam in good-humor as to encourage herself. She succeeded in the first part of her intention.

"And much obliged he'll be to me," said the old lady, getting up in her excitement and walking about, "when I tell him that you're sitting at the head of an English shopkeeper's table. 'Where's Anne?' he'll ask. He always did come in shouting at the top of his voice, 'Where's Anne?' as though there was nobody else in the world."

"Well, then, you'd better not tell him," said Anne, smiling at the old memory. "Just say I'm gone visiting, and telegraph for me, and I'll come home as fast as ever I can to welcome Brian."

"'Twould be more becoming," said Madam, with a curious little jealousy for Anne, "if he went to you. And he shall go to you if he returns while you are away from us. I won't have my girl singing 'Whistle and I'll come t' ye, my lad,' to any man, even to Brian."

"Very well, then, he must come after me and bring me back," said Anne.

She had gained the victory, but it would be hard to imagine anyone feeling more depressed at what she had gained.

CHAPTER V.

"ANOTHER'S STAIRS."

The parting was done and over. After a miserably cold journey, made memorable by the pangs of home-sickness, Anne at last had arrived almost at her journey's end. She had alighted on the platform of Benton, the nearest station to Minster, had had her insignificent luggage put out, and was standing under a flaring gas lamp amid her boxes and bundles, attracting more notice than she knew from those who had lately been her fellow-passengers.

For a few minutes no one came to claim

her. The solitary porter had discovered a passenger more obviously wealthy and was devoting himself to collecting his luggage. She looked about her a little helplessly. It was her first time of traveling alone, and she didn't quite know what to do. She was wearing a very ugly traveling-wrap, straight and hideous, purchased not for ornament but for utility. Madam had lifted up her hands in horror at its ugliness: but then it was warm, it was cheap. The Honiton lace flounce still awaited Anne's wedding. You cannot have beauty thrown in with warmth and cheapness, since you cannot have everything in this world.

Someone stepped up to Anne and lifted his hat.

"Can I do anything to help you?" he asked; "fetch you a fly? Get someone to carry your luggage?"

Anne looked at him gratefully. She had no prudery, and she recognized the kindness of the wish to help her.

"You are very good," she said, smiling her thanks at him wistfully. "I am waiting for the Minster carriage. No doubt it will be here presently. It is hardly due yet, I think. The train was so very punctual: it got in before its time."

She caught a flash of amusement in the stranger's vivacious eyes, and wondered what could have caused it. He lifted his hat again.

"Please remember that I shall be so glad to be of any use," he said, and went away from her.

As he turned he came almost face to face with a young lady looking more white and golden than ever amid her dark silky furs, Angela Corbett. A glance of interest, almost of recognition, passed between them as they met and passed each other.

"Miss Daly," said Angela, at Anne's side, "I do hope you haven't been waiting. I'm afraid we started a little later than I intended."

"I have only just come," said Anne, looking down on the fair, sweet face.

"And you are cold." Angela's hands, bare and warm from her muff, had taken Anne's chilly ones. "You are cold, and you have had a long, tiresome journey. Come with me to the carriage. James will see to your luggage."

They went out together to the brougham, softly lined, and cosy with foot-warmers and luxurious fur rugs. On the way they passed the young man who had been ready to assist Anne. He lifted his hat as they passed him, and Angela looked surprised and a little startled.

"I am so sorry you should have had to wait," she said as she tucked the rug about Anne's knees. Her voice already had a sound of devotion in it, the devotion for a woman older than herself that comes so readily to an imaginative girl. Anne, for her part, was thinking that she had never seen anyone prettier and sweeter than Angela Corbett.

"It was only a few seconds," Anne said again. "It was not your fault. The train was very punctual, not like the trains at home. It got in ten minutes before its time."

Angela under cover of the darkness reached out her hand and gave Anne's hand a delighted squeeze. She had no idea of how much the action warmed Anne's heart.

"I see," she said, with a sound of laughter in her voice. "In Ireland a train is only unpunctual when it is *behind* its time. Here we should call it unpunctual just the same when it was before. Shouldn't you in Ireland?"

"I never knew one to be before its time in Ireland." Anne's voice showed that a light was breaking on her. "But, I suppose I have made a bull. That is why he laughed."

"He?"

"The gentleman we passed leaving the station. Seeing me alone he kindly asked

if he could be of any use to me. I said what I have just said to you, and I saw that he was amused. He seemed very pleasant."

"He is an artist who is staying at Mrs. Thrapston's—The Blue Boar—the inn in the village. I have seen him about sketching. He has been about here for some time."

"Ah! Artists should have a good time in this country. There is so much wealth. At home we are so poor."

"I wonder if the wealthy recognize their obligations in that way," said Angela, thoughtfully. "I fancy this artist is poor. I have been meaning to speak to papa about him. Papa has been talking for a long time of getting the walls and ceiling of Minster chapel repainted, if he could get an artist to his mind. It would be strange if Chance brought him to our very doors."

"Or something better than Chance."

"Or something better than Chance. There, Miss Daly! Did you see the pheasant run across the road by the light of the carriage lamps? Poor bundles of gold and bronze; I am so sorry for them now they are shooting them all day. Here we are at Minster gates. We shan't be long now. I shall be so glad to get you home and give you some hot tea. We dine at eight so that you will have time for a hot bath and a rest before dinner."

They seemed to have changed places, the elder and the younger woman. The awe which Angela would have felt of Anne Daly if she had seen her in some self-contained moment was prevented for ever by her tender sympathy for the lonely figure as she had seen it under the flaring gas-lamp at the railway station. Even in the dimness of the carriage she could see the pale face, pale as Dian herself, in the cloudy masses of dark hair, and she thrilled at its beauty. It is not only men who are thrilled by the beauty of women, but sometimes other women as well.

"At last," she said joyfully, as the carriage drew up under a lighted portico beyond which there showed a hall with a couple of men-servants waiting to receive them. From behind the glass screen of an inner hall came the sounds of laughter and voices.

Now that the motion of the carriage had ceased Anne was conscious of a slight giddiness and faintness, the result of her long journey. She felt a sudden dread of the strangers she was going to meet, an intense longing to be alone. Angela had placed a protecting hand on her arm had led her through the outer hall, beyond the screen, and closed the door behind them. They were in a large square hall, paneled in oak, with a gallery running round three sides of it: there were suits of armor by the walls, and on the floor old Persian rugs. The fire was hemmed in by dark hooded settles of oak. A tea-table was drawn close to it. There was a group of young people of both sexes sitting and standing about with cups of tea in their hands. They all became silent as Angela came in with Anne close to her side in an unfamiliar nervousness.

Angela introduced the members of the group. Anne hardly caught a name. The swimming in her head had increased to a throbbing now, and hall, firelight and faces all swam mistily before her tired eyes.

"No, thank you, Hetty," she heard Angela say, "Miss Daly will have tea in her own room and rest till dinner-time. She has had a long journey."

She was deeply grateful for the tact that had understood and effected her escape. They went up a staircase from the hall, where the voices and merriment had broken out again, along the gallery, down a corridor, near the end of which Angela opened a door.

The warmth of the room met Anne like a soft breath as she entered it. There was a bright fire in the grate, and electric

lights burned in half-a-dozen shaded lamps. Her feet sank in the soft carpet. There was a great expanse of floor. In a corner a little brass bedstead showed under a canopy of chintz. There was a well-filled book-case with the key standing in it: a writing table with a new blotter, the ink-bottle freshly filled, pens of different kinds laid in the rack. A paper-case stood open, showing that it was full. There were string, sealing-wax, scissors, many such things on the table which looked as though it must have been specially furnished. Opposite them as they entered was a dressing-table with a long glass in which Anne saw herself in the ugly traveling cloak from head to foot. There were lilies-of-the-valley in a vase on the table.

Her gaze went from one piece of luxury to another: then came back to Angela's young face, which was watching her own with a certain expectancy.

"It looks," said Anne deliberately, "as though someone had thought of me, of me, Anne Daly, not of an unknown person."

"*I* thought of you," said Angela, with a sudden ingenuous blush and smile. Angela's blush did no more than tinge the warm pallor of her cheeks. "I hope I thought rightly. If the books are not right you must tell me. They are my choice. I selected the flowers. I thought you would be sure to like lilies-of-the-valley. Ah, and here is Kate."

The door had opened, and an honest country-faced girl came in with a tea-tray.

"I thought you would like Kate to wait on you. She is a very good girl and her grandfather is an Irishman."

"Yes'm," said Kate, blushing. "And I once lived with an Irish cook."

It might have been bare-footed Rose or Bridget, Anne thought, looking at the wholesome face with its blue Irish eyes and wide Irish mouth. Her heart went out to Kate.

"You have thought of so much for me," she said, turning with a wonderful radiant smile to Angela. "I think I shall like Kate very much."

Kate giggled delightedly.

"Grandfather'll be so pleased," she said. "He's blind and deaf and eighty years of age, and he has the Irish newspaper read to him every Sunday. Please, Miss, shall I stay and put out your dress for dinner, and lay your things away in the drawers? I have laid everything ready for your bath."

"Not now, Kate," said Angela, speaking for Anne. "Come back at a quarter to eight. I think the kindest thing you and I can do now is to leave Miss Daly to herself."

She went away, taking the maid with her. When the door closed upon them Anne poured herself out a cup of tea and drank it gratefully. She lifted the covers of the little dishes which flanked the teapot, and then replaced them. She was not ready yet for pâte de foie gras and chicken sandwiches, for buttered toast and tea cake.

The tea refreshed her, and after a little rest in the luxurious chair she stood up and looked about her new domain. The luxury of it filled her with wonder. She opened the door of the little bathroom and looked within. The hot water smoked in the bath, and the atmosphere was fragrant with fine soap and essences. Her hand touched the bath-towels which lay in a heap. They were warm to the touch.

She lifted a blind and looked out into the darkness. Beyond the darkness through a rift in the woods was the glare of Elsdon furnaces upon the sky. She went hither and thither touching one thing after another, feeling the cold fineness of the satiny linen, observing dimly the lace on sheet and counterpane, her feet sinking in the velvety carpets, every sense awake to the gratifications wealth had provided. Then, all of a sudden, she sat

down in the hardest chair the room contained, and hid her face in her hands. She was hungry, sharply hungry, for the keen, sweet air, the nakedness, the barrenness of Witch's Castle. She wanted to hear the wind pipe along the corridors, to lean from an open window and bathe her face in it while she heard the great assault and retreat of the Atlantic upon the crags below.

How was she ever to live in these heavily-carpeted rooms, the luxury of which stifled her? Even an open window brought no relief. Minster was almost hidden in woods.

For an instant Memory had power to cheat her. She heard the patter of the dogs' feet on the bare floors of the corridor outside her bedroom in Witch's Castle. She heard the sharp cry of the sea-gulls. A naked foot came along the corridor. It was pretty Rose in her frock of pink print, to say that she "had brought Madam her tay, and plase would Miss Anne step down an' pour it out?"

"When I forget thee, O Jerusalem!"

She broke into a storm of sobbing. Oh, for the shaking of doors and the rattling of windows! For the sea-wind under the thread-bare carpets! for the eerie crying of the owls, or the wind, or ghosts in the dismantled upper story!

"When I forget thee, O Jerusalem!"

One of the Abbé's sayings came into her mind,—"Luxury is the swaddling band in which the soul has no room to grow." The comfort and the luxury made no appeal to her. She was an austere creature by nature, needing little of the gratification of the senses. She thought of the reek of the furnaces upon the sky. "They torture the earth," she said, "to make it yield up money, and what is worse, they destroy souls and bodies. From the lust of gain, Good Lord deliver us!" But the prayer in her case was surely a prayer of supererogation.

Sitting there after a time she was conscious of an ache of fatigue in her limbs. She got up stiffly and took off her hat and cloak. She took her bath, with an odd distaste for the accompanying luxuries, and was refreshed. She came back then and sat down in her chair. Her thoughts went back to Witch's Castle and what was happening there. But presently, catching sight of the writing table, they took a new turn. Suppose she began her journal for Gran, now, this instant, it would be almost as good as talking to her. She would set down everything. She had a shrewd idea that, perhaps, she might not show it all to Gran, after all. Still it was good to write it.

There was a tiny calendar of the year and the years to follow on the table. She marked off two days. Yesterday she had left Witch's Castle. There were nearly two days of her exile gone. It was a childish thing to do, and Anne was a mature woman, with the eyes of a child. Still, a woman may play the child now and again for a time, and take no harm from it.

As for the journal to Gran,—why, that grew so voluminous that while yet her pen scratched away on the thick, creamy paper there came Kate's knock at the door.

She turned round with a smile that made Kate her slave for life. The writing had relieved the tension of her mind.

"If you will put out my black and white silk," she said, "I think I can manage the rest myself. I am accustomed to dressing without a maid; but I hope you will do a great many things for me, Kate, from time to time, and while you are doing them you can tell me about your grandfather."

However Anne might affect people of her own class of life, her power of fascinating her inferiors was undeniable. Kate's heart glowed within her as she unpacked Miss Daly's few possessions

and laid the black and white silk across the bed as though it were the garment of a queen.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN CORBETT'S FAMILY CIRCLE.

The dressing-bell rang as Kate left the room. Anne got up then and prepared to make her toilette, wondering a little at her own height as she stood in front of the long glass and twisted the wild, dark masses of her hair about her small head. She had never really seen herself before full length. She looked at her own beautiful white arms lifted above her head as she twisted the hair and fastened it with Madam's old garnet pins.

"I shall have to take to a rope girdle and discipline," she said to herself, smiling at her own image, "if I find that I am becoming too much of this world."

The black and white silk had been worn by Madam at a Tuileries dinner, worn once to be discarded next day since the magnificent queen of fashion of that court and day could not endure a gown worn a second time or at least till it had had time to fade out of memory. Madam, who was fond of recalling the wild extravagance of those days when she had been bosom friend of an empress, would describe it by the adjective "sinful," while manifestly enjoying the memory exquisitely in those latter lean days. Some few garments of Madam's had somehow escaped the rapacity of Justine, the French maid, another memory which Madam alternately denounced and deplored, and the black and white silk was one of them.

"She was shameless, shameless, that pig of a Justine," Madam would say to Anne. "If she had a fancy for anything of mine, it was no use to refuse it to her. I might weep, I might pray, I might appeal to the good heart I knew she did not possess: Justine would carry off my pretty things before my eyes. On the other hand she could alter a gown so that the eyes of jealousy itself would not know it again: and if she cheated me herself she did not let the wardrobe-keepers do it."

It had been something of a triumph to remodel from the bouffant draperies, held up by rosettes, of the Tuileries garment, a garment long and trailing enough for Anne, but Anne's own clever fingers had accomplished it to admiration. It was exquisite silk, rather a soft silver tissue than ordinary black and white silk, and its *berthe* of real lace added to its distinction. When she had put it on Anne added a rose and a spray of lily-of-the-valley to her adornments. The broad collar of little garnets was clasped around her fine long throat, the bracelets to match were on her arms.

As she went down the stairs, the silk lapping behind her from step to step, soft as flowing water, she met an elderly woman in a black dress and silk apron coming up. The woman looked at her in a dazed way, then dropped a curtsey as she stood aside to let her pass. But Anne stopped.

"You are . . . ?"

"Mrs. Mason, the housekeeper, if you please, Miss. I hope you found everything comfortable. Miss Angela would see to it herself."

"It was very good of Miss Angela." Anne's smile at Mrs. Mason was at once gracious and shy. "Everything is delightful. If I want anything I shall come and ask you to help me. There are so many things you will be able to teach me."

She had made her second conquest in the house. Mrs. Mason went to her own room in a flutter. She was the last of the Sachevarells' old servants, and she was only tolerant of the now more than twenty-year old régime.

(To be Continued.)

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Perhaps no trade or profession or avocation presents so many attractions for the average person as writing for the press. It is certain that not even the stage itself, with all its glamor, casts its spell over half so many people, young and old, as does this trade of writing. There is a magic and a mystery about it that is positively irresistible. And it looks so easy! With the stage, the longing of young men and women for that career usually ends at the stage door. There is always a brusque and matter-of-fact manager to disillusionize cruelly the youth with dramatic aspirations and no ability; but with writing—well, age cannot wither or custom stale the desire to be seen in print; and as pen, ink and paper are comparatively cheap, and everybody in this much-be-schooled age knows at least the mechanical art of writing, there is nothing to stop the potential poet or novelist from making a bid for fame.

Fame is the first object. After that there are pleasant dreams of making a hit and making money. So much is printed these days about the princely incomes received from royalties on historical novels that the minds of unsophisticated young men and maidens are dazzled, and they think that the shortest path to wealth is through the ink-bottle. They do not realize all the hard and bitter toil of the writer's profession, the hours of brain-racking labor, of cruel uncertainty, of deep depression, of keen suspense, of dreary waiting, of utter despair. As with the stage, they only see the glamor and the glitter of success. They see the finished work in all its splendor, but the months and years of study and toil and preparation they do *not* see. They see the novel which has been accepted and printed, and praised on all hands, but they do not see the many hundreds of brain-workers whose life-work has found no purchaser and no publisher; whose labor of years has gone for nothing; and whose nerves and health are destroyed by the persistent endeavor to weave the fancies of their souls into splendid prose, only to find that no publisher will accept their work.

The taste of the public is capricious, and it is a cold, business proposition with the publisher. He has to keep his thumb on the pulse of the book-market. This year the demand may be for historical novels. Next year it may be for something entirely different. Woe betide the unfortunate author whose writing does not suit the current mood of the fickle public. The publishers will return his manuscript with thanks.

But this is perhaps going a step beyond the limits of an article entitled "Writing for the Press." This usually connotes writing for the current periodicals; and it is astonishing how many people are led into thinking that this kind of writing is also a short cut to wealth. Looking over the leading magazines and other periodicals they see poems and stories and essays and sketches without number, and they ask themselves: "Why should not I try to do something like this? Here is surely a pleasant and sure way of making money. With a comparatively small outlay I can bring in a large return. A check from the *Atlantic*—how welcome it would be just at present!" And so on. If not in these exact words, at least in somewhat similar strain, they hold out promises of success without counting the cost.

Now, let me as one who has had

some experience as a contributor to the monthly and weekly press tell about the wealth and honor to be won in that way by the average aspirant.

I doubt if there is more distasteful or discouraging work, after the first flush of youth is past, than writing for the press. There is an opinion current among beginners that the man who has been in the business for years, and who has been seen in one or two of the leading magazines, is henceforth "solid" with such magazines, and may send anything he likes with the sure knowledge of having it accepted. In fact, the idea is prevalent that editors are beseeching such a man to furnish them with copy. Nothing could be further from the truth. No one is dead sure of having a poem or anything else accepted when he is sending it out. He must take his chance with the rest. And there is no more a royal road to success in this, than in any other work or profession. Personal acquaintance with an editor, or personal feeling, may, in one case out of a thousand, make some difference in the treatment of a submitted manuscript; but from my experience I judge this to be a pretty fair average.

Certain writers, soured by disappointment, loudly proclaim that though their work is superior to that of other contributors, it is not accepted for personal reasons. This is absurd. No magazine could live any length of time that pursued such a policy. Editors are looking for the best—or rather for what they think will please their readers best—and they don't care whether it comes from an old hand at the business, or from a beginner, or from their bosom friend or from their deadliest enemy.

So, you see the literary man must always be prepared for the declination with thanks of perhaps what he considers his best work. This is a most discouraging feature of literary life, and one which sensitive youngsters should take into account before embarking on the "sea of troubles" which literature is. It is most disheartening to feel, as one is toiling over a poem, a story, or an article, that it will, in all probability, come back declined. Depressing as this anticipation of a refusal is, however, it is nothing to one's feelings when the cherished manuscript actually *is* declined. No matter how well prepared one thinks himself, no matter how certainly it is expected to come back, yet, when it *does* come back, one has to summon all his courage to bear the shock. For it is not only a financial loss, but it is also (and this counts more with highly-organized people such as writers) a blow to one's self-respect, a reflection upon one's literary ability, a verdict that so far as this manuscript and this editor is concerned one has failed miserably.

But in this, as in every other business a writer does make himself known after a while, if he is persistent, and his work is good. He *does* get acquainted, so to speak, better with certain magazines than with others. He may develop a certain gift for writing a certain type of story or article or poem which takes the fancy of some editor. But editors are not immortal. They die, or their places are taken by other men with different views and different tastes. Then the writer who has found a somewhat certain market for his wares must begin all over again.

One thing the writer must do, and do assiduously, and that is, study the various periodicals whose editors he wants to reach. Every publication shows what it desires usually by what it prints. It would be labor lost, for instance, to send the *Atlantic Monthly* a humorous poem which would be just the thing the editor of *Life* may be hankering for, and the editor of DONAHOE'S may have but very little use for an article which could be disposed of to the *American Catholic Quarterly* at once.

But with all this vigilance, all this

studying of the needs of publications, the most careful writer will still find his mail bulky with refusals. There is, at times, a certain perverseness on the part of fortune which the writer knows and fears. Models of personal excellence though they may be, editors seem at times to the eye of the writer, "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." With a certain publication in view, the writer may construct what is, in his opinion, a very satisfactory article or poem. Promptly he sends it off, thinking how happy the editor will be to receive it, and how generous he will be in remunerating the writer of it. Alas! It comes back as unavailable. There is usually a politely-worded printed slip, wherein the editor regrets that he is unable to use it. The writer smiles grimly. He regrets ten times as much as the editor.

And so it goes. But perhaps the worst and most discouraging feature of all is that some editors will not even acknowledge the receipt of a writer's manuscript. This failing, I grieve to say, is deplorably common among Catholic editors. Not all Catholic editors are of course so discourteous, so lacking in one of the first principles of common politeness and kindness, but there are a few who do not seem to consider it worth while to bother with a fellow-writer and a fellow-Catholic. So far as my experience goes, I may say that I have never sent a manuscript to the editor of a secular paper or magazine which was not acknowledged, returned, or accepted within a reasonable time, while only continual letters have at last succeeded in eliciting a response from certain editors of Catholic publications.

Catholic publications are not rich; they cannot afford to pay over-generously for what they print, and they cannot print as much as they would wish, but the fellow who writes for a living only asks that his 'copy' be returned to him, if not accepted, after a fairly decent interval.

This is one of the many troubles of the writer for the press, and it is one which the young man or woman starting out on a literary career must encounter and learn to bear with equanimity. Another discomfort is that many magazines and papers follow the rule of paying not when the matter is printed, but when it is published. Now the acceptance of a manuscript gives no idea as to when it will appear in print, and if the writer is necessitous, as so many writers are, he is left in a delightful state of uncertainty and suspense, wondering how long he shall have to wait for his money. Some publications promptly notify one when his stuff is printed, and send a check; others have a happy faculty of forgetting all about the contributor, and they place upon him the onus of keeping a close watch out for his effusion, and of notifying them when and where it appeared. Only when they receive the name of the poem, article or story, and date of the paper it appeared in, will they consent to send a check to the anxious contributor.

Oh, yes—it is delightful, the idea of being able to sit at home, and by means of sundry scratchings with pen and ink on white paper turn out something which will bring you a modicum of fame and money, but if there's many a slip twixt cup and lip, there are twice as many between a writer and a check.

Now a word as to poetry—or perhaps it is better to say verse. Most young literary aspirants begin by writing verses. Well, verse-making is a very excellent way to practise the writing of English, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that's about all it is good for. Verse-making is a scholarly attainment and as such should be cultivated, but unless one is a genius at it, it is *per se* of very little money value to the person who endeavors to make a living by his pen. Particularly is this true of Catholic religious verse. It brings in very little money return for the

labor spent in writing it. Now, of course, I am speaking of the ordinary kind of religious verse, expressing pious aspirations, which we see in the papers and magazines. The writer who writes extraordinary religious verse, as the writer who writes anything else of extraordinary merit, I am not discussing at all. They are in a class by themselves. I am merely talking of those who make no pretensions to extraordinary genius, and yet who have the desire to express their thoughts in writing.

Ordinary Catholic religious verse, I say therefore, is a drug on the market. There is, however, in certain of the secular papers, notably in the New York *Sun*, an opening always for light, cheerful verse, containing freshness and originality, and while the remuneration is not munificent, it is prompt and sure.

Let me sum up by saying that in this business of writing for the press, there are some consolations and rewards. They are, however, mainly spiritual; for the uncertainty and irregularity of its money receipts are not conducive to any rapid acquirement of the earth and the fulness thereof. And I believe that the mental and nervous strain involved in the work is as great, despite the apparent ease of writing, as in any other business I know. Young men and young women who have the literary impulse *will* write, and you can't stop them. My advice to them would be simply this: "Write if you must, but do it for a pleasurable pastime; or do it if you have means, and wish for something to occupy your time. But don't, without severe examination of your powers, engage in literature with the hope of making a living at it. If you are sure you have extraordinary ability, and a genius for hard work—all right; step into the literary battle. You'll take punishment without going to the wall. But if you are not prepared for a long fight and a disheartening one, take up writing merely as an accomplishment. Be sure you have some other definite, fixed and steady way of making a living; and stick to it."

Here, then, are frankly set down the trials that one who makes a living at writing has experienced, and still experiences. It will be seen from my description of the literary life, that there is to writing as to all other trades and professions a dark side; and that it is not all "beer and skittles," this writing for the press.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS RELIGION.

BY P. J. DUGGAN.

"Shine forth! Thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, has mourned like night,
And despairs day but for thy volumes light."

—*Ben Jonson.*

The subject of this "brief chronicle" is now, at the expiration of nearly three centuries, firmly established and justly acknowledged as the prince of English classics. For the first century or more after his death the critical faculty took great pains to point out his defects, but during the last century the fierce light of investigation which has been shed upon his works has served only to discover grandeur, beauty, and truth in place of the short-comings previously attributed to him. Apropos of that critical faculty of narrow ken which could devote its time to discovering the faults of Shakespeare is the story told by Boccalini in his "Advestisements from Parnassus"—"Zoilus once presented Apollo with a very caustic criticism upon a very admirable book, whereupon the god asked him for the beauties of the work. He replied that he only busied himself about the errors. On hearing this Apollo, handing him a sack of unwinnowed wheat, bade him pick out all the chaff for his reward."

When we consider then that Shakespeare is at the present hour acknowledged to be the greatest literary genius the world has ever known, it is, or should be, of especial interest for Catholics to know that *he died a papist.*

These are the words, the written testimony, of the Protestant Archdeacon of Sapperton, the only *direct* evidence in the world today concerning the religion of Shakespeare.

To all readers of the immortal bard the "deer stealing" episode is of course well known, but, I think, it may be repeated here to advantage.

Nicholas Rowe, Shakespeare's first biographer, published in the year 1709 the following statement:

"Shakespeare by a misfortune common enough to young fellows had fallen into ill company and amongst them, some, that made a frequent practice of deer stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford—for this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely, and in order to revenge that ill usage he made a ballad upon him, so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time and shelter himself in London."

Now this story has never been disproved, though various theories based on mere credibility have from time to time been advanced against it by those ardent enthusiasts who would create for themselves an *ideal* Shakespeare, and would place him if they could above the earth, among the clouds. This is their argument, that Mr. Rowe only obtained this story by word of mouth from some of the old folks of Stratford-on-Avon, and had no written declaration to prove the truth of his assertion. Quite so! How could it be othewise? Do they forget or are they aware that during the lifetime of our poet, when his father held the office of chief alderman or High Bailiff of Stratford, documents, at present to be seen in the archives in England, showed that the latter was unable to write his name. "His mark" is affixed to said documents in ev-

ery instance. This being so, may we not safely assert that ninety per cent of his townsmen were unable either to read or write, when he, the High Bailiff, could not sign his name? Books had only begun to be published in anything like large numbers in London at that time, and were sought after only by the learned. Therefore Mr. Rowe must have obtained his report by oral tradition. But is it likely that the honest rustics of Stratford would have told the story to the discredit of their illustrious townsman, of whom they were justly proud, if it were not founded *on fact?* Certainly not. Any argument in the affirmative cannot be sustained by sense or reason.

The English Protestants (and Protestants generally, for that matter) who claim him as their own oppose it also for a very different reason. They know if they succeed in nullifying Rowe's statement they also nullify the following one, which, in reality, is the cause of all their anxiety.

Archdeacon Davies, Vicar of Sapperton, a village in the county of Gloucester, adjoining the poet's county, made the following entry, in a manuscript biographical dictionary which he kept. "Shakespeare was much given to all unluckiness in stealing of venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy, who had h'm oft-whipped and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native county, to his great advancement. He died April 23rd, 1616, probably at Stratford, for there he is buried and hath a monument on which he lays a heavy curse upon anyone who shall remove his bones. *He died a papist.*" (See Halliwell-Phillips' "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," seventh edition, for facsimile of the original.)

This corroborative testimony on the part of Davies and Rowe concerning the "deer stealing" places that episode beyond the shadow of reasonable doubt, and it will appear obvious to the least observant how desirous the old archdeacon was to be accurate when he says Shakespeare died *probably* at Stratford (subsequent research proved that he did die there); but with regard to the poet's religion he manifests no doubt or misgiving. He expressly and positively declares, "He died a papist."

Halliwell Phillips, one of the most learned of the modern commentators, says: "This testimony must be accepted in a biography in which the best, in this instance, *the only direct testimony* takes precedence over theories that are based on mere credibilities."

On the question therefore of Shakespeare's religion it should not be necessary to say another word, but since there are others who—judging from the lines he puts into the mouths of many of his "characters"—maintain that he himself was either a Protestant or had no definite religious belief at all, it is well to show the fallacy of their reasoning.

Are those people ignorant of the fact that we dare not presume to take a single line spoken by a "character" in any of his plays to indicate the particular bias of his own mind? For *his own individuality is always lost in his creations.* This was his master faculty. Hence his creative power and the genius that made him the miracle he was. According to their mode of deduction these people should be enabled to inform us whether Shakespeare himself was the demi-devil Iago, or the philosophic prince of Denmark, since his portraiture of the one is equally as true to nature as that of the other. But no, they cannot. Let us meet them on their own ground. I would like to know to whom the poet referred in "The Merchant of Venice" when he penned the following lines:

. . . . . **In religion**
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament."

Not to the priests of the Catholic Church

for the teaching of that Church was the same before his time, then, is now, and will be forever. He alluded unmistakably to the Protestant ministers who interpreted the Scriptures to suit themselves, or in accordance with the Protestant right of individual interpretation. Moreover, whenever he has occasion to introduce priests, friars, or nuns into his dramas they are always characters to be respected and revered. Let them say what they will, they cannot disprove honest old Archdeacon Davies' statement, "he died a papist."

And, after all, how could it be otherwise? During the severe penal legislation in the year 1581 the name of John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, is recorded in more than one list of "suspected papists" or recusants, as the records term them. For this he has been called an unconscientious hypocrite; but, as Phillips says, "he shared his dissimulation with many of his countrymen and it is altogether unfair to place an enforced in the same category with a *spontaneous* insincerity."

Having now stated all that is necessary, to my mind, on the subject of Shakespeare's religious belief, I cannot conclude without expressing my regret at the lack of interest in the study of Shakespeare manifested by the Catholics of America. They leave him almost exclusively to the other denominations, who study him earnestly. This should not be. No one today can pretend to possess a knowledge of the English classics without a knowledge of the works of Shakespeare. To the zealous student he is the morning star, the guide, the pioneer of true philosophy. He shows us the high road of life. He never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, nor clothes impurity in the garb of virtue like so many modern writers often do. He is, moreover, in the widest and most comprehensive meaning of the phrase, the poet of human life.

We can study life as a whole through the medium of Shakespeare's mind with a steadiness of contemplation which is attainable by no other medium, and most assuredly his works are "counsellors, that feelingly persuade us what we are." His poetry exalts our thoughts, refines our minds, quickens and develops those habits of perception of, and appreciation for, the beautiful in all arts, which when once formed generally endure through life. And what should make him still more dear to us:

He died a Catholic.

UNRESPONSIVENESS

BY E. F.

It was not wasted, child! that song you sang,—
That tender song of purest love and truth.
It woke no echo in the ice-bound heart—
No joy, no sympathy, no hope, forsooth;
And yet it was not wasted.

There was no beauty, in that soul, to stir;
No pain to soothe,—for these go hand in hand;
But angels caught the simple, sweet refrain,
And called it p[illegible]. So God will understand.
And so it [illegible] wasted.

WHEN CONOR IN EMANIA REIGNED.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

When Conor in Emania reigned
  Fair was the land to view;
The pictured sheen of Ulla's green
  Flashed from her lakes of blue.
When shall the Bard, contemned, ill-
    starred,
  Such splendors know again?
The sad winds rave o'er Conor's grave
  And mute his Harper's strain.

When Conor in Emania reigned,
  Swift armies of the *Sidhe*,
Rode on the wind, the host behind,
  His dread allies to be;
A thousand elfin trumpets sang
  His worth and kingly fame;
A thousand vibrant *clairseachs* rang
  The glories of his name.

When Conor in Emania ruled,
  The radiant crown he wore,
Rich guerdon from the friendly sprites,
  A fairy maiden bore;
And eke a shimmering Sword of Light
  No foeman could defy,—
When Conor lived the world was bright
  Alas! the King should die!

A FESTIVE HOUR.

LANDING OF THE URSULINES.
From a crayon, the property of the Ursuline Convent, New Orleans.

AN AMERICAN SHRINE: OUR LADY OF LOUISIANA.*

BY WILLIAM MCDERMOTT HUGHES.

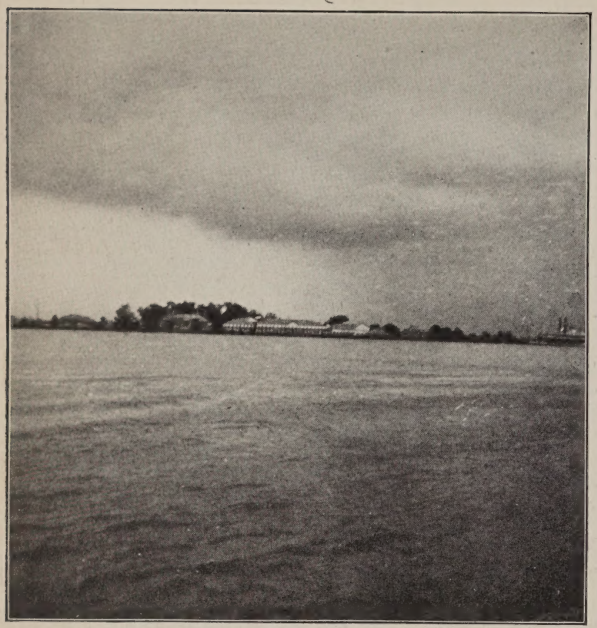
How many of our readers not living in that far southern State, which cherishes so many Catholic associations, know the Blessed Virgin under the title "Our Lady of Louisiana?" Or, under the companion-title, "Our Lady of Prompt Succor?" A devout or traveled few, perhaps. Yet, near the Crescent City, the capital of the State, are a chapel and convent devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin under this title—a title made glorious by more than a century of miracles.

The convent and chapel are situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, three miles below the city of New Orleans. After its crescent course around the city the river makes another grand bend, and here is the shrine. Thus, by its two-fold bend, or double genuflection, the Mississippi seems to pay homage to Mary, Our Lady of Louisiana.

In reaching this point from the city, you have strolled down the great levee which lines the river, and you gladly turn into the chapel to get away from the heat of a midsummer day, and to rest your body and refresh your soul.

In the chapel you may hear the Ursuline nuns and their pupils reciting in high-pitched, though melodious, New Orleans French, a litany which sounds new to the stranger, the Litany of Our Lady of Prompt Succor. It was composed by Mother St. Michel Gensoul and approved by Archbishop Janssens, both of whom must figure centrally in any account of

*A celebration was held on the 8th of January of this year to commemorate the battle of New Orleans. The grand military and naval pageant took on an international character, and the patriotic and religious services showed the American and Catholic temper of the descendants of the *filles-a-la-casette*, or trunk-girls, and the heirs of the faith and patriotism of Count Alexandro O'Reilly and General Andrew Jackson. The celebration centered about the historic Cabildo, or old Spanish court-house, and culminated in a solemn Mass at St. Louis Cathedral nearby. At the Cathedral General Jackson made the first thanksgiving for his victory. Here it was that his trumpeters sounded the *Sanctus*, and here it was that Bishop Dubourg crowned the victorious general with a laurel wreath.



CONVENT SEEN ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.

the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor. They will appear in the course of this narrative.

In the right transept of the chapel, in a niche above the altar, is a figure robed in gold and crowned with precious gems. This is the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, to which is attached a curious history.

The French revolution had ruthlessly cast forth from beneath her own convent-roof, the good Ursuline, Sister St. Michel. It had also forced her to resume the name Agathe Gensoul, but, dauntless soul that she was, it had not deprived her of the power of doing good. She had taken charge of a school at Montpelier, and here a letter reached her, from far-away Louisiana. Dated 1808, and written by her cousin, Sister St. Andre, Superior of the Ursulines in New Orleans, the letter begged Sister St. Michel Gensoul to hurry to the help of the Ursulines in Louisiana. It stated that the convent had been practically deserted by the sudden departure of sixteen nuns for Havana. These ladies had gone where they could enjoy the protection of the Spanish Government, for they had been terrorized by the frequent change of ownership of Louisiana. And when, in 1803, this territory passed, by the now famous Louisiana purchase to the United States, the rising fears of the nuns reached the ascendant. But soon these fears began to wane; until finally, wrote Sister St. Andre, the remaining nuns felt safe once more, and with the encouragement and protection promised by President Jefferson, nothing was needed except more nuns to carry on the work of the Ursulines.

Sister St. Michel Gensoul replied that she would gladly go to Louisiana, but her spiritual director objected and the bishop objected. Therefore, her only resort was an appeal to the Pope. The Pope was then a prisoner in Rome, in the hands of the Napoleanic forces, yet, somehow, in remarkably brief time, a letter reached him, and an answer came back, dated April 28, 1809. It said that the Holy Father had need of every brave and pious champion of religious education in these disturbed times in old France, yet because he was not less regardful of the needs of his faithful children in New France, he would not refuse the petition of the good sister. She might go.

Sister St. Michel was elated. She lost no time in getting ready for departure. First she fulfilled the promise made to the Blessed Virgin, that if a prompt and favorable reply was received from the Pope, a special devotion to the Mother of God should be established in New Orleans. Accordingly, a statue was carved under the sister's direction. It was blessed by

Mgr. Fournier, Bishop of Montpelier, and was carried to New Orleans by Sister St. Michel and the nuns who accompanied her. They arrived in time to hear Mass on New Year's Day, 1811. The sisters disembarked, and at once placed the statue in the Ursuline chapel. Thus, the devotion to Our Lady of Prompt Succor was begun in New Orleans.

Under her new title, the Blessed Virgin has often shown her power; now protecting, now rescuing her children from danger. In proof thereof, two memorable instances of heavenly power have been recited in Louisiana by four generations of mothers to their children. One was the stopping of a fearful conflagration; the other was the victory of General Jackson over the English. The details are worth recounting.

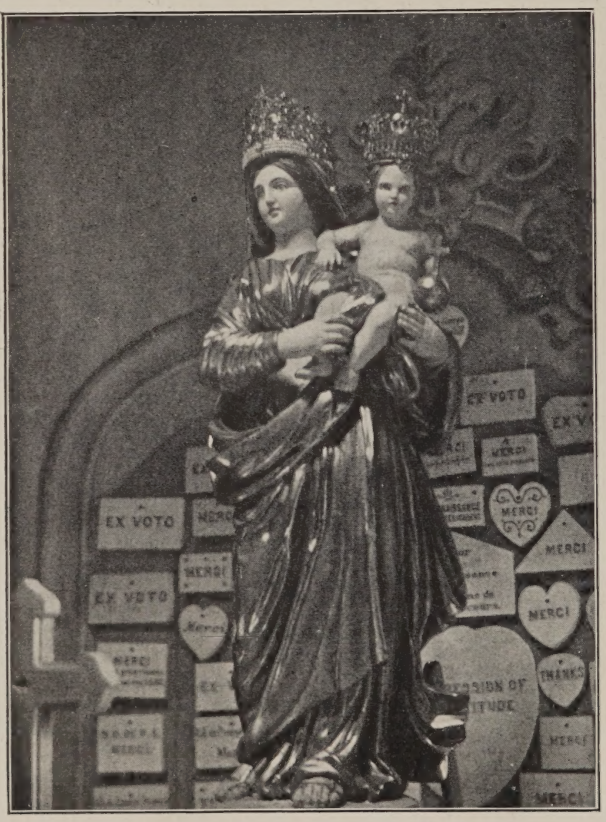
CHAPEL AND CONVENT VIEWED FROM CHAPLAIN'S RESIDENCE.

Toward the end of the year 1812, a terrible fire broke out near the convent, located on Chartres, between Ursuline and Hospital streets. The wind was blowing hard and in the direction of the convent. The sea of flame was threatening to break upon the building. In the face of such grave danger, the sisters were about to leave the cloister and run for their lives. At this point, Sister St. Antoine placed the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor in the window facing the flames. Thereupon, Sister St. Michel cried out: "Our Lady of Prompt Succor! we are lost if you come not to our aid at once." Immediately, it is said, the wind shifted and died down, the fire subsided, and the convent was saved.*

*This edifice still stands in the heart of the French quarter, the quarter wherein are laid scenes in the novels of George Cable. The convent was vacated by the Ursuline ladies in

The rôle of Our Lady of Prompt Succor in the deliverance of New Orleans from the hostile British force at the hands of General Jackson, in 1815, is part of the historical annals of the State and nation.

From the convent windows, the Ursuline nuns could see the clouds of smoke rising from the plains of Chalmette, and could hear the deep roar of cannon and the shrill shriek of musketry. Then they knew that the crisis had come. They knew that General Jackson with only 6,000 men was opposing Packenham and 12,000 soldiers. The disproportion would (in the logic of figures) assure victory to the British. The sisters knew, moreover, that the intrepid American leader had sworn that if vanquished, he would leave the city a heap of ashes in the hands of the enemy. Finally, the nuns were aware that a worse fate might yet be theirs. For along with the horrors of fire and devastation, what might not be the response of the brutal British soldiery to the aweful watchword of their general: "Booty and Beauty!"



OUR LADY OF PROMPT SUCCOR.

The nuns had recourse to Our Lady of Prompt Succor. The statue was placed on the main altar. All the nuns knelt before it, and with tears and prayers and lamentations, they besought her to save the city and them. Mgr. Dubourg, the pious Bishop of New Orleans, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Meanwhile the din of battle resounded louder and louder. During the Mass, at the Elevation, a soldier, out of breath, begrimed with dust and powder, rushed into the chapel and cried: "Victory is ours! The English are completely vanquished!"

The British lost twenty-six hundred, killed and wounded; the Americans, only eight killed and thirteen wounded.

"Immediately upon the conclusion of the Mass," writes the chronicler of the convent,* "a *Te Deum* was sung in praise and thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts."

1824, for the more spacious and beautiful grounds and buildings, three miles below the city. Since then, the old building up town has served as a barracks, and later was used as a residence by Archbishop Janssens, and it still continues to be the official residence of Archbishop Chapelle. It is the oldest building standing in the Mississippi Valley, and perhaps still the strongest.

*Archives of Ursuline Convent, New Orleans.

THE CHAPLAIN'S RESIDENCE.

Jackson himself did not hesitate to believe and to declare his belief in the miraculous power of the sisters' prayers. He wrote his acknowledgment to Bishop Dubourg, and on January 23, a fortnight after the great victory, he called at the convent and thanked the sisters warmly for their prayers in behalf of himself and army, the city and nation.

So memorable was the victory, and so evidently due, in part at least, to the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, that the date, January 8th, has been appointed as the feast of Mary under this title. In 1851, at the request of Mgr. Antoine Blanc, Bishop of New Orleans, the Pope granted permission for a *Te Deum* to be sung annually on this date, to honor the Blessed Virgin for her part in the victory.

Besides these two remarkable favors, many more of scarcely less interest might be recounted, some are attested in writing. Others have been reported to the sisters simply by word of mouth, by the persons helped. While doubtless many have no record save the favors themselves and, it is hoped, the grateful hearts of the recipients. Votive tablets and candlesticks to the number of a hundred are to be seen in the chapel.

Through the kindness of the Ursuline ladies, the writer has been allowed to read testimonial letters—more than fifty in all—none of which was ever intended for publication, and the semi-privacy of which must here be respected.

One well-attested case, long since public property, is that of a religious of the convent of St. Joseph in New Orleans.

In 1894, she was cured of a severe knee-ailment. The cure was wrought through a novena to Our Lady of Prompt Succor. Leaving her crutches at home the sister afterwards went to the Ursuline chapel to join the nuns there in singing a hymn of thanksgiving. So profoundly

was she impressed with the reality of the miracle and so great was her desire to avoid the publicity naturally caused by such a cure, that she entered the cloistered community of the Poor Clares in New Orleans.

Another case is that of a boy fourteen years of age. He was threatened with the loss of his eyesight. An operation might possibly save it. A novena was begun. At the end of the ninth day, the doctor declared that no operation was now needed. He admitted that his science could not account for the fact. To the letter written at this time, has been attached a photograph of the boy, taken five years later. The young man was then attending Georgetown College, where he had taken his degree in letters and was in line for honors in law.

In recognition of the miracles performed through her intercession, the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor was crowned by Archbishop Janssens in 1895; shortly after a similar ceremony had been performed at the famous Mexican Shrine of Guadaloupe, near the City of Mexico. Then, too, was officially added to the American shrine the title: "Our Lady of Louisiana."

Archbishop Janssens had obtained a papal rescript recognizing the miraculous nature of the statue, and he made up his mind to fittingly crown the image of Our Lady.

GALLERY OF THE GROUND FLOOR.

A committee of women was formed, and an appeal was made to the daughters of Louisiana to give golden trinkets and precious gems for the crowns. So generous was the response that it was decided to make a like crown for the Christ Child, which the mother holds in her arms.

Some idea of the beauty and costliness of the crowns may be gained from the value placed on the gold and jewels, by the jeweler, who appraised them at about ten thousand dollars. This is a valuation, however, which it is almost a desecration to mention, in view of the fact that the gifts were, for the most part, keepsakes and heirlooms, trinkets and family treasure of many kinds.

The statue is carved in wood and robed in gold. From an æsthetic view-point, it can in no way compare with the real works of art. Not, for instance, with the famous statue of the Blessed Virgin in the Jesuit Church in New Orleans. The latter work, in white carrara, was done by Fostier for Amelie, Queen of Louis Philippe. When the king was deposed in 1848, the sculptor sold the statue in New York for six thousand dollars.

In the matter of setting for the statue of our Lady of Prompt Succor, the result has not been unhappy. The artistic effect of a good background has been recognized ever since the Renaissance. Behind this group, and forming a fitting background for a miraculous statue are massed the votive tablets. The chapel itself is separated from the main sanctuary by an arch, over which is inscribed the prayer: *"Notre Dame de Prompt Secours, hatez vous à nôtre secours."** From beneath the arch, Our Lady looks across the sanctuary and into the private oratory, where kneel her beloved devotees, the daughters of St. Ursula and their pupils.

The exterior of the chapel has borne well nearly a century of the destructive weather of the Gulf State. It bids fair to last till it sees still greater increase, alike in the age and fame of the treasure which its walls contain.

From the churchyard there is but one public exit. This is the arched gate standing beside the chaplain's residence. Upon emerging from the churchyard and climbing up the high embankment, which keeps back the dark and threatening waters of the Mississippi from inundating the city of New Orleans and its environs, you turn your gaze upstream, to see once more the cluster of convent buildings. It is a scene as full of beauty as of holy and historic associations. Long stretches of broad latticed veranda, look out over groves of fig, orange and magnolia, upon the waters of the Mississippi. Westward, across the mile-wide stretch of river is the dark forest reserve of the Ursulines. On the opposite side of the house, looking eastward, is a grand grove of towering, century-old pecan trees which were planted by early Jesuit missionaries, and beyond, a garden and field stretch almost to Lake Pontchartrain.

The river in front and the glebe in the rear give great privacy to the shrine. Up and down the river, on either side of the convent property, like sentinels guarding its privacy, or like watchers before the sanctuary, are plantation homes with beautiful, spacious grounds, luxuriant in foliage and flower of semi-tropical shrubs and trees. Magnificent magnolias, vested in leaves of green and gold and brown, and blossoms of purest white, give the benediction of their shade and offer the incense of their flowers.

Such is the home of the devotion to Our Lady of Prompt Succor. Well may it attract pilgrims. And well may the alumnæ of the convent delight in gathering here their pious friends to make an annual retreat.

There is a sodality of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, to which all the pupils of the Ursuline Convent belong. In 1895, a confraternity was erected. Two years later it was raised to an arch-confraternity.

*Our Lady of Prompt Succor, hasten to our help.

The devotion has spread, for the most part, spontaneously, young ladies coming from the convent school, and others from the shrine, have carried it among their friends. To behold such a shrine—nay, even to hear its glories feebly recounted—should give an increase of faith in, and love for, the Blessed Virgin as Our Lady of Prompt Succor, Our Lady of Louisiana.

AT THE TURNING OF THE LANE.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

Miss Winslow sat at her writing table meditatively biting the end of her wooden pen holder. In front of her lay a chaotic heap of papers scrawled over in big handwriting and blurred with blots; on the edges of the pages were fringes of marginal notes, the whole typifying a scene of long mental conflict. On one end of the green baize-covered desk was a neat pile of manuscript which had evidently emerged, by strenuous stages, from the conflict of Miss Winslow's battering criticisms.

"It is nearly done. For two hours a day I live," she said as she re-sorted the pages with an air of positive greediness.

The stout maid who was dusting the sparse ornaments on the mantel turned in amazement. "Maam?" she ejaculated, half fearfully.

Between Miss Winslow's heavy black brows there lurked a decided frown. "I'm not talking to you, Mirandy. I'm merely meditating."

"Oh," gasped Mirandy, uncomprehendingly. "I was just thinkin'."

"You blessed child!" interrupted Miss Winslow with a half-suppressed smile. "If you knew what thinking meant you'd never try it."

"I was just thinkin'," continued Mirandy, encouraged by the smile, "that I ain't knowin' what's for dinner."

"And neither do I, Mirandy," said Miss Winslow, "and I don't care. Go order what you please. I can't stop to consider food just now."

Mirandy regarded her mistress dubiously. She had been warned by her friends when she first applied for the place that Miss Winslow was a bit queer, but Mirandy had the inherited courage of two dragoon grandfathers, and being badly in need of lucrative labor she presented herself, with her best bandbox, without hesitation.

Miss Winslow's appearance was not terrifying. She was a thin little woman with the wan look of one who has parted with her first youth and lacking the plumpness that comes as a compensation to middle age. Her complexion was sallow, her brown, waving hair had lost some of its lustre, her large black eyes were too searching to attract admiration—one's gaze naturally fell before them—her white, even teeth lent a certain sort of radiance to her face when she smiled, but her whole appearance was one of frailty; and Mirandy, whose muscular energy was paramount accepted the proffered terms and laughed at her friends for their advice.

Miss Winslow was not ignorant of the gossip about her. She had come to the provincial little town five years before, dressed in deep mourning, had rented an attractive house in one of the quietest streets, and had settled down without explaining to her curious neighbors her family history, why she had come, from

where she had come, or how long she intended to stay. The interested neighbors rightfully resented this lack of confidence. When they called upon her she met them with a civility and dignified reserve when they had expected gratitude and outpourings. After she had been in town a year they discovered that she had once taught school in the West to educate a brother who was at that time living in New York. Another six months, and they learned through one of the omniscient dailies that that same brother was a literary man of great promise. Another year and Miss Winslow remarked, casually, to a chance caller who had commented upon the number of books in the house, that her father had been professor of literature for many years in a Western university, but she failed to mention the name of the universsity. She also said that his small amount of savings had been invested in an unfortunate association which had failed, leaving his children to work for their own support. These two facts, given gratuitously, so astonished the caller that she went around town retailing them and speaking of herself as Miss Winslow's best friend and only confidant. Another six months, and Joe, Miss Winslow's brother, came home to live.

He was a tall, stoop-shouldered, delicate looking fellow of twenty-five, with an air of conceit inconsistently combined with a naive craving for approval and affection from everyone he met. This desire to please made friends for him wherever he went, and there was a spontaneous joyousness about him that caused people to pity him for the gloom of his home surroundings. The articles he wrote were proudly copied in the thin-smeared county sheet and his ethical essays were considered too deep reading for any but the alleged scholars of the town, while the number of express packages, containing books sent to him for review, seemed to add to the importance of the station-master's position.

Mirandy knew more about her mistress than anyone else, and she regarded her with an abject admiration adulterated at times by an impatient pity for her lack of practicability. She acknowledged, secretly, to her one faithful Sunday night caller that Miss Winslow's ways were incomprehensible. Why did she lock herself in her room every morning for hours at a time and write all over papers and then pack them in a waste paper basket? Why didn't she accept any of the numerous invitations she received? Even Miss Dandridge's ball had been ignored. How could anyone resist fiddlers from the city and refreshments ladled out by five city waiters in white-bosomed shirts? Why didn't she go to the circus when she had money enough in her pocket to buy tickets innumerable? Why was she always reading books, books without pictures, until her head ached and her eyes were red?

After a long time Mirandy gave up trying to understand these things, and she talked only of Miss Winslow's goodness and generosity. Miss Winslow had nursed her through a long illness. Miss Winslow had given her chicken broth every three hours, and watched over her like a sister. Miss Winslow had paid her full wages through it all and paid the doctor and bought her medicines and then, as a climax, Miss Winslow had given her a trunk full of bright-colored clothes and hats, discarded at the time of her mourning. Though the dresses did not span Mirandy's corpulent, square-cut figure, an imaginative dressmaker in the town, who was used to "making over" for a slight consideration, came to her assistance and succeeded in producing some wondrous combinations that led the Sunday night caller to appear on Wednesday nights as well.

"She's the best woman that ever lived."

announced Mirandy one evening, while her admirer was partaking of cold chicken pie.

"Reckon she is if you say so, Mirandy," he said with well-fed acquiescence. "But she certainly is mournful lookin'."

"That's all you know, Jake Cummins," said Mirandy, scornfully. "She can laugh as well as anybody."

"Well, I don't believe it," said Jake obstinately, pushing back his chair. "Nobody ever seen her."

"Ain't I seen her?" asked Mirandy, hotly. "I tell you she's mighty gay sometimes when folks ain't lookin'."

"If you ain't lookin' how do you know?" was Jake's next reasonable question.

"Ain't I here all the time?" said Mirandy, her temper rising to support her statement. "Ain't I got ears and eyes and teeth?"

Jake laughed.

"What have your teeth got to do with it?"

"Didn't she have them fixed for me? Ain't I been goin' around this town half crazy with toothache off and on ever since I can remember? Didn't she have them fixed for me and pay the bill?"

"You needn't get so flustered, Mirandy," he said soothingly. "I didn't mean no harm. Where does she get her money?"

"The Lord knows," said Mirandy, quieting down. "I know we pay our bills regular, so it ain't anybody's business."

But in spite of Mirandy's uncompromising loyalty to her mistress, there were times when the neighbors' repeated warnings returned to her with concentrated force, and she feared for Miss Winslow's sanity with the faint heart of a tender mother who watches a failing child.

This morning when she heard Miss Winslow say "For two hours a dav I live," Mirandy, in her freshly-aroused alarm, nearly dusted a glass vase off the high mantel shelf.

"Why, you're livin' all the time," she said convincingly, feeling that a gentle contradiction might be efficacious. "Ain't you feelin' well today?"

Miss Winslow leaned restfully back in her chair.

"I believe I'm happy for the first time in five years, Mirandy," she said, and in her soft voice there was a new strain of joy. "You're such a delightfully literal person that you wouldn't understand what I meant by living, so I suppose it would be no use trying to tell you. But suppose you had been working over something for years, and suppose it was done. Suppose you were ambitious and nobody knew. Suppose you saw success, fame, power before you, and at last they were in your grasp. Suppose you had been imprisoned for years, wouldn't you be glad to be free?"

"I ain't seein' the connection," said Mirandy.

"Of course you don't," said Miss Winslow gaily. "I wish I were more like you, Mirandy. If our minds would only miss connections over our miseries how much happier we should be. You're a dear soul, you hate books, and it's such a relief to meet someone now and then who actually hates them and makes no pretences."

"I ain't hatin' them," said Mirandy, "but they do clutter up the house and I ain't seein' the use in so many—"

"You're right again Mirandy, you are always right."

Mirandy smiled, her placidity restored by this approval. "I'm glad you're feelin' better," she said. "I'm afraid sometimes them headaches will turn your mind."

"I wish they would," said Miss Winslow devoutly. "If they would turn it in the right direction I would be grateful. I have a bad headache now," she added as an after-thought, and taking the pins out of her hair she let the heavy braids fall about her shoulders. "Will you make me a cup of

tea, Mirandy? I have been working so hard all this week."

"Indeed I will, miss," and she hurried off to get the tea kettle. She would not like to have acknowledged that she always experienced a sense of relief at the first symptom of illness Miss Winslow exhibited, for her sense of gratitude was so overwhelming that she longed for a time to come when she might show, in some way, her deep sense of obligation for the untiring nursing she had received.

As soon as Mirandy had gone, Miss Winslow leaned again over her desk. The papers seemed to possess an irresistible fascination, but she pushed them resolutely aside into one of the long drawers and turned the key as if to silence their appeal.

The sunlight was faint in the garden, a fresh breeze had blown the white muslin curtains apart, and the sky appeared threatening and blotched with beaten clouds. Miss Winslow breathed in the fresh air delightedly. It was late in the fall but the weather had been oppressively warm all morning. The drear prophecy of winter seemed changed into a promise of spring.

Suddenly the door opened and Joe came into the room. His white face wore a worried look, and there was a certain bashfulness, foreign to his manner, as he went up to his sister and kissed her tenderly upon the forehead.

"Done for the day?" he said cheerfully. "How many pages of typewriting for me tonight?"

"Five pages of my book," she said, triumphantly. "I've been struggling over the last chapter for the last two months, and now it is done. I seemed to see my way clear today."

"Five pages! That isn't much, is it? What did you do about the book reviews?"

"Oh Joe, Joe, it's plain to be seen that you never tried to write a novel. If you had, five pages would look monumental. As for the book reviews I let them go."

"But, Eleanor," he protested, "I promised those reviews. They were to be finished today. I've just had a letter from those men telling me to hurry."

"Well, we don't care Joe, dear"—the exultant mood was still upon her—"I couldn't put aside that chapter for a book review. Make them wait, or let them get some one else. I'm too tired to work any more today."

"Could you dictate to me?" he suggested.

She shook her head. "The reviews wouldn't be worth reading."

"That doesn't matter. We would be paid for them just the same."

"Oh, Joe!" she exclaimed, and there was a plea for mercy in her tone. "Can't you understand that it's a positive pain for me to, knowingly, send out inferior work merely to sell?"

Joe stretched himself easily on the divan in the corner. "We need the money."

"No we don't. Not now," she smiled, reassuringly. "And I don't believe I could write that way even if I were starving."

He moved restlessly. "Oh, you have the literary conscience," he said. "I'm spared that, but I need the money more than you do. I'm sorry you tired yourself out today."

Her eyes were still fixed upon the changing clouds. "I didn't know how long I was working. I forgot myself. I've been at it ever since six o'clock this morning."

"On your own book?" he said half-reprovingly. "That's nothing to me. That's to be your own, you told me. I guess it will make your fortune, you're so clever. I wish I could do a book. People keep on asking me why I don't try."

Her look of happiness faded. "What do you say?" she asked, turning towards him.

"Oh, I assume a manner of indifference and say 'perhaps I shall after a while, when I have more time.' "

She put her hand to her aching head. "Sometimes," she said dully, "sometimes I feel as if I was all wrong in helping you to live this lie, Joe."

"No, it's not," he made haste to contradict her. "I do the actual writing—the typewriting—don't I? I'm sorry about those book reviews. Those people pay unusually well. I'm feeling very poor at present."

"Why?"

She asked the question mechanically. Her mind was far away from monetary consideration, but his long hesitation in answering made her wonder a little.

"Why?" she asked again.

He shifted the pillows of the sofa as if he found his reclining position uncomfortable. "I—I suppose I'm falling in love," he said, sheepishly.

The last vestige of her dream-look died out of her face. The hard reality of life returned. "In love!" she repeated, "In love with whom?"

"I don't know why you should feel hurt about it," he began, half fretfully. "She's the dearest little thing in all the world."

Miss Winslow leaned her elbows on her desk, and her head, heavily, in her hands.

"Of course," she said with a bitterness hitherto unknown in her tone. "But I don't see how that alters the situation."

"Can't we all live together happily?"

"Happily! Oh, Joe, I have not known happiness for years."

"But she will brighten up the house for you. She will be so companionable. Why, I think Sadie—"

She interrupted him with a cry approaching anguish.

"Sadie! Oh, Joe, not Sadie Donne?"

"And why not? Isn't she as pretty as a picture? Half the men in town are crazy about her."

She raised her head. Her mouth was set in a firm line. "Because—because her mind doesn't outweigh a feather, and I fancy her emotions are like soap bubbles. And she has been talked about Joe, and you know some of the stories are not without foundation."

"They were a pack of lies," he said, hotly. "I believe you are jealous, Eleanor; I thought you would feel that way or I would have told you about it before."

"You have engaged yourself then?"

"Six months ago."

"And you intend to marry her?"

"As soon as I can."

"And how will you support her?"

"Why can't we go on living just the same?" his tone was pleading.

"I can't Joe. I can't; you will have to find work somewhere—anywhere—I can't go on—"

"But Eleanor, what can I do?"

"I don't know," she said hopelessly. "I don't know, I don't know."

"You will leave me alone now—now when I need your help more than ever? I thought you loved me, Eleanor. Is it fair to leave me now?"

"Loved," she repeated, "oh, Joe, I don't think you ever guessed how I have loved you. I was only fifteen when our mother died, and you were five. When she gave you to me with her dying breath I think, in some way, she transmitted her mother-love to me. Years afterwards, when our little income was swept away, I was not worried about myself, but for you I was troubled. I was afraid you would not be able to have all the advantages that seemed yours by birthright. You can never know the joy I felt when I succeeded in getting that position to teach in the district school, so that you might go away to college. I thought you would take our father's place. I hoped you might take up his work where he left off; I planned a wonderful, useful life for you."

"Oh, I know," he said, impatiently. "You used to write that sort of thing to

me at college, but I just couldn't be the kind of man you wanted me to be. I hadn't the brains or the—inclination. I never cared for books. Athletics would have been more in my line if I had had the physical strength. I have always felt, ever since I left college, that I would like to go into some sort of business if I had the capital."

As he talked his face seemed to recede from her.

"What sort of business?" she asked abstractedly.

He did not hesitate. He had thought the matter over so often. "The publishing business. You see I have the reputation—"

"The reputation?"

"Well, I'm known as an author, and of course that would help me. And then I was in a publishing house for two years and I know something about the business end of books. There are tricks in every trade. There's nothing like an attractive binding. Why, a striking design on a cover will make even a poor thing go. Red backs sell better than dark ones. I would insist upon a bright binding if I were you. I was wondering, Eleanor, if that book of yours wouldn't sell better under my name." He made the suggestion smiling, with a calm boyishness that seemed to see nothing preposterous in the proposition.

She had long since ceased to look for sympathy from her brother, but she had so persistently shut her eyes to his shortcomings that any new evidence of his overwhelming selfishness gave her a dull sense of surprise.

"Don't! Don't ask me that. I cannot. You don't understand what that book has been to me. I have struggled over it for years. It's been a part of me. I have watched it grow as a mother watches a child. When you talk of binding it in red I feel like those poor slave mothers must have felt when their daughters were dressed in their gayest and offered for sale in the market place."

"How was I to know how you felt?" he said, moodily. "I thought you would like as much money as the book will bring."

"I don't care for the money."

"We can't live without it. We tried that. I'm old enough to marry. You don't know Sadie as I do or you would like to have her here."

Miss Winslow smiled, wanly. "I suppose I don't. Sisters-in-law are usually obtuse at such times."

"I might as well tell you," he went on doggedly, "that I'm going to marry Sadie. I've made up my mind to that. Nothing will stop me. There's no one like her in all the world. She has the voice of an angel. I've tried to conquer myself. I've tried to stay away from her but it's no use, I can't be happy without her. I'm miserable if I don't see her every day." He paused for a moment, then with a resoluteness he had never shown before he said—"I intend to marry her if I have to dig in the streets for her."

As he talked Miss Winslow's thin hands worked together nervously. Into her face there stole a strange look of passion. She seemed to be viewing herself from afar, and she felt an infinite pity for herself. The past years loomed large before her. Years of uncongenial labor in the stuffy school-house on the plains—the ill-kept children—the ignorant, critical trustees,—the after years of deprivation; the quelling of her girlish desires for pretty clothes; for travel, for friends, for amusement; the conquest of her love for beauty; the stifling of a strong heart's cry, and then she saw the cold, grey years to be closing in upon her:

"Then dig," she said. "You will have to dig," and the next moment she had passed, wraith-like, through the open doorway.

For the next month an added gloom rested upon the Winslow household. Mi-

randy made futile efforts to dispel it in the only way she knew how, by a general house-cleaning. She rubbed the glasses and the few bits of silver until their brightness made her blink; she polished the floors, the windows, the furniture; she washed and starched the muslin curtains until they were ready to stand upright; then, in order to break the depressing silence, she tried singing at her work, but she would suddenly stop in the middle of a verse when she realized that, unconsciously, she had selected the most mournful of revival hymns.

At first Miss Winslow seemed indifferent to this unrequested domestic upheaval. She spent most of her time in her study sitting listlessly at her desk—"Just as if she had heard tell of the death of some one," Mirandy confided to the cook next door.

"She ain't gone into mournin" said this interested auditor, stopping in her work of hanging clothes and coming nearer to the fence rail.

"Maybe it's an old beau," suggested Mirandy with maidenly delight. "She ain't like herself lately. She don't eat nothin' nor say nothin'. She won't get the doctor. She just smiles sort of pitiful and says, 'I'm all right.' She tries to brighten up when Mr. Joe comes in. He's always in high spirits. Some say he's goin' to get married."

"Maybe Miss Winslow's mad about it."

"Maybe," said Mirandy meditatively.

"Reckon he's her only support," suggested the practical neighbor, "or mebbe she's gettin' melancholic all of a sudden."

"I don't think it's any sort of stomach complaint," said Mirandy. "She ain't eat'n nothin' to disagree with her."

"I ain't speakin' of her stomach," corrected the cook with a superior air. "It's her head I'm talkin' about."

At this suggestion Mirandy's temper always flamed, and after a few hot words she descended from the soap box on which she was wont to elevate her short person when she wished to peer over the fence rails for this daily exchange of confidences. But in spite of her indignation she watched her mistress anxiously, and whenever she spoke to her it was with the soothing air with which one addresses an invalid.

The dull days crept monotonously on, and Miss Winslow's malady was still a mystery, when one morning Mirandy came upstairs to announce a visitor.

"He ain't a book agent," she announced, as if triumphing in her foresight. "I asked him. I told him we had more books now than we knew what to do with."

Miss Winslow raised her eyes from the book she was reading. "Didn't he give his name?" she asked, indifferently.

"He said he wanted to see you on business."

"Then he wants to see Mr. Joe."

"No, he said he wanted to see you most particular. 'I told him Mr. Joe was out and he said 'How fortunate!' "

Miss Winslow shut her book and, rising, went to the mirror. "That's strange!" she said. "What does the man look like?"

"I might say elegant, maam," said Mirandy. "Not very young, pointed beard, grey in places, taller than Mr. Joe, broad in the shoulders, though it might have been paddin'."

"It's very strange!" said Miss Winslow again, as she took her comb and waved her hair into a fluff about her forehead. "Are you sure, Mirandy? Sure that his hair is grey?"

"In places," said Mirandy, viewing with satisfaction these unusual preparations for a visitor. "Those book agents are young men mostly. I ain't goin' to have them worryin' you. Will you change your dress, maam?"

Miss Winslow hesitated. "I think not," she said after a moment's reflection. "It isn't worth while. I'm just imagining

things today, Mirandy. When one gets lonely, one is apt to imagine."

She left the room with a strained look of expectation on her face and hurried down the stairs to the study door. There she stopped, trembling, on the threshold, for her visitor turned and came towards her, both hands outstretched.

"Eleanor!"

She put her hand to her head with a bewildered gesture, but recovering herself, with a woman's quick readiness, she smiled.

"I thought it was a ghost," she said.

"Why, am I so dead to you?" he asked half-seriously. "I hoped I might remain a living memory at least."

Instinctively she had seated herself in her accustomed place at her desk. The sight of the familiar papers seemed to steady her hold on a whirling world. "You appeared so suddenly," she said, "and I have not seen you for so long."

"Seven years to the day," he said, as if he had timed his visit by careful calculation. "Seven years *is* a long time."

There was an oppressive silence.

"Where is Joe?" he asked.

Her voice seemed to come from a great distance. "Out somewhere in the village. I do not know—"

"While you work?"

"I have not been doing much lately."

"You are not well?"

"I'm well. I guess I'm growing lazy for I feel quite well."

"And Joe?"

"He is stronger than he used to be."

"But you go on working for him just the same?"

"Working for him?" she repeated the words evasively.

"Don't try to deceive me, Eleanor," he said, reproachfully. "I don't think I deserve that after all these years."

She raised her eyes as if pleading for mercy. "Then don't cross examine me," she said.

A frown gathered between his heavy eyebrows. "I've traveled three hundred miles for that purpose, but since you will not answer questions I'll claim the privilege of a protest, for you cannot doubt my friendship?"

Mechanically she heaped together the papers on her desk as if she feared the revelations they might make.

"In the old days," he began with his eyes fixed full upon her, "though I thought I knew you so well, I did not realize what Joe was to you—I did not know how dominating your ambition was for the boy. I did not realize how the sacrifice of yourself had grown to be such a habit that no deprivation seemed too great to suffer if he could reap the benefit. And because you loved him so well Eleanor, you weakened him—you weakened even his moral force. He was only a boy when he took that first story of yours to one of the magazines, and when he found that the editor spoke well of it and was willing to publish it he claimed it as his own. He thought it was a joke—a clever trick—God knows what. He told me about it laughing. That was the beginning."

Miss Winslow sat white-faced and mute before him. He went on relentlessly:

"A few years later when I heard him spoken of as a journalist of great promise I thought that you were merely helping him, but after a time I suspected that the work was all yours, and when that volume of essays was published—I knew. Joe may have some business ability but he has no brains, not the kind that deals in abstractions and ethical problems. You have tried to make the world believe he was the kind of man you hoped he would be. You have made him a living lie."

She buried her face in her hands.

He went on as stern as an accusing judge. "And dishonesty was a positive pain to you. I can guess what your life has been. Your im-

agination has added to your sense of guilt. You moved away from your old associates, you feared to make new friends, you dreaded discovery. You exaggerated the world's astuteness, but in your plans you were making one fatal mistake, and when I saw it I became a partner to your guilt. Joe was in New York; you were supporting him in luxury. The reputation you were making for him forced him into the society of literary men. The boy was making a fool of himself. It was I who sent him home."

"He told me," she said between parched lips.

"And now—now you have given him your book—the book you were working on seven years ago when you sent me away from you—forever. For the last two years I have been connected with a publishing house. In this way your book fell in my hands. You can guess with what interest I have read it, for your heart was in your work. Your very soul is laid bare upon its pages, and yet you would disown your own creation. You would make a scatter-brained boy responsible for its being." He stopped for a moment to control his voice, which had risen to a quavering key. "Why have you done this thing?"

"For money," she said, shortly.

"Money for what?"

"To live."

"Then he has urged you to it," he said, hotly. "I believe you have enough to live on. I suppose he is in debt. Has he been gambling again?"

"No—no—not that; but he needs capital. The book will sell better under his name. He is to be married."

As in the old days he forced the truth from her.

"And you think this is fair to the woman who is to be his wife?"

"She knows. I made him tell her."

"And she said?"

Miss Winslow smiled faintly. "She said that old maids were usually foolish about some man or other."

"And it is for her you are doing this thing?"

"It is my wedding present to them."

"And you will go on working for them just the same?"

"No, no, I cannot," she said. "He will have the money and I—I can go away."

He leaned a little forward in his chair. "Where?" he asked.

She looked past him out into the glow of the garden. Her face was pale and eager like one who has long been deprived of freedom.

"Oh, I don't know. It doesn't matter. I am free to go. He will not need me."

As she spoke, there dawned in his kind blue eyes an expression of hope. Tenderly he lifted her white hand from the pile of papers on her desk. "But there is someone else who does Eleanor. I came this morning to play the part of an accusing judge, and then—then to plead for clemency."

THREE CENTURIES OF IRISH EDUCATION.

BY R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

II.

All attempts to make the Irish English and Protestant had so far failed. A new scheme which it was fondly hoped would secure these desirable ends, was now projected. The Charter Schools were launched.

In 1730 the Protestant Primate Boulter addressed a letter to the Bishop of London complaining "of the great number of Papists in this kingdom (of Ireland) and of the obstinacy with which they adhere to their own religion," reminding his Grace of the "good success" which had attended the efforts of "the corporation established in Scotland for the instruction of the ignorant and barbarous part of that nation," and suggesting that if the nobility, clergy, and gentry of Ireland were incorporated for a like purpose "we might likewise have some success in our attempts to teach the Papists the English tongue, and the principles of the Christian religion." "I can assure your Grace," continued the Primate, "the Papists are so numerous that it highly concerns us, in point of interest, as well as out of concern for the salvation of these poor creatures, who are our fellow subjects, to try all possible means to bring them and theirs over to the knowledge of the true religion; and one of the most likely methods we can think of is, if possible, to instruct and convert the young generation, for instead of converting those that are adult we are daily losing many of our meaner people who go after Popery."

In 1733 the "nobility, clergy and gentry" met in solemn conclave and petitioned the King to aid them in founding a system of education by which the wretched Irish Papists might be reclaimed from Popery and barbarism. The King granted their petition, and gave them a charter for the establishment of the "Incorporated Society for promoting English Protestant schools in Ireland." The Society began its work under the most promising auspices. Money flowed into its coffers from the Protestants of England as well as from the Protestants of Ireland. The King himself gave an annual donation of one thousand pounds. The Earl of Kildare gave five hundred pounds, and a grant of twenty acres of land. Other landlords were equally generous.

The Irish Parliament took the Society under its protection. An act was passed compelling hawkers and pedlars to take out licenses, and the income arising from this impost, which amounted to about eleven hundred and fifty pounds a year, was given to the Society. It was a brilliant idea to tax Popish hawkers and pedlars for the support of a Protestant proselytizing institution. In 1751 the Lord Lieutenant recommended the Society to the favor of Parliament, and the result was a grant of five thousand pounds. In 1758 another grant of five thousand pounds was made by Parliament. An estate of land was given to the Society by the Rev. William Wilson, in the County Westmeath.

In 1763 Dr. Pococke, Bishop of Ossory, gave the Society large estates, both real and personal, in the County Kilkenny. In 1786 the Society was enriched to the extent of seventeen hundred pounds by the estates of Mr. John Rogerson. In 1790 a Dutch nobleman, resident in London, one Baron Veyhauven, added to its funds the handsome sum of 56,666 pounds in the three per cent consols, and at the same time an unknown benefactor bestowed the

equally handsome gift of forty thousand pounds in the four per cent.

Between 1751 and 1761 Parliament had given the Society an annual average grant of between three thousand and four thousand pounds. Between 1761 and 1771 this sum was increased to 5,800 pounds. Between 1771 and 1781 the grant was still farther increased to 6,100 pounds, between 1781 and 1791 it rose to 9,000 pounds, and between 1791 and 1801 it reached 11,800 pounds. Between 1801 and 1807 the English Parliament voted an annual average sum amounting to twenty thousand pounds, in support of the Society. The English grants continued up to 1832, making a total of 625,707 pounds. In fine, to show generally the financial extent of State aid alone given to the Society, it may be said that from 1733 to 1832 it received Parliamentary grants amounting to 1,300,000 pounds.

What was done with all this money? Were the Irish reclaimed from Popery and barbarism? Was a system of education, calculated to instruct the youth of the country and bring them up good citizens, established? The "Charter Schools" were founded by the Society, and scattered throughout the country.

They were avowedly proselytizing institutions. Every Catholic parent who sought admission for his child, to the schools, was obliged to sign the following form: "I (name of father or mother) do most earnestly entreat that ——— be admitted into a Protestant Charter School, and I do hereby give my full and voluntary consent to (his or her), being educated in the doctrines of the Protestant religion." No better comment can be offered on the educational policy of the English Government in Ireland than is to be found in this precious document. I stated in my last article that "ignorance or Protestantism was the alternative presented by the English Government to the Irish people." This fact is set forth in all its nakedness in the form of admission to the Charter Schools. Between 1733 and 1784 the schools were allowed to pursue their career without criticism or investigation. An annual sermon was preached at Christ's Church, Dublin, in aid of them. This sermon invariably represented the schools as doing splendid work, and besought Parliament and the public to lend them continuous support.

Such was the course of events until 1784, when John Howard, the philanthropist, visited Ireland, chiefly for the purpose of inspecting the prisons. But, while on the spot, he also inspected the Charter Schools, whose "fame" had spread to England. As a result of his inspection he urged Parliament to appoint a commission to inquire into the condition of the schools. But no inquiry took place in 1782, '83, '84, '85, or '86. In 1787 Howard visited Ireland again, and, accompanied by Sir J. Fitzpatrick, made another searching inspection of the schools. His second report forced Parliament to take action. A committee of inquiry was appointed, and, before this committee, Howard and Fitzpatrick were examined. Then the doings of the Charter Schools were brought to light. It is difficult now, though nearly a hundred years have passed since it was written, to read without a shudder Mr. Howard's account of those vile institutions which,—under the patronage and control of the Irish Protestant Episcopalian Church, encouraged and endowed by Parliament, and sanctioned by the authority of the Crown,—had been permitted to dishonor and disgrace the land, for half a century. And this without a word of complaint, without an expression of dissatisfaction from those responsible for their management! Never perhaps was there established in any civilized country a system of education based on principles so immoral, and

worked by such disreputable means, as the Irish Charter schools.

Of Count Cagliostro, Carlyle said that "it was not so much that he told lies as that he himself was a lie." It may be said of the Charter Schools that it was not so much that lies were told and frauds perpetrated in connection with them, as that the whole system was one vast lie and fraud. The masters of the schools lied to the visitors, the visitors lied to the local committees, the local committees lied to the central committee, the central committee lied to Parliament, and Parliament by voting supplies for the maintenance of those schools, on the strength of the statement furnished by their managers, published those lies as truths to the world. The central committee stated that the total number of children in the schools was 2,100. Howard proved the number to be 1,400. The committee stated that the children were "well-cared-for, well-fed, well-clothed, well-taught." Howard demonstrated that "the state of most of the schools I have visited was so deplorable as to disgrace Protestantism, and to encourage Popery in Ireland, rather than the contrary; and that the instruction, cleanliness, and health of the children had been grossly neglected; that they had not been allowed sufficient food, clothing, or other necessaries, and that, in many of the schools, they were half-starved, half-naked, and covered with cutaneous disorders, the result of filth and negligence." "The children in general," declared Howard, "were sickly, pale, and such miserable objects that they were a disgrace to all society."

Sir J. Fitzpatrick found "the children puny and not in the state of health in which children generally are; they were in general filthy and ill-clothed." He had "seen them without shifts or shirts, and in such a situation as it was indecent to look on. In general the children had the itch and other eruptive disorders."

After Howard had visited the Charter Schools he visited the Catholic "Hedge" schools, and this is his report of these institutions, which received no Parliamentary grants and were not patronized by the "nobility, clergy, gentry," and royalty itself:

"The lower class of people in Ireland are by no means averse to the improvement of their children. At the cabins on the roadside I saw several schools in which, for the payment of three shillings and three pence, per quarter, children were instructed in reading, writing, and accounts. Some of these I examined as to their proficiency and found them much forwarder than those of the same age in the Charter Schools. They were clean and wholesome, and consisted of the children of both Catholic and Protestant parents."

The infamous character of the Charter Schools was exposed in 1788; nothing was done by Parliament or the governing classes to reform them. They still dragged on their miserable and degrading career, receiving grants from Parliament, and enjoying the patronage of the State. At length, in 1825, they were made a subject of inquiry by a Royal Commission on Irish education. Having thoroughly inquired into the whole working of the system, and spared no pains to learn the precise truth respecting its management from 1800 down to 1820-25, the commissioners sum up the results of their investigations and inquiries by declaring the condition of the schools during all those years to have been "far from satisfactory." They say:

"It will be found that, however, in some cases there may have been cause for approbation, yet in a much greater degree were there grounds for animadversion and complaint. In a majority of cases the masters took little share in the instruction of the children, their time being occupied in the management of their farms. Some of the houses were kept in a slovenly and neglected manner, and the children were in many cases ill-fed and badly-clothed, and affected with diseases which by ordinary care and attention might have been easily cured. They were not brought up in habits of cleanliness and decency, and their hours of instruction and recreation were infringed by their being obliged to work for the

benefit of the master. The manner of instruction appears to have been imperfect, and the children had made but little progress in Scriptural knowledge. They were neglected in many cases by the visitors, and still more by local committees who seldom attended to visit the schools. The children are described as sullen and dogged, and in some cases appear to have been treated with extreme severity. A large proportion of the children apprenticed are known to have eloped from their places, and it was difficult in some places to find masters who would take children from these schools."

Thus it will be observed that the main features by which the schools of the Incorporated Society were distinguished between 1733 and 1787 continued still to mark them from 1787 down to 1820-25. I fancy most people will think that the time had now come when Parliament might release itself from farther responsibility with reference to the support of the Charter Schools. So at all events, thought the Royal Commissioners of 1825.

"Independent of the objections," they say, "which, as it appears to us, may justly be made to the principle on which this society was established, we think that its constitution and management are each so defective that no hope of any permanent improvement in the schools can reasonably be entertained."

In conclusion the Royal Commissioners recommended the discontinuance of Parliamentary grants for the keeping up of the schools, pointing out that the total expenditure of the Incorporated Society during its ninety years' existence had been 1,612,138 pounds, of which 1,027.715 pounds was obtained from Parliament. This suggestion of the commissioners was not acted upon. Indeed, in the year after their report a grant of 19,500 pounds was voted for the schools.

The next grant, and the last, was made in 1832. It amounted to 5,700 pounds. Then finally terminated Parliamentary responsibility for the maintenance of an educational system which, from the time of its foundation in 1733 down to its repudiation by Parliament in 1833, had been, to use the words of John Howard, "a disgrace to Protestantism—a disgrace to all society." On the withdrawal of State aid the Charter Schools disappeared, but they have left an infamous name and memory behind.

I may here deal with other more or less proselytizing institutions. In 1769 the Hibernian Military School was incorporated by letters patent for the purpose of "maintaining, educating, apprenticing, or placing in the army, orphans and other children of soldiers in Ireland"; and in 1818 a charter was granted providing that the children should be taught "to read, especially the Holy Scriptures, and should be instructed in the principles of the Protestant religion as established in Ireland."

This provision remained in force until 1846 when Catholic pupils were at last admitted and allowed to receive instruction from the clergymen of their own Church, specially appointed for the purpose. Apart from the Protestant Ascendancy principles on which it was founded this institution has been well-managed, and the education commissions of 1854-58, and 1879-80, alike report favorably of it.

The Hibernian Marine School was founded in 1775, on the same religious principles as the Military School, for the purpose of "maintaining, educating, and apprenticing the orphans, and other children of decayed seamen of the Royal Navy and Merchant Service."

This institution has not upon the whole enjoyed so good a reputation as the Military School. The commissioners of 1854-58 did not report favorably of it, but the commissioners of 1879-80 state that "a great advance has been made since 1857."

In 1792 the "Association for discountenancing vice, and promoting the knowledge and practice of the Christian religion" was founded on "Church of England principles" to check "the bane-

ful torrent of infidelity and immorality" which was sweeping over the country. In 1806 Catholics were tempted to enter the schools of the society by a pledge that, while all the pupils were bound to read the Bible, instruction in the Church of England Catechism was not obligatory on those who did not belong to that persuasion.

For many years faith was kept with the Catholics, and many Catholic children went to the schools. In 1820 out of 8,828 pupils attending 119 schools, 4,368 were Catholics; and in 1824 out of a total of 12,922 pupils, 6,344 belonged to the same Church. But ultimately faith was broken with the Catholics; their religious principles were tampered with; then the schools were denounced; the Parliamentary grant which between the years 1801 and 1824 had amounted to nearly 80,000 pounds was withdrawn, and the schools collapsed.

The "London Hibernian Society" was founded in 1806 to promote "pure religion" in Ireland. "The great body of the Irish," the Society announced to the world, "wandered like sheep having no faithful Shepherd to lead them. Legendary tales, pilgrimages, penances, superstitions, offerings, priestly domination, the notorious habit of reconciling sanctimonious accents and attitudes with abandoned practices, and all that shocks and disgusts in the mummery of the Mass house"; these things were to be reformed by the "enlightened and pious" members of the London Hibernian Society. "Popery" was to be "reduced," and the "Light of Life" shed throughout the land. Schools were to be established, missionaries sent forth, "perpetual inroads were to be made on the Kingdom of Satan," and the apostles of "pure religion" were to march from one end of the country to the other, "dispensing the Scriptures" on the way.

This Society, like so many "Irish proselytizing institutions," began with a great flourish of trumpets. It ended disastrously. Its teachers and "missionaries" were picked from the lowest classes of society; its schools were contemptible; its policy was grotesque. It is scarcely necessary to add that this absurd organization made "no inroads on the kingdom of Satan," it left "Popery" wholly unreduced and instead of dispersing the Scriptures with any effect over the country, was itself "dispersed" with very much effect after an unprofitable existence of some thirty years.

Founded upon the same principles as the London Hibernian Association, and worked by the same means, was the Baptist Society established in 1814. It expired about the same time as the London Hibernian Society, its labors having been attended with the same results. Four years after the formation of the Baptist Society another proselytizing institution was established, namely, "The Irish Society for promoting the education of the native Irish through the medium of their own language." At the commencement of the present century a considerable proportion of the Irish people,—despite the Act of Henry VIII. for suppressing the Irish tongue,—remained enthusiastically attached to their native language. Out of a total population of 3,059,281 in the provinces of Munster and Connaught more than two million spoke Irish, and of this number 500,000 spoke nothing else. With reference to the remaining 1,059,000 or more, though able to transact business at market and fairs in broken English, the language invariably used by them in their homes, and in daily intercourse amongst friends and acquaintances, was Gaelic; in fact they could not carry on a sustained conversation in any other tongue. This knowledge of Irish was not confined to the provinces of Munster and Connaught. It prevailed in Leinster, extending over the counties of South Meath, West Meath, Kilkenny, Longford, Car-

low, and part of Wexford; and in Ulster, where half the inhabitants of Tyrone and Donegal, and many amongst the peasantry of Cavan and Monaghan, habitually spoke the ancient language of the country.

Finding this to be the case a number of Dublin gentlemen, members of the Church of England, came to the conclusion that a wiser policy than attempting to suppress the Irish tongue would be to use it as a popular vehicle for conveying to the people information calculated to work their conversion to the Protestant faith. With this object the Irish "Society for promoting the education of the native Irish through the medium of their own language" was formed. The organization—which was supported by voluntary subscriptions and helped substantially by the British and Foreign Bible Association and the London Hibernian Society,—does not seem to have troubled itself very much about the education generally of the people, its energies being mainly devoted to the subject of religious instruction by the dissemination of the Scriptures printed in Irish.

This new undertaking would appear to have been so far successful in its operations that the peasantry who were unwilling to take the Bible from the hands of strangers, when printed in English, received it willingly and often eagerly from the same quarter when printed in their own language.

"What do you conceive are the practical inducements that cause any common person to wish to learn from you to read the Irish character?" the secretary of the Society was asked before the Royal Commission of 1825.

He answered: "I think the chief inducement is the attachment of the people to their ancient language (an attachment) which exists in Ireland to a degree of enthusiasm, and, perhaps, is as strong a feeling as any other prejudice they possess."

But the net results of the Society's labors were the same as had been those of all kindred establishments. As a proselytizing institution it utterly failed, without, however, so far as I have been able to gather, provoking any of those bitter feelings of hostility against the Protestant religion which had been stirred up by all its predecessors; and to assert of an Irish Protestant proselytizing society that it did no harm to the Protestant religion in Ireland is saying much in its favor. This much, at all events, can be said for the "Irish Society for promoting the education of the native Irish through the medium of their own language."

I shall dispose briefly of other Protestant schools, not connected with the Church of England, nor devoted to proselytizing purposes. The first attempt at the establishment in Ireland of schools on the voluntary system was made by the Quakers. In 1774 the first Quaker school was founded, through the beneficence of Mr. John Handcock, near Lisburn. In 1780 Mr. Handcock's example was followed by the Quakers of Queen's County, who established a school at Mountmellick. Other schools sprang up elsewhere. In 1878-81 the following schools were in existence:

	PUPILS.
Lisburn	54
Waterford	48
Mountmellick	38
Brookfield	56

The Royal Commissions of 1854-58, and 1879-81 report in high terms of the management of these schools.

In 1785 the Presbyterians established a college in Belfast—the Belfast Academy. The institution has had a checkered career.

In 1822, we learn on the authority of the Royal Commission of 1857, "the classes for the higher sciences were discontinued, the school building had become

decayed, and for want of a permanent fund for repairs part of the school property had to be sold to meet the deficiency, and the remainder was burdened with a debt of seven hundred pounds." Things did not improve in 1857 when, we are told, "the buildings, at present, are in a state of dilapidation which is discreditable to this enterprising town where they are situated." The Commissioners of 1880 reported that "the building was not absolutely closed" and that the school work was carried on in two rooms temporarily erected for the purpose, the number of pupils being eighteen.

In 1814 the Belfast Academical Institution (which was divided into two branches, a collegiate and a school department) was founded on non-sectarian principles. This institution has also had a checkered career. It was originally based on liberal principles, and Catholics and Protestants attended it. Between 1814 and 1830 it seems to have prospered. But the Synod of Ulster, then dominated by Dr. Croke, was hostile to the Institution. Differences arose among the Presbyterians with reference to its management, and these differences proved injurious in the highest degree to its success. Between 1830 and 1849 both college and schools (of the latter there were five) remained in an unsatisfactory state, and, in 1849, the college ceased to exist. The schools remain, but were injured by the springing up of denominational schools which drew away Catholics, Protestants and Episcopalians. In 1878-81 there were on the rolls of the academical schools 230 pupils "whose answering in various subjects" was reported by the Royal Commissioners as "excellent."

I have now dealt with the principal Protestant schools and colleges. In the next article I shall tell the story of the struggle of the Irish Catholics to obtain the right to educate themselves as freemen in their native land.

THE QUEST.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Is it to scale the dizzy height
  Where eagles nest?
And there within the world's broad light
  Forever rest?

Is it to give of life, of youth,
  For other's gain?
Is it to tread the path of truth,
  What e'er the pain?

Is it to struggle 'gainst the tide,
  Or weakly drift?
Is it to heal—or open wide
  The tiny rift?

Is it to seek and never find—
  To be denied?
Is it to hunger, heart and mind,
  Unsatisfied?

Vain human cry! The finite mind
  Gropes through the dark
In ceaseless quest. Yet God is kind!
  He guides the barque.

AN IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

There are many modes of travel,
  Slow and speedy, old and new,
Motors raising dust and gravel,
  Carts and homely wagons, too;
Carriages to suit the wealthy,
  Bath-chairs for the invalid,
Bicycles on which the healthy
  Over level roads may speed.

But no means of locomotion,
  Whatsoe'er they chance to be,
Over land or over ocean
  Ever can compare to me
With a ride in sunny weather
  When the skies are blue and far,
Through the land of bog and heather
  On an Irish jaunting car.

Oh, you'd find no greener meadows,
  Though you search for many a day,
Nor such dancing lights and shadows
  As among the daisies play;
Streams that sing while onward gliding,
  Mountain rills, that merry are,
You may see in Ireland, riding
  On an Irish jaunting car.

Many a cot and homestead lowly,
  With their thatch of brown and gold,
Many a ruined shrine and holy,
  Many a castle grim and old,
Many a maiden worth the wooing,
  Lads that brave and stalwart are,
You can see, your way pursuing,
  On an Irish jaunting car.

Over land and sea I'd wander
  If I might, to see once more
All the sights on which I ponder
  When my daily toil is o'er;
Gladly would I cross the ocean,
  'Neath the light of sun and star,
Just once more to feel the motion
  Of an Irish jaunting car.

SHAM REFORM IN NEW YORK.

BY HERBERT YOUNG.

At this hour the whole world knows that the great city of the Western Continent stands in need of reform beyond any other civilized town; also that it is full of reformers. The Press has made this fact as notorious as its own existence, along with two other facts: that the said Press is hotly anti-Tammany, and that the citizens of New York like to vote occasionally for the candidates whom the said Press condemns. There are disputes as to what has been achieved by Reform and Reformers in New York. Beyond all dispute and criticism they have won two successes, as far as the rest of the world is concerned. They have convinced the grand majority of Americans, and all foreigners that read the journals, that no more villainous, degraded, immoral political organization than Tammany exists in the world. They have convinced reading mankind that New York owns the worst of municipal governments, and of all cities is the most disorderly and dangerous. No one denies them these glories, such as they are. In addition they have also succeeded, rather by insinuation than by direct charge, in making the impressionable believe that the degradation of the city and the immorality of Tammany are due to the citizens of Irish blood or birth prominent in politics. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, enemy of the Irish at home and abroad, and son-in-law of Endicott, getting his American information from rare Puritan sources, declared only the other day that the Irish were the source of the municipal corruption rampant in the United States.

This statement Police Commissioner McAdoo pleasantly named, at the latest meeting of the Irish Historical Society, "a damnable lie." Mr. Rudyard Kipling some years ago, when his books were not selling as well and as widely as now, wrote for his friends at home, after being entertained and instructed by the proper circles of New York, that the city was a pig-trough between two sewers. Besides these incidents a hundred others might be named to show the peculiar form taken by the residuum of Reform campaign literature, when it has firmly settled in the foreign mind. To observers of the metropolis and its life-currents there is nothing singular in Mr. Chamberlain's "damnable lie." The Englishman has said what many eminent reformers believe in New York, but do not dare to assert, because such a dictum would alienate their Catholic allies. There goes on in the city, as it has gone on since 1806, when a mob broke into St. Peter's Church of Barclay Street, on Christmas Eve, a deep, silent, voiceless struggle, between the bigotry of one set of men, and the upward movement of the Catholic thousands. One may read the journals for years and get no view of this contest. Only when the Chamberlains incautiously give out what they have heard from the inner circle, does the sound of battle reach the upper air. The leaders alone know its existence, and its forms. You cannot persuade the average citizen that such a thing can be at this date in the first city of the land; and it would be most unwise to make too much of it, to be too precise in describing it, or too confident in enumerating its virtues.

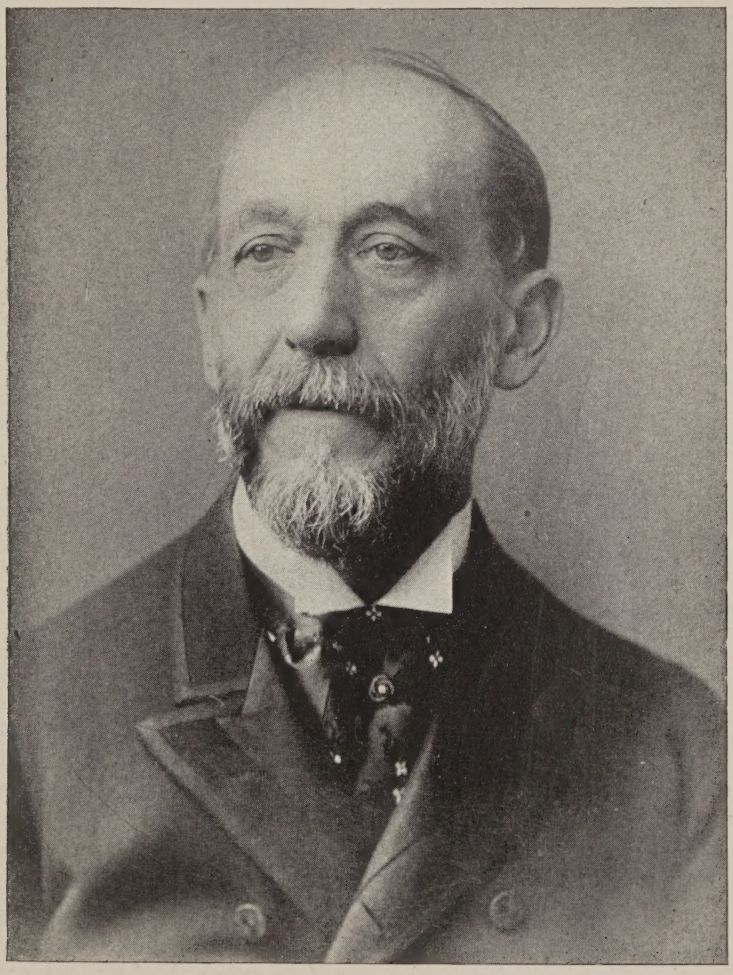
The significant fact remains that the methods of Reform have broken the back of the movement. In proving its case, against Tammany, it proved too much. In its zeal for clean government and pure civic morals, the woodpile tumbled and displayed "the nigger of no popery." New Yorkers were not exalted in their own esteem upon learning that their popular city was the worst on earth, and their successful Democratic organization a band of thugs, in the estimation of all men; even

if all men understood secretly that the rottenness was due to the Irish alone. The question that has been present all along to students of the situation deals with the sincerity of the Reformers. Have they in these years of turmoil really sought the good of the city and the citizen? Or, have they masked by their movement another good, to be sought only by the few, to be won only in secret? Was Reform as expressed merely a sham, and the unexpressed reform the liberation of the great city from Irish and Catholic influence? Quite a number of thoughtful, experienced people would answer the question in the affirmative. Others would hesitate. Not a few have been convinced from the beginning of the insincerity of the average reformer. Mr. Chamberlain, with information fresh from high sources, has shed some light on the problem, and I shall try to increase it by describing the leaders of Reform, the men whose widely-printed speeches have blackened the reputation of New York.

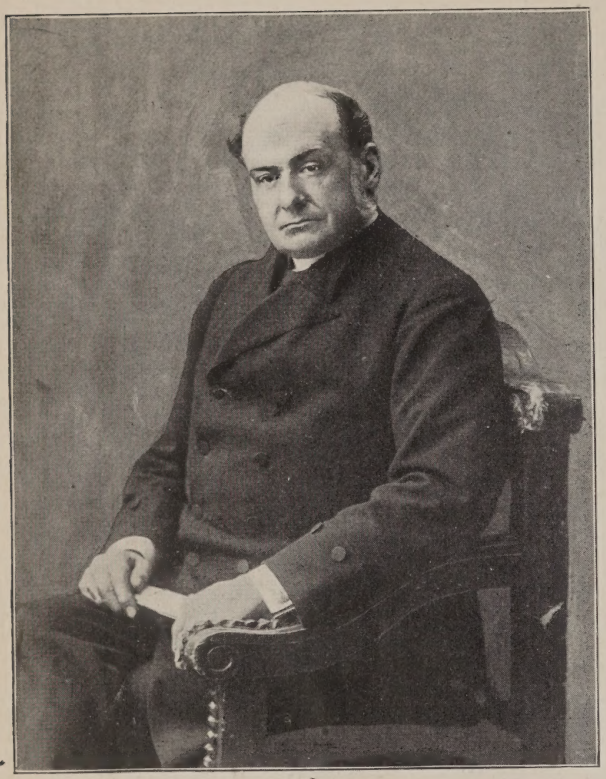
The leaders are Rev. Charles Parkhurst, Seth Low, R. Fulton Cutting, and, as remote aids only, Bishop Potter and Senator Platt. They are not all leaders in the same sense. Senator Platt is a Republican, whose chief concern is the welfare of his party; Bishop Potter is the head of the Episcopal diocese, interested as a Christian citizen in clean government; the others are simon-pure reformers, to whose energy the reform party owed its second success two years ago, when Seth Low was elected Mayor. Who are they, and what do their neighbors think of them? Rev. Charles Parkhurst is a Protestant minister of the kind whose Protestant texture never wears out; a pale, sad man, with dark eyes, a pleasing voice, a love for epigram, and a tremendous emotional energy. When he took up the matter of purifying the city, he made few mistakes about his aims, but courted disaster in his methods. His personal visits to the haunts of vice not only brought on him the ridicule of the unclean, and made his name a by-word in the vilest slums, but also earned for him a prejudice from the respectable, too deep ever to be overcome. The Protestant minister who takes up Reform in New York usually betrays his animus within a month by denouncing the Catholics. That mistake Mr. Parkhurst has never made. Watching his course for that break, I have not been able to find it. His mouth has never opened against any other than the one foe. His is the true Protestant fibre; he has never allied himself or his share of the movement with Catholics; he preaches sound Protestant doctrine mostly, and he has never uttered a word in favor of liberalism; nor has he tied himself to any political party, remaining from first to last Charles Parkhurst, denouncer of Tammany and its corruptions. He has no sympathizers outside of his immediate associates, and he has sought none. The outsiders may oppose or agree with him, and he seems to care for neither. In this bald outline, as in the man's face, you can see the Calvinism of Geneva and the Puritanism of England as plainly as if the portrait were of Calvin himself; severe, gloomy, righteous, and appalling. Imagine the thoughts of such a man, such a minister, when he had uncovered the political corruptions of the city, on learning that the Catholic vote sustained the Democratic party. One must draw his own inferences, since neither the words nor the acts of Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, as far as I know them, entitle me to draw them.

Senator Platt is a Republican politician and leader of his party in the State, with no love for reformers and a great willingness to take advantage of their labors. His party have no standing in the metropolis, and his only policy with regard to New York is annoyance for the Democrats. He joins hands with Reform when-

ever it is to his advantage, opposes it otherwise; he sends investigating committees down from the Legislature to lay bare the misdoings of Democrats, and he changes the constitution of the city at pleasure; and he has not yet discovered the existence of Catholic feeling and the power of Catholic numbers in his own State. For nine years he maintained in the department of education at Albany a pet of the proselytizers, Charles Skinner, superintendent of Education, whose sole business seemed to be the insulting and hampering of the church schools. Mr. Platt has sustained Reform, and the vilification of the city, by legislative and partisan interference, simply to annoy and destroy the Democratic power; and he sustained the bigot Skinner for reasons known only to himself. As he has not spoken on the matter, inferences, as in the case of Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, may be drawn at pleasure. The two men are opponents in fact, but not in results; the



THOMAS C. PLATT.



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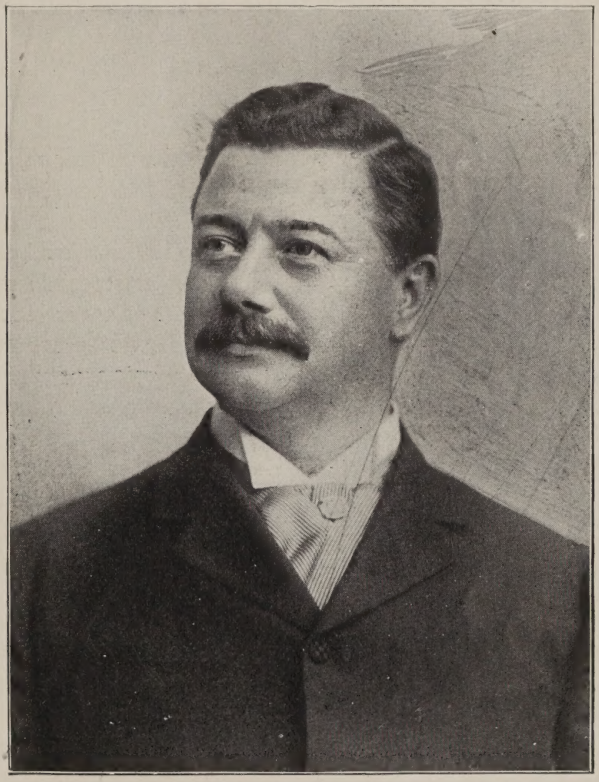
BISHOP POTTER.

minister gets the moral feelings of the community upheaved, and the politician reaps some advantage from the upheaval.

Bishop Potter is a charming prelate, who recently married, much to the disgust of his flock, and greatly to the joy of the journalists; for among these clever but volatile people the Bishop is regarded as a successful charlatan, who provides columns of stuff for hungry editors. None the less is he a charming man, cultivated, human, companionable; he holds a difficult position, between High Church and Low Church, gracefully and without complaint; now dodging holy water and incense in Anglican sanctuaries, and then placating the wrath of Father Ritchie; quite in sympathy with Mr. Parkhurst, yet never caught in his company; and wherever there is trouble brewing for the Catholics he can be seen forever disappearing around a corner. The greatest Protestant work in New York City at the present moment is proselytizing; the wealthiest promoters of it are to be found among the friends of Bishop Potter; his position gives him the ear of the great on important occasions; and whenever anything is to be said in public, which shall be highly vexatious to Catholics, the Bishop is sure to be chosen for its utterance. And his strongest speeches have blazoned the cause of Reform.

In the late campaign for the mayoralty some one accused Mr. R. Fulton Cutting of saying warm things against the Irish in a political conference. Mr. Cutting denied the charge, which John Sheehan repeated. No one cared much, even if Mr. Cutting did; but the joke lay in the common opinion that if he did not say it, he wanted to awfully. Popularly he is supposed to spend much of his time damning the Irish, and the rest of it plotting against them in the name of Reform. In his case one has no need to draw inferences. He is eminent in the society popularly known as the Cits, has affiliations with everything of that sort in the town, is a member of the aristocracy, and believes in educating the common people up to a sense of their civic duties. No doubt they need it, but Mr. Cutting is not precisely the man one would choose for the work. He managed the campaign for Mr. Low, and ran for alderman in a ward where defeat was certain; just to let the mob see a gentleman in politics at last! That, too,

would be a good thing, if the political temperament belonged to the gentleman; but when it is Coriolanus seeking the suffrages of the mob,—alas! If one were to follow Mr. Cutting for a whole year, just to discover his occupations, hear his spoken words, and classify his deeper emotions, it is more than likely one would surprise the gentleman himself by revealing the depth of his feeling against the Irish, and its close connection with his theory of civic reform. A powerful and hereditary feeling shows itself in a thousand ways, with the subject quite unconscious of its activity.



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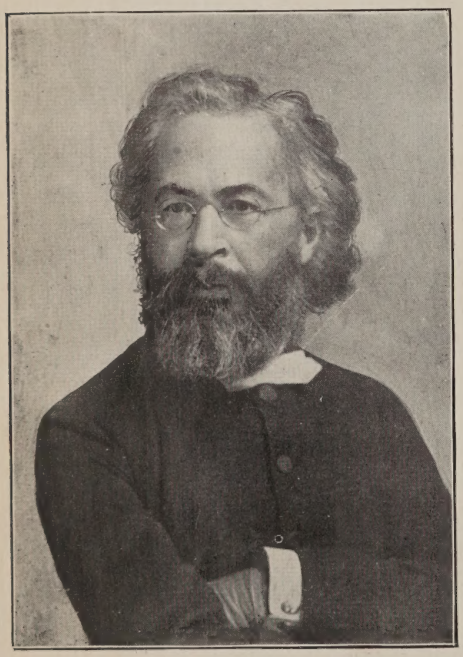
SETH LOW

Of Mr. Seth Low one likes to say the very best things, for the reason that he has grown so much in mental stature the last few years as not to be that candidate whom Catholics once opposed as a foe to their rights as citizens. He was openly charged in all his campaigns with that enmity. He belongs to the Columbia College faction, which from its beginning has been the most utterly Protestant, pro-English, Anglo-Saxon, Scotch-Irish, Low-Church circle, in the world. For years it has been meddling with popular education, its professors have been writing, talking, and working about the New York school system, and its officers have been worrying politicians and legislators, for the sole purpose of getting a grip on that system. Its professed aim is the im-

provement of that system: its secret aim there are no writings to prove. But whenever a member of the faction is in power the Catholic teachers tremble; their honest ambitions are sure to be hindered, their promotion cut off, and their lives made miserable; the country is scoured for teachers agreeable to Columbia standards, and positions refused to the home graduates. Seth Low belongs to that faction, and has to bear the odium of its society. There is no doubt of the fact that the



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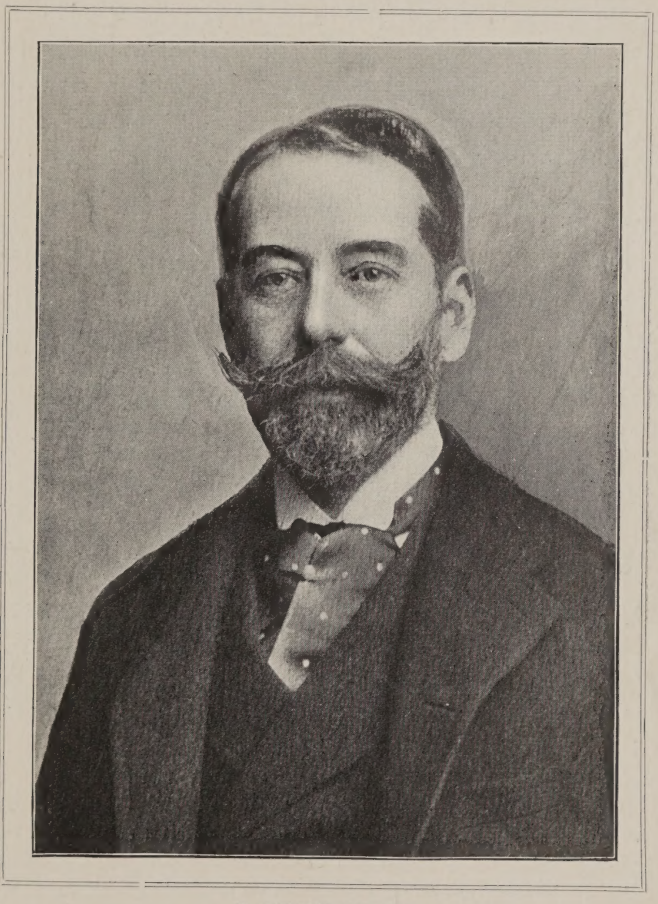
REV. DR. PARKHURST.

teachers of the city helped to defeat him, and that they have no respect for the officials of the Board of Education. The fact is well known to Mr. Low.

With leaders of this fashion in a city so composite as New York, is it not a wonder that Reform could win two elections? For that success Mr. Platt is wholly responsible through his investigating committees and the votes of his party. Reform could never have triumphed without that artificial and immoral aid. Therefore the question comes up logically: Is it real Reform? No one doubts that Tammany needs regular purgation, like all societies, that the city needs improved methods of government, that the corrupt need to be exposed and flung into jail here as elsewhere. But what is the meaning of the bitterness which characterizes Reform in New York and differentiates it from all others? Does it not look like the hereditary hate and Calvinistic rage from which the unfortunate have suffered since the days of William of Orange? No Catholic would like to trust his rights of citizenship to a committee made of Messrs. Parkhurst, Potter, Platt, Cutting and Low! In their best moments these men show aristocratic scorn for the common people of other blood than their own. There does not seem to be in them the American spirit of Jefferson, but rather of Alexander Hamilton. Certainly generosity or breadth of view has never made itself visible or felt in their public utterances. It cannot be said that their political opponents invented the charges which are daily made against them on the score of exclusiveness.

They had to appeal to all the people of New York, made up of all the races of the earth; yet never have they been able to make that appeal successful, never have they been able to wrest from Tammany district leaders their control of the Italian or any other vote: reason, scorn of the foreigner when not English. They had to appeal to the Catholics generally, without whose aid success was problematical; they did much to win their confidence, eminent Catholics are in their councils; yet somehow the Catholics cannot forget, cannot help but suspect, and have therefore steadily avoided them, even where opposed themselves to Tammany. They had to appeal to the influential body of teach-

ers, whom their methods have irritated and angered for years, yet the net result of the appeal was the bitter opposition of that harassed class. Their declared aim was the rescue of the first city of America from the hands of the corrupt; and the most marked result of their campaigns has been the vilification of the city itself; ters their failure should be so complete; and if their intimates provided Mr. Chamberlain with his singular charge that the Irish are the source of municipal corruption in the United States then are they without a grain of political good sense. It would be too much to say that reform has been a sham, as conducted by the present



R. FULTON CUTTING.

so that business men became disgusted, and citizens proud of their city became indignant, when they heard on every side the slanders published over the earth by reformers.

It is not creditable to the leaders of the Reform movement that in essential matleaders. Thousands of the disinterested are convinced that it is nothing more. It looks as if a new set of reformers would be needed with a better past history, a less Calvinistic heredity, more democratic and American in its sympathies, before men concede that it is not a sham.

ETCHING OF THE CRIB AT LEITH BY DOYLE, 1873.

The above was etched for me by Mr. Doyle, father of Conan Doyle, in about a quarter of an hour.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

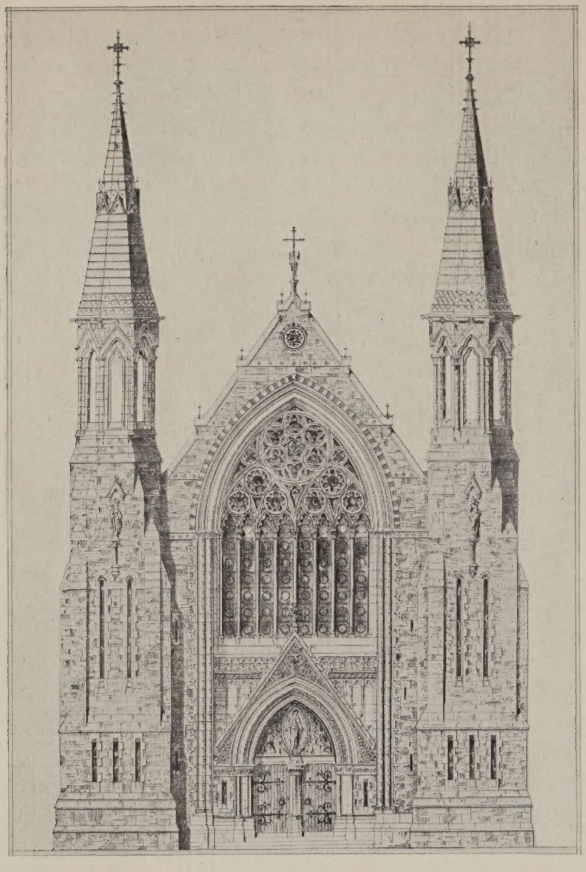
BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

With regard to my mission in Bishop-Auckland, where there is a fine old palace and park belonging to the Protestant Bishop of Durham, the wealthiest of the English prelates, there was a very eccentric individual who afforded considerable amusement to all who came in contact with him. Among his other peculiarities he objected to removing his hat from his head except when it suited him to do so. He had had a falling out with the pastor, Canon L——, and for some years had neglected all his religious duties except going to Mass. His wife, a good practical Catholic, spoke to me about him, and I asked her to send him to me on the following day, for he had expressed his willingness to come to me, if I would only send for him. When we were just finishing dinner on the day which was fixed, the servant told me that Mr. So-and-So, for everyone knew him, was in the church, and wanted to go to confession. So without delay, which for such as he would have

been highly dangerous, I went to him. The arrangements for hearing confessions there were peculiar. The confessor sat in the sacristy, but the penitent was in the church outside. On sitting down I made as much noise as I could in opening the slide that he might know that I was ready for him. He came to the place appointed, but without kneeling down he shouted out in a loud voice, "Well, here I am. You wanted to see me. I am" (to give a feigned name), "John Smith, Mr. John Smith, John Smith, Esq., of Proud Preston, where I was born and bred, and I tell you there isn't a prouder man in all England today than I am who was born in Proud Preston." Under this most unpropitious introduction I succeeded at last in getting him to make his confession. By a little diplomacy I induced him to go on his knees, saying that we could hear each other better if our heads were more on a level. He was to come to Mass in the morning, and to receive Holy Communion. He waited until all the others were returning from the altar rails, and then walked solemnly up by himself, with his head covered as usual. The acolyte gently removed his hat just as the priest was about to give him the Blessed Sacrament. and then handed it back to him. In the course of the day he called on the pastor, as he had promised me he would, and they became reconciled. When I met the Canon a year afterwards he told me that they had been the warmest friends ever since the mission, and that whenever he spoke of me he said I "was a real gentleman, and deserved to have been born in Proud Preston."

HOUSE OF RETREAT OF MARY IMMACULATE, INCHICORE, 1856 TO 1866.
I was the first Oblate Father at Inchicore in the year 1856, and remained there for ten years.

This Preston is a large and flourishing town in Lancashire and is chiefly remarkable as being the most Catholic of all the cities and towns in England, upwards of two-thirds of the inhabitants being members of our holy Church, though very few of them are of Irish birth or descent. As they are laudably proud of this distinction



CHURCH OF THE OBLATE FATHERS OF MARY IMMACULATE. INCHICORE, DUBLIN.

their neighbors in surrounding places have dubbed the town Proud Preston. Before leaving Bishop-Auckland I was greatly interested in visiting the house where Father Faber was born and reared, a large and substantial stone mansion with a beautiful garden attached to it. At the time of my mission it was still in the possession of the Faber family. I do not believe that any other members of his family received the grace of conversion to the one true faith like the holy Father Faber himself did.

I will now ask you to cross the border between England and Scotland, and to go with me to Leith, the port of Edinburgh, where we have a flourishing permanent mission, with a large church, a presbytery, a convent and spacious schools. Leith is about one mile from Edinburgh, though connected with it in one unbroken street, with houses all the way.* I was a member of the community there about three years, but, independently of residence, I was engaged in one important and successful mission with other Fathers, and preached two or three retreats there by myself. The congregation is almost exclusively com-

*The well-known Scottish song, "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town," refers to this port.

posed of immigrants from the North of Ireland, and stanch, fervent Catholics they are, as is usually the case with all who belong to that part of the Island of Faith. Unfortunately amongst them were a few who were too fond of the drop, and when overpowered by their alcoholic enemy they were but too apt to be quarrelsome. Their chief enemies were to be found among the local police, Orangemen of course, but like themselves in one respect, hailing from Presbyterian Ulster. Constant street fights took place between them, and as the Orangemen were bound to find victims by hook or by crook, they often committed perjury by swearing away the liberty of some innocent Irish Catholic. But the children of Erin had an unfailing champion in the same Father N——, whom I have already referred to with regard to other missions. He often went to court to defend the innocent and to plead for the guilty, and while the members of his flock simply adored him, there was no one whom the Orangemen detested so much as Father N——. He was greatly troubled with insomnia and found no remedy for it but a long stiff walk. One night, after having retired to bed after a day of heavy work, being quite unable to sleep he got up and dressed himself. With the intention of going to the end of the pier, which is said to be the longest in the kingdom, he passed through the kitchen on his way to the back door, and finding the good old Highland woman who acted as housekeeper to the Fathers still there, and reciting her beads devoutly, though it was half-past eleven o'clock, he begged her to go to bed, and told her he was going to walk on the pier again as he could not sleep. He asked her not to lock the door as he would let himself in with his key, and added that, after midnight, he would give Holy Communion to a sick person, who though not dying was not able to fast. This was the last which was ever seen of poor Father N—— alive. His body was brought to the house about four o'clock in the morning. It had been seen from a vessel which was sailing into the harbor. It was found upright, with the head and part of the shoulders above water. At the inquest two sailors testified that they were in a boat in the harbor, and that there was sufficient light for them to distinguish three figures on the pier, one being that of a short man, and the other two tall men. They heard a splash in the water, and afterwards noticed that the two tall men were walking away rapidly towards Leith, but the short man was no longer visible. On examining his clothes nothing was found missing, not even the pyx which was suspended from his neck, but this pyx was discovered to be quite empty, so that evidently he had given Holy Communion to the sick person whom he intended to visit. The mystery about the poor Father's death has never been solved, but there were few if any of the inhabitants of Leith who were not firmly convinced that his enemies among the Orange policemen were responsible for it. His body was buried in a vault beneath the church and a beautiful monument was erected there, with a faithful representation of his recumbent body, to perpetuate his well-beloved memory.

On the last day of my three years' sojourn in Leith I received a telegram from our Provincial, telling me to go without delay to London as one of our Fathers at Tower Hill was seized with illness, and the other Father required immediate help. This telegram was handed to me between seven and eight o'clock on a Monday morning. On the previous Saturday a good young man, a frequent penitent of mine, announced to me that he intended to be married on the following Monday evening, and that of course he would have no one to perform the ceremony but myself. Some singular cir-

cumstances prevailed in Leith. In the first place, the men being dock-laborers, for the most part, and the girls, mill-workers, the wedding always took place at eight o'clock in the evening, by which time the docks were silent and the mills were empty and everyone had had time to go home and put on Sunday clothes. Another circumstance that must be recorded is that there was a pawnbroker's shop not far from the church, and a celebrated white muslin gown was kept there, which was in requisition for every bride, but had to be drawn in or let out, according to the size of the wearer. When the bridal company marched up through the nave to the altar rails they had always to pass through a church full of friends and sympathetic neighbors. Perhaps this was the principal reason why the wedding parties loved to be coupled at such an unusual hour, but I cannot help suspecting that our Irish in Leith were more or less influenced by the spirit of their canny Scottish neighbors, and by thus having an evening wedding they had not been obliged to sacrifice a day's work, though if the whole truth must be told, there was but too often more than one day lost after the event, as a result of the night's carousal. Remembering that I had promised to marry my young friend to his intended that evening and knowing that my train left the Waverley station in Edinburgh at mid-day I immediately sent for the bridegroom and laid before him the state of affairs. I left him to choose whether he would be married by some other Father at the usual hour that evening, or, if he persisted in my being the one that should tie the knot, that the ceremony must take place at ten o'clock sharp, as I had more than a mile to travel in order to reach the railway station in good time. As he chose the latter alternative he went home to change his clothes, and then took the street car to Edinburgh, where the bride-to-be was a servant girl. At ten o'clock they were ready for me in the church. Instead of a crowded assemblage I found only about half a dozen besides the interested parties. On arriving at the altar rails I perceived the inevitable white muslin dress, and took it for granted that she who was wearing it was the one who was to be married. So I arranged them as I thought in their right places, and then announced the formula according to the ritual, when the young man called out, "Father, you are going to marry me to the wrong girl." I assured him that it was not too late to rectify the mistake, and made the bride and the bridesmaid change places. I had never seen the bride before, and had taken it for granted that she must be clad in the well-known white muslin. On the contrary, I found her to be dressed in a gray silk gown, an unheard of thing among the brides of Leith.

Let me here mention in concluding my reminiscences of England and Scotland and our missions there a couple of incidents which it is not necessary to localize. In one of the places where I resided with others of our own Fathers, the long established custom prevailed, as in nearly all other parishes or missions, of having a great many English prayers recited before Mass, such as the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, a litany, a prayer appropriate to the Holy Sacrifice, etc., and these invariably terminated with the Angelus Domini. A farmer's wife who was not over-devout, and whose house was not more than a couple of fields' distance from the church, was a notorious late-comer. On being reproved for this bad habit one day the following reply was extracted from her, the meaning of which is obvious. "Well, I was not much too late last Sunday. I was in before the Angel of the Lord." On receiving a similar reproof on another occasion, her answer was not equally happy, nor her practice equally excusable, for she could

only say, "I was in church before the 'Actius Fractious.'" Her knowledge of Latin was not over-profound, but she here caught the sound of the "Orate fratres" as well as the sense of the words, and evidently did not deem herself very culpable. In another place, a good old Irish woman appealed to one of the Fathers, and said, "Will you tell me, Father, if you please, upon which shoulder I should put the Holy Ghost?" The priest was nonplussed by this strange query until she explained that in Ireland she had been taught to bless herself in one way with the sign of the Cross, whilst saying "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen"; but that here they had quite a different method, and she wanted to know which was right. She then proceeded to exemplify the two ways of performing this simple but sublime act of faith. She was evidently not like those careless Catholics who are in the habit of blessing themselves in a hurried and thoughtless manner, such as making rapid and unmeaning apology for the sign of salvation, minimizing it sometimes with the forefinger or thumb, as if they would be ashamed if they were detected in the operation. They seem to ignore the great number of times the great Apostle of Ireland made the Sign of the Cross upon himself both by day and by night, and that the Irish are the only race in the Catholic Church who accompany the Gloria Patri with this same beautiful symbol of the mysteries of our holy religion.

In one of our permanent missions where I discharged the duties of a sacristan there were two gardeners to two neighboring gentlemen. One was a Mr. Irish and the other a Mr. English; but, strange to say, Mr. Irish was an Englishman, and Mr. English was an Irishman. But no matter what their nationalities might be, I profited by their emulation, for each one tried to supply me with a more beautiful bouquet than the other for every Sunday.

The narrow channel which separates England from Ireland, on which magnificent steamers ply from Holyhead to Kingstown, or vice versa, every day in the year, found me on my way to Ireland, A. D. 1856, three years after my ordination as a priest. We were six Oblate Fathers in company, and were on our road to give our first mission in the land which St. Patrick evangelized, and over which he prayed that she should never lose the Faith, and although he himself had not to shed his own blood in propagating that Gospel, she has been the land of martyrs and saints from his day almost to the present hour. Our mission was to be preached in the old chapel of the Augustinian Fathers, which went by the name of John Lane's Chapel. In the days of persecution when Catholic places of worship were proscribed they had to be built in out-of-the-way holes and corners, and in more than one instance it was by the door of a public house that the devout worshipers found their way into the house of God. Thus, this holy place never went by the name of church or chapel, but by the title of the public house which led to it. For example, the Franciscan church was never spoken of by any other name than Adam and Eve, the title of the house which led to it. The chapel in John's Lane was one of the oldest in Dublin. It was crowded to excess at all times, but more especially during the mission, which lasted during the entire month of May. The Augustinian Friars, who were numerous, were kept as closely as ourselves to the work of the confessionals, and were aided by half a dozen secular priests from the neighborhood. Moreover there was a holy old retired Bishop of the same Order, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, formerly Bishop of Saldes in India. At all times his home seemed to be in the tribunal of penance, so that the name by which he was best known was the Refugium Pec-

catorum. An unfortunate suspended priest had done a deal of mischief by the means of clandestine marriages, and I had to rectify scores of such ill-assorted unions, from day to day. I presume that one would tell another who was in similar difficulties, and thus I had the monopoly of such cases. I had to perform the needful ceremonies in various places, in order to avoid publicity. In more than one instance I had to put the man on one side of the confessional and the woman on the opposite side, and the two witnesses were outside the door, pretending that they had to speak to me about other business. As we could all see each other in this way the marriage was canonically celebrated. All I had then to do was to send their names to the Archbishop, who kept them in a private register book. It seems almost incredible, but it is a fact that during that mission I thus united eighty-six couples. It became so well-known that I was thus occupied that I was known both among the clergy and the laity by the name of the couple-beggar, a title which is well understood in Ireland. In every respect the mission was a wonderful success.

But it was rather from what succeeded it than from the mission itself that it became a memorable epoch in our lives. On the day after its close we all had a delightful and well-earned trip through the beautiful county of Wicklow, than which there are few more romantic and lovely places to be seen in Ireland, with the exception of unapproachable Killarney. On the evening of Tuesday we all returned to England, with the exception of Father Cooke, who was anxious to see Archbishop Cullen, and to learn his decision about our much desired settlement in or near Dublin. After explaining to his Grace that we did not by any means want a parish, but merely a house of residence for ourselves as missionaries, and to be combined with it a house of retreat for priests and laymen, he made no further objection, but, on the contrary, gave it his warmest approbation, and he begged Father Cooke to consult our good friends the Augustinian Fathers, and to search around the suburbs of Dublin for a suitable locality, especially bearing in mind one that would be comparatively remote from church or chapel. After a few days investigation the neighborhood of the works of the Great Southern and Western Railway at Inchicore, one mile from Dublin was decided upon. The distance from the parish church of St. James and the evil example of many workingmen from England and Scotland had combined to make several of the six hundred skilful mechanics and others who were engaged at these works more like heathens than Christians. Many of them belonged to secret societies and very few of the men, older or younger, ever went to Mass. And in fact the women were not much better. There was no school in the neighborhood, except one of the notorious Model schools, and as a proof of the unsuitability of such a place for the education of Catholic children, who attended it in great numbers, when we were keeping our first Month of Mary at Inchicore, the head master asked the children why they were flocking to our Chapel every evening, and was told that they recited the rosary and sang the litany of the Blessed Virgin. He then borrowed a prayer-book from one of them, and read aloud this beautiful litany, but when he came to the invocation, "Morning Star, pray for us," he stopped, shut up the book and said, "why you are worshipers of the devil then, for he is the morning star." Evidently such a school was no place for Catholic children and amongst the earliest of our solicitudes, after being ourselves established at Inchicore, was to open one school for boys and another for girls. There was no house in the immediate neighborhood, except an old one which went by the name of the

priest-catchers' house, because it formerly belonged to a notorious character whose occupation consisted in hunting for priests and betraying them into the hands of their enemies. At this time it belonged to a Catholic gentleman, together with about ten acres of land, but he was willing to dispose of it if we would give him a few months' delay. I had returned to Sicklinghall in Yorkshire, where I had charge of the parish. On the following Sunday I preached at the Mass and gave an account of our great mission in Dublin. I must have been quite enthusiastic on the subject, as the people said I had become an Irishman. On that very evening I received a telegram from Father Cooke, telling me to go over to Dublin at once, for a place had been taken and he wanted me to help him. He added that I need not bring anything with me. Evidently he did not expect to retain me long in Ireland, whereas I remained there for several years.

I arrived at the house of the Augustinian Fathers at an early hour on Wednesday, the feast of St. John the Baptist, but had to go to bed at once to recover from the seasickness from which I always suffered intensely. While I was lying down for a few hours Father Cooke, accompanied by good Bishop O'Connor and two other sons of St. Augustine, one of whom was Father Crane, the priest who subsequently became Bishop of Sandhurst, Australia, went out to Inchicore, and with the help of a laboring man, dug a hole in the ground not far from the old house, wherein they lowered a large stone as the foundation of the future chapel. The Bishop placed a relic of St. John the Baptist on this stone, and imparted the usual blessing of the Church on such an occasion. Poor Father Cooke, who was a nervous man and easily excited, was so completely upset with the success of his laudable endeavors to gain a footing for the Oblate Fathers in Ireland that he was stricken with a high fever and had to be removed to a hospital that same evening. He had to confide the whole undertaking to me, for I was not permitted even to consult him on the subject. Fortunately I had willing helpers galore.

I drove out to Inchicore that same evening and found about fifty of the Inchicore railway men waiting to receive me. The news had spread that we were going to build a chapel for them, so several of them had brought spades and others pick-axes, and, after marking out the site of the future building, they dug trenches all around to prepare for the erection of a frame chapel, seventy-five feet long by twenty-five feet broad. We could do but little that evening, because we had no wood, but I invited them to return on the following day and to bring as many others with them as they could. The poor fellows could not leave their shops until six P.M., but such was their anxiety not only to have a chapel, but to build it themselves that they came straight to the place without changing their working clothes, or stopping to take their suppers. After saying Mass on Thursday morning at the Augustinian chapel I drove to the larger lumber yards in Dublin to secure all the available timber in stock and to leave orders for as much more. I then purchased some sacks of long nails and a couple of dozen large hammers, and taking my dinner with me I drove out to Inchicore again. During the whole of the afternoon heavily-laden teams were bringing out the timber I had purchased, but not until the barrack clock, not far distant, struck the hour of six was there a single man to help me. I then saw them racing at full speed over a couple of fields which lay between our place and the railway works, and after setting them their several tasks I counted those who had turned up and found them to exceed two hundred. There were some

first-rate carpenters amongst them who were invaluable to me. But at eight o'clock we had to give up as there was no more wood at hand. I had taken notice that we could not make much progress without ladders, so on Friday I purchased half a dozen ladders, more sacks of nails, a few saws, and left orders for a large supply of timber. At six o'clock sharp the two hundred willing workers had grown to four hundred, but they were a motley crew. Only about three hundred of them were Catholics, the remainder consisting of Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, and others of no religion at all, but they were all of them animated by the same spirit, and a determination to build a place of worship which should be an honor to them and to the entire neighborhood.

On Friday I had a call from a gentleman who had the contract of supplying windows and keeping them in repair for the neighboring Richmond barracks. He kindly offered me the loan of a dozen old windows, which I gladly accepted. The old chapel is still standing, being used as a hall for confraternities, meetings, concerts, etc., but the government has never claimed these windows back, and they are still in use. At half past ten o'clock that evening we had again to stop work, as more wood was yet required for the completion of the roof. I had to see after this on Saturday, as well as to obtain the tarred covering for the roof. My faithful followers came again that evening. All the materials required for the completion of this wonderful chapel were now on the spot. About seven o'clock, just before it became dark, five hundred willing men were working at something. They had promised that the place should be ready for divine service on the Sunday, and they kept their word. Just as the barrack clock struck the hour of ten the last nail was driven in, and the men set up a tremendous shout, which was audible at a considerable distance. The entire time occupied by the erection of this chapel was ten hours and a half, and when one considers that it is still standing and is yet useful after a lapse of nearly fifty years, and that not a penny was spent for the completion of it, except for the materials required, and that moreover about a fourth part of those engaged in the work were not members of our faith I question whether a more remarkable instance of church building has ever been recorded even in missionary annals. Two good men agreed to stop with me all night to prepare what was needful for the eight o'clock Mass on the following day, Sunday. The Augustinian Fathers, kind to the last, lent me everything. I required an altar, a harmonium, a chalice, vestments, a crucifix, candle sticks, etc. They even asked their choir to give us their services for a Missa Cantata, which I subsequently discovered to be quite an innovation in Ireland. I sang the Mass and preached to a large congregation, who had to kneel on the grass, which was still growing on the ground. We had some flowers on the altar and green branches which we had fastened up during the night were profusely in evidence.

Poor Father Cooke was still laid up in the hospital and knew nothing of all our doings until nearly a week later on, when he had to go direct to Marseilles for a General Council, which was about to commence. He left me in charge of all that had yet to be done, and indeed it was a pleasing though a heavy burden. The first thing was to engage a skilled carpenter to put the windows in their proper places, to make the doors and a porch, to erect an altar and to place a predella in front of it with steps leading up to it, to floor the sanctuary, and the whole of the chapel, to make altar rails and a confessional. This took him some weeks to complete, and then I had him make a large niche over the altar, in which I placed a

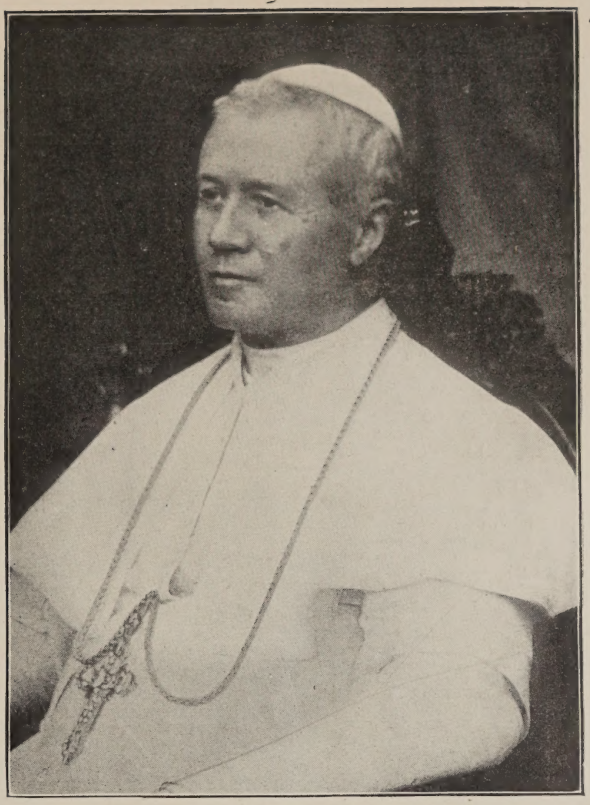
beautiful statue of Mary Immaculate, which was lighted overhead by colored glass by day and by night by invisible jets of gas after the French fashion. Being the first of its kind in Ireland, it attracted universal admiration. Meanwhile I was tramping the streets of Dublin every forenoon to beg donations and subscriptions, so as to pay off all expenses hitherto contracted and to finish what was yet required. Crowds continued to come out from Dublin to assist at Mass, or at Benediction at 3 P.M. in the now-celebrated missionary chapel. I organized a choir with voluntary artists. I purchased a harmonium and then a second-hand organ. I bought vestments and all other altar requisites, so that I could return to the Augustinian Fathers all that they had kindly lent to me.

As the weeks passed by it became evident to all that the house was not nearly large enough. As I have already said its original length was seventy-five feet, but I had to get it lengthened to one hundred and twenty feet. In the forenoons I was always begging, in the afternoons I was fully occupied in hearing confessions, the penitents coming out from Dublin for that purpose. In the evenings I had to superintend the training of our amateur choir. But when seated in the confessional I had sometimes to rise up suddenly and shift my quarters bodily, for a stream of water from the hurriedly constructed roof would trickle down my neck or what was equally discomposing the necks of my penitents and sadly interfere with the due administration of the Sacrament of Penance. Moreover, it was neither rubical nor nice to see a whole congregation opening their umbrellas during a shower of rain. So after making enquiries and finding that the same gentleman who had lent me our windows would slate the entire chapel for seventy-five pounds, I gave him the contract. On the following Sunday I announced to the congregation what I proposed doing and begged them to come prepared with their generous offerings. I asked as many of my friends as I met to pray that the collection might be a success. As regards the weather, we left that to Almighty God. If it were too wet the congregation would be small and the collection ditto. If it were too fine then half the congregation, being strangers, would not understand the necessity of a slated roof. The day was glorious, the assembled crowd was immense. I commenced the Mass, and then mounted the pulpit to preach. About the middle of my sermon there was a terrific clap of thunder, followed by torrents of rain. Every umbrella and parasol in the chapel was hoisted in a jiffy. I kept my ground in the pulpit, though I was fairly drenched, for I managed to shift my quarters, now to the right and then again to the left, as fresh rivulets of water came down upon my devoted head. One kind Christian mounted the pulpit stairs to lend me an umbrella, which I politely declined. The rain ceased as suddenly as it had started, and the sun shone out as brightly as it had done before the thunder shower, but before I left the pulpit to continue the Holy Sacrifice I reminded them that it was God Himself Who had sent this shower to convince them that it was necessary to have the church slated to provide against similar emergencies. The offering was then taken up and was found to amount to the large sum of eighty-five pounds, thus giving the seventy-five pounds which I needed for the roof, and a surplus of ten pounds for the ordinary expenses of the mission. I need not add that before the following Sunday due provision was made to avoid the necessity of opening out umbrellas during the holy Mass.

Meanwhile I was lodging at some distance from the chapel with a venerable lady of the name of Lynch, the mother of Archbishop Lynch of Toronto. Two months passed by in this manner when

one evening the proprietor of the place which we had purchased came to tell me that he had taken another house and had removed all his furniture, and that I could have possession that same evening. Two of the good men who were hanging about amongst those who came every evening to see what progress had been made during the day went through the house with me and we scrutinized every hole and corner. There was not a single article of furniture within the walls, but there were piles of lumber, and to my horror I saw some rats scudding away to their quarters. So I made up my mind not to attempt to seek for repose that night, when to my great relief a large dog belonging to the late proprietor came back of his own accord to pass the night with me, for we were great friends. About nine o'clock I heard a loud knocking at the entrance gate, and the dog and I went to see who were the visitors. I found they were the same two friends who had been witnesses with me of the desolation of the house, and they had come back with a horse and cart and had brought with them every requisite that might be needed for the night, from a bedstead downwards. Even a towel and a piece of soap, a looking-glass and a brush and comb were not forgotten. Finding that I had the dog for my protection they did not further press me to let them stop with me during the night in what was often called the haunted house. I mention what many would deem these otherwise unimportant details as a proof of the good-will and boundless charity with which we were received at our new foundation at Inchicore. My first duty was to engage a servant, for Father Cooke could not send a lay brother to help me for some weeks. Every day I had to drive into Dublin to purchase a heterogeneous variety of articles, many of which I brought back with me, and when the Catholics living by the road from Dublin would see my car laden with brushes and brooms, frying pans and kettles, etc., etc., they would rush to their doors and cheer me to the echo. Meanwhile I had to superintend the laying out of the grounds. A large enclosed garden was made, and planted with a choice collection of fruit-bearing trees. Gravel walks around the property were arranged for future processions, nearly a mile in length; a summer house was built in the garden, and a lovely garden altar in honor of St. Joseph, and as soon as I had superintended the plantation of 5,000 trees, and had had a pond dug with a rustic bridge leading to what was dignified by the title of an island in its centre, for which a friend had given me a pair of majestic swans, I made another altar from which Benediction could be given. It was quite unique. It was made entirely of shells, and in front the words "Regina Concharum" formed of mother-of-pearl oyster shells reflected the sunlight and could be discerned for a considerable distance. Cardinal Cullen jokingly told me some time afterwards that I deserved to be suspended for having added an unauthorized invocation to the Litany of Loretto. A large statue of the Blessed Virgin stood above this altar, and the whole was greatly admired especially when adorned with lights and flowers for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

(To be continued.)



POPE PIUS X.

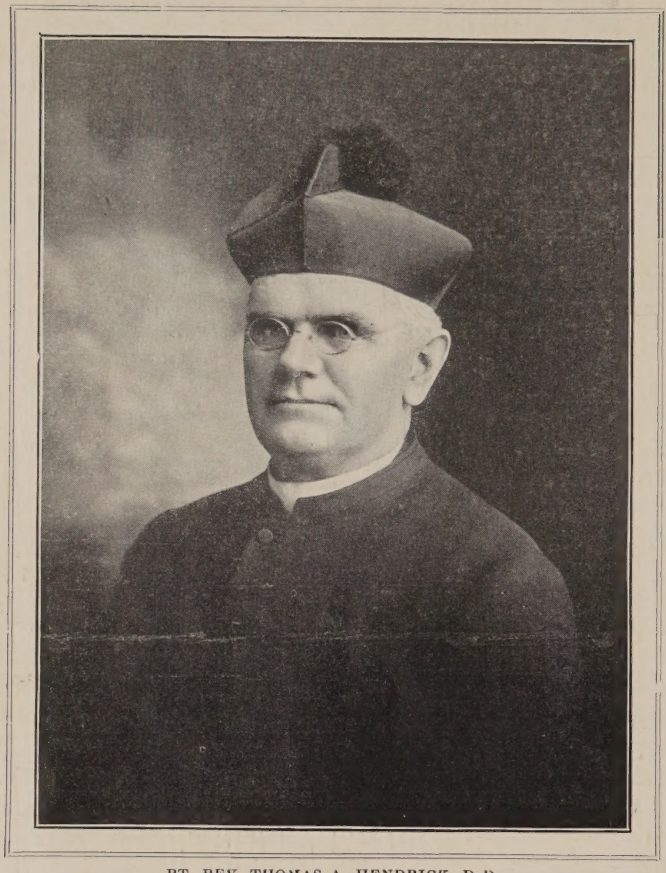
PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Holy Father has on many occasions manifested his activity and deep interest in all matters affecting the welfare of his people. Since his accession he has expressed most pronounced opinions on various issues, and if press reports may be believed has entered on a crusade against certain existing practices, instituting radical changes in church music, exhorting his bishops to discourage or forbid the wearing of decollette gowns at affairs under church auspices, and inaugurating numerous other reforms, much needed no doubt.

At the present moment the Pontiff's views on Christian Democracy are engaging the attention of all civilized peoples, and in the various articles of his encyclical he repeats and emphasizes the principles and rules by which the movement should be governed and conducted throughout Italy.

"The Nineteenth Catholic Congress, lately held at Bologna," says His Holiness in an explanatory foreword, "and by Us promoted and encouraged, has sufficiently proved to all the vigor of the Catholic forces and what useful and salutary results may be obtained among a population of believers, when this action is well governed and disciplined, and where unity of thought, sentiment and action prevails among those who take part in it.

"But We are very sorry to find that certain differences which arose in the midst of them have produced discussions, unfortunately too vivacious, which, if not dispelled in time, might serve to divide those forces of which We have spoken and render them less efficacious. Before the Congress We recommended above all things unity and harmony in order that it might be possible to lay down by common accord the general lines for the practical working of the Catholic movement, and We cannot therefore be silent now. And since divergence of views in matters of practice have commonly their origin in the domain of theory, and, indeed, necessarily find their fulcrum in the latter, it is necessary to define clearly the principles on which the entire Catholic movement must be based."



RT. REV. THOMAS A. HENDRICK, D.D.

Before leaving for the Philippines the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick spoke of his plans in regard to his new charge.

"At St. Louis and San Francisco I shall try to arrange with the provincials of the Jesuits and Franciscans about sending members of their orders to help in the work in my diocese," said he. "After conferring with ex-Governor Taft at San Francisco, I shall sail on the Korea February 2, and expect to arrive in Manila about March 1."

Bishop Hendrick was accompanied by Mr. F. Richter, formerly of St. Bernard's Seminary, at Rochester, who will be his secretary, and continue his studies for ordination to the priesthood.

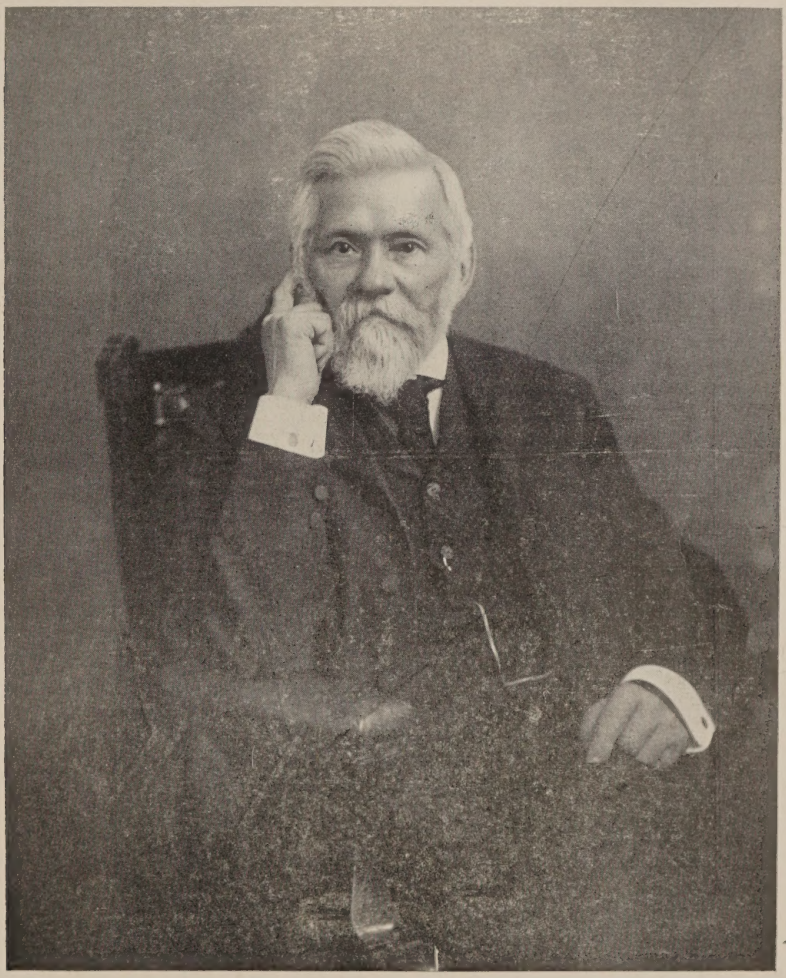
At the farewell banquet given to the Bishop by the clergy he spoke of the harmonious relations between the Government and the Vatican on Church questions in the Philippines, of his intention to build up a native Philippine priesthood, and to give the natives every opportunity to show that they should have confidence in our people.

Bishop Hendrick presented to General Benjamin F. Tracy the zuchetto which Pope Pius X. sent him in recognition of his services to the Church in this country.

Perhaps few men are better known in Boston than William Summers Pelletier, Treasurer of the Union Institution for Savings. Mr. Pelletier was born in Boston, on Bedford street, near Washington, February 25th, 1828. He received his early education in Fowles Monitorial School. In 1837, his father took his family for a visit to his birthplace in Tours, France, returning with them the next year. This trip, made in a sailing vessel, and taking over a month each way, was an ever memorable one to the young family, and was then considered so perilous that the prayers of the Sunday School were asked for the safe journey of all.

His first employment was with the dry goods house of Ezra F. Newhall, afterwards George W. Warren & Company, the first large department store in New England. Mr. Pel-

letier here inaugurated the cashier system, supplanting the use of the money drawer by the salesmen—a system that soon became indispensable in every large and small store. After sixteen years of service with Warren, he embarked in business for himself, on the present site of the Adams House, in the firm of Fortune & Pelletier. In 1860 he sold out to his partner and accepted a position as head of the office of Iasigi & Goddard, one of Boston's largest importers and shippers. Here he continued until 1875, when he resigned to become Auditor of the Union Institution for Savings, of which he had been one of the incorporators. With this bank he has since remained, serving as Treasurer since 1883. In nearly thirty years of unremitting devotion to the interests of this bank, he has seen its deposits more than doubled in amount, its position in financial circles made firm and respected, until to-day this, the so-called Catholic Bank of Boston, stands among the most solid institutions in the city. An affection of the eyes has caused him some annoyance during the last few years, but his general health is good and he is still active in his daily attendance on his official duties at the bank.



WILLIAM S. PELLETIER

Always an active worker and an ardent supporter of the Catholic press, Mr. Pelletier has devoted many years to Catholic interests in Boston. For many years he served as as-

sistant superintendent of the Sunday School of the Franklin Street Cathedral, assisting the beloved E. A. Coggins. In this service he was for a time associated with Father Williams, Spiritual Director, our present revered Archbishop. In 1853 he became President of the Young Catholic Friends' Society, which in its dispensing of practical charity was the forerunner of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and in its annual lecture course attracted the very best talent for the instruction of the Catholic people.

Rev. John Bapst, S.J., became superintendent of the Sunday School of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, which position he held until 1869. In 1878 he again responded to a call from the Rector of the Immaculate Conception, to take charge of the Sunday School at Marcella Street Home, resigning in 1891.

Mr. Pelletier can boast the friendship of Bishops Fenwick and Fitzpatrick, and an almost lifelong association with our present beloved Archbisnop.

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE JAMES FITZGERALD.

In one year this Society dispensed $2,500 in charity; it initiated Sunday School classes in the North End, West End, and South End, thus fostering the after established parishes of St. Vincent's on Purchase street, St. Joseph's on Chambers street, and St. James'. To its lecture platform came such distinguished lecturers as Rev. Dr. Cummings, Rev. John Rodden, Orestes A. Brownson, Henry Giles, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

In 1864 Mr. Pelletier, on the invitation of

In the early days he was secretary and keeper of the Silver Key of the Charitable Irish Society, a member of the Handel & Hayden Society, of the Boston Oratoria Society, and of the Catholic Choral Society. He was one of the founders of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, of the Young Men's Catholic Association, and of the Catholic Union of Boston, of which he was Secretary for many years. His only public office has been as a member of the School Committee

in the City of Roxbury and City of Boston. Rounding out seventy-six years in the city of his birth, Mr. Pelletier is blessed with a devoted wife and family of five sons, and enjoys the undivided respect of his fellow citizens.

The re-election of Judge James Fitzgerald as President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick is a merited tribute to his efficiency, and convincing proof of his popularity. His personal characteristics have won for him the respect of all who have the privilege of knowing him, and the people he represents have every reason to be proud of him. Judge Fitzgerald is one of the most efficient judges on the Supreme Court Bench, his training and natural qualifications combining to fit him for the eminent position he fills.

Deeply interested in the advancement of his race, he took a prominent part in all movements directed towards that aim, the Irish Language movement in particular appealing to him strongly, and enlisting his ardent support. He was one of its earliest advocates in New York, and much of the success it achieved was due to his earnest efforts to promote the study of Irish.

The Friendly Sons are to be congratulated not only in their President, but on the wisdom and sound judgment they manifest in keeping as their leader a man so worthy to represent them.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Moral Briefs. By the Rev. John Stapleton. Hartford, The Catholic Transcript. 1903.

We are glad to see a work of this nature, for it has a wide field in our public instruction. The subjects discussed are *timely* and the method of treatment is *original*. Some of the points insisted upon touch deeply that aspect of religion which fascinates so many well-meaning but ill-informed non-Catholics of today. How delighted we are, for example, to read the following: "Men of emancipated intelligence and becoming breadth of mind are often heard to proclaim with a greater flourish of verbosity than of reason and argument that the golden rule is religion enough for them, without the trappings of creeds and dogmas; they respect themselves and respect their neighbors; . . . and this, according to them, is the fulfillment of the law." . . . And again: "Morals are based on dogma, or they have no basis at all; knowledge of the manner of serving God can only proceed from knowledge of who and what He is; right living is the fruit of right thinking. Not that all who believe rightly are righteous and walk in the path of salvation: losing themselves, these are lost in spite of the truths they know and profess; nor that they who cling to an erroneous belief and a false creed can perform no deed of true moral worth and are doomed; they may be righteous in spite of the errors they profess, thanks alone to the truths in their creeds that are not wholly corrupted. But the natural order of things demands that our works partake of the nature of our convictions, that truth or error in mind begets truth or error correspondingly in deed and that no amount of self-confidence in a man can make a course right when it is wrong, can make a man's actions good when they are materially bad." These extracts show the trend of thought in the book and its extreme usefulness. It is a matter for regret that the language used is not always on a line with the dignity of the thought. There are many sentences which need remodeling and many expressions which are entirely too *strenuous* for the sanctuary. These defects can be easily remedied. A change here, a substitution there, and the expressions will be a fit setting for the thought and the doctrine.

Dominican Tertiaries' Manual—For the Use of the Members of the Third Order. St. Rose's Monastery, Springfield, Kentucky.

A brief, handy manual of instruction and edification, prepared to meet the wants of those children of St. Dominic, who have not the advantage of near and intimate association with the greater branches of the order. The book contains the plan of the third order as conceived by St. Dominic, the origin, development, and present scope thereof, the rules to be followed. the privileges of the order, together with a choice collection of devotions suitable for the members. May it serve and spread the ardent faith and the intense loyalty of the illustrious St. Dominic.

The Symbol of the Apostles. By the Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. New York, Christian Press Association. 1903.

The learned Dr. MacDonald of Antigonish presents herein to the public the results of his investigations into the Apostolic Author-

ship of the Creed as based on the lines of Catholic tradition. It is well-known that there have been for many years past animated discussions concerning the origin of what is usually styled the "Apostles' Creed." Did the Apostles meet and put together what they deemed the leading points of belief, or was this done at a later period in the history of the Church? Each side has had its ardent defenders and many a battle royal has been fought in theological circles upon this question. With the historian's stores of knowledge, with the scholar's depth, and with philosophic calmness, Dr. MacDonald treats the question from the standpoint of Catholic tradition. The conclusion he reaches, after weighing the testimony *for* and *against*, is that the *Symbol* or *Creed* can, undoubtedly, be ascribed to the Apostles. He places great stress upon the so-called "Discipline of the Secret," which is the name given to the practice of "reserve" in the ancient church respecting Christian mysteries. There were many reasons why it was then necessary to "withhold," as it were, the knowledge of certain tenets. Pagans were essentially irreverent and the most sacred things were frequently made the object of unseemly joke and ridicule. Then, too, it was not desirable to unfold at once all the mysteries of the faith even to those pagans who were desirous of becoming Christians, as long and careful instruction was necessary before the doctrine of the Trinity, of the Incarnation, or of the Sacraments could be properly understood by those who had been brought up under systems of idolatry and fetichism. How far this "reserve" extended has always been a matter of discussion. The scholarly author of this book holds that it included the Creed, and held it fast even in the days of St. Augustine. This explains, he concludes, why we fail to find traces of the "Symbol" in the writings of subapostolic and early times. "No marvel that (we) cannot find it; (we) seek the living among the dead. The Creed is in the heart and on the lips of the Church of the living God." It is probable that even this reasoning will not satisfy some critics; nevertheless, all must admire the patient investigations of the author and the high grade of scholarship shown throughout the volume.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. By Cardinal Bona. Edited by the Rt. Rev. Ildephonsus Cummins, O.S.B. Herder, St. Louis, 1903. Price, 30 cents.

Time has not lessened the hold of this sterling treatise upon the truly devout; nor have years dimmed the splendor of the golden words of saintly Cardinal Bona. The present edition is a neat, handy form and should be circulated widely both among clergy and people; for although the book appeals primarily to the Lord's anointed, nevertheless it contains many points both of instruction and of edification for the laity. What light, what comfort, what strength the Church's loyal children have found in the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. By Rev. William E. Randall of the Sacred Heart Church, Columbia, Mo. McKeown Brothers, St. Louis. 1903.

This book shows that the author is a careful and broad student of history. Step by step he follows the statements made by Professor Myers in his Mediæval and Modern History and unveils the blunders, the wrong settings, the prejudice, which are to be found in that work. Father Randall has conferred in this, an inestimable benefit upon all Catholics, especially upon the teachers, and we trust that both clergy and laity will give the book a wide circulation. In another edition we should like to see references to the sources quoted by Fr. Randall added in foot-notes and we venture to suggest that the force of the work would really gain if less vigorous expressions were used, and if a more generous spirit were shown in the treatment of certain historical events which are admitted even by Catholics

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The Divine Office. From the Italian. Edited By the Rt. Rev. Ildephonsus Cummins, O.S.B. St. Louis, Herder, 1903. Price, 30 cents.

This is offered as a comparison volume to that of Cardinal Bona on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is full of solid instruction and breathes devotion in every page. It cannot fail to nurture that manly piety and that vigorous asceticism which are the true marks of priestly sanctity.

Reading and the Mind. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J. Philadelphia, McVey, 1903. Price, $1.00.

We know from personal experience the value not only of Fr. O'Conor's suggestive remarks concerning reading and mind-training, but also of the graduated and judicious lists for a systematic course in English literature. Heartily, then, do we welcome the sixth edition, and we only wish that the lists had been even more augmented than they were. This guide-book should be on the desk of every instructor—and we trust that an edition will soon be published at a lower price so that it will fall within the scope of a pupil's allowance for subsidiary books.

The Corona Song Book. By William C. Hoff. Boston, Ginn & Co. 1903.

The reviewer, having studied at an Austrian University, can bear witness to the good-fellowship and general spirit of union promoted by student-gatherings and student-songs. He has always been of the opinion that the introduction of some of the features of German university and college life into our American institutions would help to foster a spirit of loyalty and of comradeship, and would, in many instances, serve as an outlet for that bubbling enthusiasm which now, too often, alas, assumes the features of a decidedly unhealthy and lamentable nature. We take great pleasure, consequently, in calling the attention of our readers to the "Corona Song Book," which supplies a splendid collection of High School songs. These songs are bright and clever in expression, melodious in their musical arrangement, and so varied as to be of service for the widest diversity of talent. There is abundant room for many school and college song-books and we hope that Mr. Hoff will speed onward the good work.

Following the Ball. By A. T. Dudley. Boston, Lee & Shepard, 1903. Price, $1.00.

A foot-ball story, on the surface, full of the life and excitement aroused in all circles by that special game. Only an American could have written this book and the hero, "Dick Melvin," will win the admiration of all school-boys. Yet it is more than a mere record of "athletics," it is a story which teaches excellent lessons of character-building, while at the same time, it sets forth in clear light some of the dangers which young men in college have to face. Alas! that it should be so, and doubly, alas, that so little is done in certain places to remove these untoward surroundings. There is pressing need of infusing loftier ideals of college life into the minds of many a young man and of many an educator. Crops of wild oats are not in the nature of things a necessity.

The Modern Age. By Philip Van Ness Myers. Boston, Ginn & Co., 1903. Price, $1.25.

This is the companion volume to Myers *Middle Ages*. It is, in reality, a revision and expansion of the latter part of his "*Mediaeval and Modern History*." Since the first appearance of the work it has passed through several editions, a proof in itself that the book has won the approval of educators in various parts of the country. The work is clear, compact and interesting. The maps are excellent. For these qualities we can have nothing but words of generous praise. But is it impartial? Does it place facts in their true setting, or does the author so obtrude his own views into the narrative as to exhibit facts under a colored light? Let us see. Thus on p. 257 we read: "The tales of the sufferings of the Scotch Covenanter at the hands of the English Protestants are only equaled by the tales of the wrongs and cruelties inflicted upon the Vandois of the Alps by the French Catholics." Is this comparison borne out by fact? While no Catholic defends the harsh measure adopted by Arnold of Citeaux, it must be remembered that there is no parity whatever in the case, seeing that the Covenanters were a purely religious body, while the others allowed their religious opinions to interfere with their duties as citizens. On p. 120 the author refers to the *Pilgrim Fathers, who laid the foundations of civil and religious liberty in the New World*. What has history to remark upon this subject? To quote a recent author: "There is not a single incident in the old records to show that the Puritans ever advocated or sued for religious freedom. . . . Shortly after having come to New England, Governor Dudley, a typical Puritan, received an inquiry from Holland, as to whether 'those that differ from you in opinion, yet holding the same foundation in religion, might be permitted to live among you.'" "God forbid," he characteristically answered, "our love to the truth should be grown so cold, that we should tolerate errors." After his death the following lines were found in his pocket:

"Let men of God in Courts and Churches watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch,
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice
To poison all with heresy and vice."

This, certainly, does not sound like civil and religious liberty.

We could cite a great many other instances in which the author shows a lack of that judicial serenity and of that objective judgment of men and things which are fundamental qualities in an historian. Had the work been submitted, before re-issue, to a wise critic, many objectionable features would have been eliminated.

The Catholic Layman's Lectionary. Compiled by W. Thornton Parker, M.D., Oblate Sec., O.S.B. Boston, Flynn & Co. Price, 15 cents.

This is a table for Bible reading so arranged as to follow the lessons contained in the Breviary. It will serve as a great help to those of the laity who wish to be united with the intercessory office of the priest.

Plain Chant. For the Use of Choirs, Schools, Seminaries and Religious Communities. Revised Edition. Boston, Flynn & Co. Price, 25 cents.

The recent utterances of the Holy Father upon the subject of church music make it evident to all that he is determined to bring back the majestic simplicity of Plain Chant and of modifications thereof into our public services, and to banish therefrom the worldly airs too frequently heard in so-called fashionable churches. It would certainly greatly help in this much-needed reform, if the elements of plain chant were taught in our parish and Sunday schools, in our colleges, and other educational establishments. This little manual will serve as an excellent instructor, by means of which the beautiful, stately music of the Church will be made known to the growing generation and will become a welcome feature of any public ceremony.

The Irish in the Revolution and the Civil War, Revised and Enlarged Edition. By Dr. J. C. O'Connell: The Trades' Unionist Press, Washington, D. C., 1903. $1.00.

This latest edition of Dr. O'Connell's valuable pamphlet on Irish soldiers in the Revolution and the Civil War includes as well a record of the Irish in the Spanish-American and Philippine wars, and brief biographical sketches of men of Irish birth who have won distinction in other walks of life. There is abundant evidence that the author has devoted much time to historical research and the study of war records, bringing to light deeds of heroism that reflect glory on the men of his race.

If fault may be found with this latest edition it is on the score that a work of this character, containing one hundred and ten pages of carefully compiled information, deserves a more durable cover than the paper one in which it appears.

Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish, or Priest and People in Doon, by a Country Curate. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin; Benziger Brothers, New York. Paper Is. 6d. Cloth 2s.

This little book gives a beautiful insight into life in an Irish parish, and the events it chronicles are marked by innocent pleasure, content in poverty, deep reverence for religion, and a tender pathos denoting the strong undercurrent of feeling hidden under the reserve of the Irish peasant.

Occasionally one comes across an exquisitely delicate bit of word painting such as that revealing the interior of a cabin with the family engaged in prayer, and their neighbor joining in the devotion before he divulges the news of coming disaster. The author has been all too careful to give the origin of every quotation and reference he uses.

The Golden Stair—A Chronicle of Havenhurst. By David Bearne, S.J. London, Burns & Oates. 1903.

This is a production of a literary artist in the highest sense of the word. Loftily conceived, exquisitely expressed and brought to a cheering end, the chronicle of Havenhurst will teach many a lesson of wisdom to the brave young boys, whose lives Fr. Bearne aims to mould according to the highest ideals. The book is not a story, in the ordinary acceptance, it is a *chronicle* of the incidents of life at Havenhurst under influences which press everything into service of the highest order so that the scenes of our earthly tragedy become the golden stairs which lead us to God. While this chronicle will not appeal to that class of boy-readers who revel in "blood and thunder," it will be appreciated by that finest type of boy who has not been brutalized by unhealthy sport. Mothers and fathers, teachers and tutors, can learn much from this striking chronicle.

Memories of a Red Letter Summer. By Eleanor Childs Meehan. Robert Clark Company, Cincinnati, 1903.

It was a happy thought that led the author of this charming book of travel to publish her reminiscences of a summer abroad. It was her intention originally to give a circle of young friends the benefit of her pleasant experiences, but at the suggestion of a wise counsellor she decided to publish the volume for general circulation—a decision for which many will be grateful. The British Isles, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany and Italy were visited, and the chief centres of interest to tourists in these countries are brought before the reader, with vivid coloring, frequent reference to literature, and a wealth of pleasing anecdote and historic lore. The Catholic atmosphere that permeates every chapter adds in a great measure to the charm of the volume, and to its value as a source of information. It is a book for intending tourists, for those whose travels will be agreeably recalled by the places and incidents it touches upon, and for the stay-at-homes, who must glean their knowledge of foreign lands from the experiences of more fortunate mortals.

Many fine photographs illustrate the text.

Library of Valuable Information. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

It is the age of "libraries." There are "Libraries of Literature," "Foreign Libraries," "Theological Libraries" and "Scientific Libraries." Some of these "libraries" are not a credit either to editor or publisher. The books are poorly written, wretchedly printed, and abominably bound. We naturally ask ourselves, does the "Library of Valuable Information" belong to that class which merits banishment from the halls of learning or has it those elements which entitle it to a place of honor among the books of the day?

This "library" proposes to give us in plain, clear language the leading results of modern investigation upon subjects of interest to all. There are twenty-five volumes altogether and they cover the following diverse topics: Story of the Cotton Plant, Story of the British Race, Story of Books, Story of the Mind, Story of the Alphabet, Story of Extinct Civilizations, Story of the Earth's Atmosphere, Story of the Solar System, Story of the Art of Music, Story of Eclipses, Story of the Stars, Story of Photography, Story of Electricity, Story of the Living Machine, Story of Primitive Man, Story of the Plants, Story of the Art of Building, Story of King Alfred, Story of the Earth, Story of Animal Life, Story of Geographical Discovery, Story of a Piece of Coal, Story of Life in the Seas, Story of a Grain of Wheat.

With the object of the series we are in perfect accord. There is certainly need of placing within easy access of all, treatises upon scientific matters in language shorn of technicalities which to the great mass of readers are simply unintelligible. The subjects selected are timely and of great importance to all those who wish to know the statements and views of advanced scientists.

The volumes upon matters pre-eminently scientific are thorough, interesting and up-to-date. The student-body, both old and young, will find these volumes of great profit.

"The Story of Primitive Man," "The Story of the Living Machine," "The Story of the Mind," contain the theories of a certain class of modern scientists upon these matters,—theories, however, which have not the support of many eminent thinkers.

Belinda's Cousins. By Maurice Francis Egan. Kilner & Company, Philadelphia. 1903. $1.00.

Young people who have made the acquaintance of "Belinda" and "The Watson Girls" will be glad to meet "Belinda's Cousins." They are not model children by any means, but Doctor Egan possesses the art of getting at the best in his boys and girls, and so, through Belinda, he works a wonderful change in Marguerite and Aloysius and Fred, and soon convinces readers that the Laffan children are worthy of admission to their circle of friends. The two Ross girls are not attractive, and Mrs. Gillflory is altogether impossible, but all three help out the story, furnishing amusement, as well as warning, by their frivolity and absurdity. Belinda's other cousins, Claudia, Arnold, and Jem, supply the sensational incidents, and afford situations in which Belinda appears to great advantage.

The story closes with a pretty scene—Christmas in the Laffan house, and Belinda receiving the loving attentions of the family. "I believe Belinda will be a nun some day," says Marguerite. And some way we think so too as we lay down the bright little book, wishing that its Catholic atmosphere and wholesome influence may be felt in many family circles.

A Lieutenant Under Washington. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Boston. 1903. $1.20 *net*. Postage 13 cents.

Mr. Tomlinson's many admirers will be glad to renew their acquaintance with two of the most attractive characters who figured in "Under Colonial Colors." The scene has shifted from Canada to the Middle Colonies, during the campaign that included the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. The young lieutenant and his faithful attendant, the old trapper, have many adventures, due not only to the natural risks of war, but also to treachery. The sense of mystery is well maintained throughout,—till the story ends in Washington's camp at Valley Forge. Some of the most striking incidents occur in a large and almost impenetrable swamp near Morristown. The book may be read quite independently of Mr. Tomlinson's earlier story.

The Literary Guillotine. John Lane, Publisher, New York and London. 1903.

This report of the sittings of "The Literary Emergency Court,' which had been created by the legislature in response to the demands of a long-suffering and outraged public for the trial and punishment of literary offenders, is a clever satire written in such perfect good nature that even the "literary offenders" have shown appreciation of it. Thus, Dr. Weir Mitchell wrote: "You have given me a gay evening, and I think that Van Dyke must have enjoyed it as much as any one of the—as yet—unguillotined." And Charles Major, another of the victims, expressed equal appreciation: "It is interesting even for us who are guillotined; as someone once said of his exe-

cutioner, 'It is a pleasure to be beheaded by so fine a gentleman.'"

The Court is presided over by Mark Twain, with Oliver Herford as Justice of the Court, and Charles Battell Loomis as prosecuting officer. During nine sittings execution is duly done upon the popular authors and poets of the day, beginning with Richard Harding Davis, "one of the most incorrigible offenders of modern literature."

Perhaps one of the sharpest comments made on any author brought before the Court is Justice Herford's query as the prisoner is led away, "There's only one trouble about carrying out that sentence. How are you going to chop off the literary head of a man who hasn't one?"

The case of James vs. Eddy for infringement of patent gives rise to many witty sallies, and this noteworthy decision on the obscure sentence.

"That the original *Sententia Obscura*, containing, as its name implies, a palpable though obfuscated idea, is not infringed by a method of compilation, by which the idea, if any, is placed absolutely beyond the reach of discovery."

"If there's anything I hate worse than the obvious it is the clear," declares Henry James, who proceeds to define fiction as "the science of inaction, the microscopic study of the subliminal, the analysis of the shadowy."

"What do you pay him?" asks the prosecuting officer, referring to Mrs. Eddy's very youthful counsel. "One of my souvenir spoons" replies the lady, adding, "if he gets stuck I shall treat him."

"Well, be careful not to treat him backward," warns the Court, and the case proceeds.

Though at times the humor is rather strained, the book contains many bright things, and there is much quiet fun at the novelist's tendency to take himself too seriously.

Wander-folk in Wonderland. By Edith Guerrier. Illustrated by Edith Brown. Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, 1903.

A collection of animal stories for very young readers. The large type and numerous illustrations add to the attractiveness of this book, which is prettily bound in blue with a quaint cover design.

A Bunch of Roses and Other Parlor Plays. By M. E. M. Davis. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1903.

Four of the six plays now published in book form appeared originally in the Saturday Evening Post. They are simple in plot, afford many amusing situations, and require no elaborate settings or costumes.

A Hand-Book of Modern Irish. Part I. By John P. Henry, 1903.

The lessons contained in this book were planned for use in a class taught by Mr. Henry in the London Gaelic League, but acting on the advice of friends he expanded them, and added exercises and vocabulary to meet the needs of students in general, but especially those studying in Irish Intermediate Schools, and in branches of the Gaelic League. The lessons are arranged with the purpose of imparting to the student, gradually, but without undue delay, a knowledge of the grammar of the language, without which, Mr. Henry insists, it is impossible for the learner to become a correct speaker or writer. The book has received the approval of the eminent Irish grammarian, Rev. Peter O'Leary, P.P., and of many other Irish scholars.

Instructions for teachers are given in the preface.

St. Michael's Almanac for 1904. Published by the Society of the Divine Word. Shermerville, Ill.

In addition to the calendar information this almanac contains much interesting matter, short stories, poems, descriptive articles, events of the year, etc., and apart from its worthy purpose—to aid St. Joseph's Technical School, Shermerville—fully merits the patronage of the public.

Memorial of the Family of Forsyth De Fronsac. By Frederic Gregory Forsyth De Fronsac. S. J. Parkhill & Company, Boston, 1903.

In this Memorial the author presents the results of painstaking research among historic records, family documents, and other sources from which reliable data could be obtained. He has produced an almost complete history of the family to which he belongs, tracing its ramifying branches through many countries, and identifying scions of the race with many deeds of valor and patriotism.

The origin of the family and race; the cadet male line of the Vicomtes De Fronsac, the alliances with other races, the history of each branch, the De Fronsac Succession, the De Fronsac connection with the Seigneurial Order of Canada, and biographical sketches of the most prominent members of the family make up a volume of much interest, and unique in the views it advances on the power of aristocracies and the holding of territorial possessions. M. de Fronsac embellishes the text with many fine illustrations, chiefly family portraits and armorial bearings.

QUESTION BOX.

Why is it that Catholics are not as well versed in Bible and Church History as Protestants?

It is not true that Protestants are, as a rule, better acquainted with Bible and Church History than Catholics. Some Protestants do indeed know the Holy Scriptures intimately and quote long passages by heart. But this knowledge is necessary for those who hold that *the Bible is the only rule of faith.* It is different with Catholics who hearken to the voice of a living guide and who, consequently, receive from her the required directions in order to mould their spiritual life aright. We do not deny that there is with us in many places room for improvement in this regard, but we must not overlook the difficulties which have attended this study in the past, owing to the lack of a sufficient number of the clergy. Bible and Perseverance classes are now nearly everywhere the adjunct of a well-equipped Sunday School and Catholic children are receiving a sound drilling in this important branch of Christian instruction. Moreover, an earnest layman could do much to master the Holy Scriptures by the private study of authorized works. We have excellent manuals both upon the Scriptures and upon Church History.

What is the meaning of "Epiphany"?

This word is derived from a Greek word, meaning manifestation or appearance. The "Epiphany," consequently, is a feast instituted primarily to commemorate the manifestation or appearance of the Infant Saviour to the Magi. The Church also recalls on this day the *manifestation* made at the baptism of Christ when a voice from Heaven proclaimed that He was the Son of God, and the further *manifestation* of Christ's divine power when, during the marriage-banquet at Cana, he changed water into wine. The feast of the Epiphany has always been celebrated with great splendor in the Church.

Is it lawful to be present at *seances?*

All theologians tell us that it is *not* lawful to be present at those gatherings where table-turning, spirit-rapping, and question and answer take place; for, those present really countenance and, consequently, participate in the sin of the promoters. Neither is it lawful to attend these meetings out of curiosity or for the purpose of publishing abroad what takes place in gatherings of this nature. We are not to do evil in order that good may spring therefrom.

It is true that the term seance is sometimes applied to mere sleight-of-hand performances. To witness the clever tricks of a prestidigitator is, of course, perfectly harmless.

What is meant by *Laputan* ideas?

Laputan ideas are absurd, fanciful thoughts, thoughts which have no foundation in the objective order of things. They are so called from *Laputa,* which is described in *Gulliver's Travels* as an imaginary, flying island, the home of chimerical philosophers and of scientific quacks. It is also the "Lantern-Land" of Rabelais, where the wise inhabitants were so buried in thought that attendants called "Flappers" were appointed to strike the philosophers on the mouth and ears with blown bladders, when their attention to the practical matters of life was required.

Will you kindly explain what is meant in matrimony by a separation—who grants it—and what is the difference between the permission to separate and the actual separation?

By separation in marriage is understood the living apart of two married persons, the bond of matrimony still remaining intact. It is usually styled separation, "*a mensa et thoro, from bed and board,*" because the wife takes up a separate domicile, just as though she were not married.

Three things, Dr. Smith informs us, are required according *to the letter of the law* to render such a separation lawful for public life: (a) a just cause, that is, a serious crime, (b) a juridical process or trial in which the existence of such a cause is juridically proved; (c) a judicial sentence of the judge granting the separation. Hence, whoever wishes, according to the letter of ecclesiastical law, to obtain a separation, must first present to the bishop a formal petition for the separation, and state the causes therefor. Then follows the process for the proving of the alleged cause. At its end, the judge, if he finds that the causes are canonical and fully proven, pronounces the sentence granting the separation, either for life, or, as the case may be, for as long a time as the cause lasts. This holds, *according to the letter of the law and apart from any contrary custom.* It is clear from the foregoing that the power of acting in the matter belongs to the bishops, where a judicial separation is sought. It is also clear that the judge in giving his verdict asserts that the existence of causes justifying a separation has been established and hence that the persons concerned may lawfully separate. The act of separation takes place when the persons themselves part from each other. There is, of course, a difference between a permission to separate and the actual separation, just as there is a difference between the permission to take a book and the actual tak-

ing thereof. The foregoing refers merely to an ecclesiastical separation and does not enter into the question of what should be done for a civil separation, although the course of action to be then pursued is a similar one.

What is meant by the "Novena of Grace"?

It is a novena or nine days' prayer in honor of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies. It is made preparatory to March the 12th, the day on which the saint was canonized in 1622. It is so called because it is a means of obtaining remarkable graces. The Saint promised that all who make it devoutly, and confess and communicate, could hope in all confidence to receive from God the grace they would ask, through his intercession, for the glory of God and the good of their souls. Invoked by Father Mastrilli, who was at the point of death by the blow of a falling hammer, the saint assured him he would be cured, and bade him recommend this practice. Father Mastrilli was immediately restored to health. This happened in December, 1633. Four years later, October, 1637, he died a martyr in the the Missions of Japan, as the saint had also predicted.

The Novena may be made in any church or privately. The Plenary Indulgence granted for a Novena in honor of St. Francis Xavier in a church of the Society of Jesus may be gained at any time of the year as well as this. (June 16, 1898.) Apart from the Novena itself, a Plenary indulgence is granted to all who receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist on March 12, the anniversary of the canonization of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. (January 2, 1886.) For both Indulgences a visit to a church of the Society of Jesus is required, with prayers for the Sovereign Pontiff and for the conversion of sinners.

Where can I find a good account of Scholastic Philosophy? What is the peculiar character of scholasticism?

You will find an excellent account of Scholastic Philosophy in Fr. Turner's History of Philosophy (Boston, Ginn & Co.). Read also the following: *Histoire de la Philosophie Scholastique* by *B. Haureau, Histoire de la Philosophie Mediaevale* by *M. De Wulf, Geschichte der Philosophie des Mittelalters* by *Dr. Albert Stockl.*

Scholastic Philosophy is marked by a rigid adherence to syllogistic forms of argument in its demonstrations, and by its plan of showing the harmony existing between natural and revealed truth. The Scholastics aimed to reconcile the claims of reason with the teachings of faith, and to show that revelation cannot contradict reason. A profound study of Scholastic Philosophy opens up wonderful treasures of thought and of lofty speculation. We sometimes meet men who sneer at what they are pleased to term the "vagaries of the school-men," but such men will be found upon investigation either never to have looked into the marvellous works of the scholastics or, at the most, to have glanced hurriedly over a few pages.

When will the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception occur?

December the 8th of the current year will be the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the decree which declared the doctrine of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception to be an article of faith. Our Holy Father, Pius X, has ordered that the present year be consecrated to special celebrations in honor of the Queen of Heaven. To carry out his plans, the Pope has granted to the clergy the privilege of celebrating a Votive Mass of the Immaculate Conception in any chapel or oratory where devotional services are held in honor of Our Lady on the 8th day of each month, or, should it be impossible to make use of the privilege on this day, on the following Sunday. This Votive Mass is to be said with *Gloria, Credo*, and one prayer.

How was the earth peopled, acording to the Scripture, since the Bible only mentions three sons of Adam?

Although the Bible gives the names of Adam's sons only, mention is also made of his daughters. For in the 5th chapter of Genesis, verse 4th, we read: "And the days of Adam, after he begot Seth, were eight hundred years: and he begot *sons and daughters.*"

What is meant by the *Mellifluous Doctor?*

This title has been conferred upon St. Bernard, on account of the sweetness and charm of his character. A distinguished Anglican says of this truly winning saint that he "was one of the purest realizations of Christian principle which has ever appeared in human flesh and blood."

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR LORD AND MARY MAGDALEN

The Youth of St. Patrick.

In the heart of the child God's full sunrise, aflame,
Lies warm, all aglow with its visioning fair,
O'erflooding our valleys of sorrow and shame
With strange, scarlet glory that banishes care.

And the prayer of the child and its faith in the Lord,
Its force of eternal, earth-conquering love,
Find answer in Heaven, where angels applaud
Its saintliness, burning like Mary's above.

Caroline D. Swan.

Donahoe's Magazine

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IS JOHN HAY BACKING JAPAN?

BY HERBERT YOUNG.

The question is of importance at this moment, and will be of greater importance a month hence; because, since we have adopted the European methods of diplomacy, our foreign office, which is John Hay, has dissociated itself from the nation and the government, thrown overboard traditions, and launched itself on an independent course. Before Congress has time to intervene, facts are accomplished; before the people have time to consider, a blatant press has trumpeted the accomplished facts down their throats. Without regard to party affiliations, citizens should make serious inquiry about the character and the aims of this Secretary of State, and learn what and whom he represents in the Cabinet, beyond the President, to whom alone he is officially responsible for his actions. For some years he has played the part of the sphinx, while carrying out little policies with which only a small section of our people have had any sympathy. From his own mouth he certainly cannot be judged It might be worth the country's while to answer the question: Who is John Hay?

THE CZAR.

For the present it is sufficient to answer the question: Is John Hay backing Japan?

The question becomes pertinent through the note addressed to the Powers by Secretary Hay, last month, in which he invited them to join this country in a notice to Japan and Russia concerning the restriction of their present war to a defined area. The inspired utterances of the Press present the details as follows: Great Britain, Germany, and the United States will demand of Russia and Japan that the neutrality of China shall be maintained, its integrity preserved, and its boundaries respected by the combatants; and that the Powers named shall fix the territorial limits of the war. In this agreement it is clearly understood that the Powers who make the demand may be called on at any time to send a military force to protect

Courtesy of Boston Herald.

THE MIKADO.

China from invasion, but it is not expected that this event will happen. The step taken is in the nature of a concert of the Powers to limit the territorial consequences of the war. Should Russia be defeated Manchuria will be dropped, that is, restored to China; Japan will have to be satisfied with prestige and money compensation, and China will remain undisturbed. This is considered to be the ulterior purpose of the note.

What does it all mean? Read this statement from a diplomat quoted in the New York *Times* of February 11: "To Secretary Hay undoubtedly belongs the full credit for the initiation of this policy, which is the boldest step yet taken by any country for the preservation of the integrity of China." One of the leading French newspapers, the *Journal Des Debats,* declares that Hay's note is only his way of siding directly with Japan and letting the world know it; and advises the United States to abstain from a step which is destined to end in her own confusion. The French Foreign Office was so astonished at the news of Hay's action, found it so extraordinary in character, and so menacing in its possibilities, that officials professed to believe that some error had crept into the report. The Japanese Minister in London, Baron Hayashi, approved of Mr. Hay's action, which he thought chiefly due to a suspicion that Russia might find a pretext for military action against China. The meaning of the note then is the initiation of the boldest policy ever! Our diplomacy is to leave Europe's in the shade! Frenchmen believe it a move in favor of Japan, and a Japanese diplomat thinks it intended to head off Russia in case of her victory.

The ablest writer in America on European conditions writes for the New York *Sun,* and the *Sun* for some years, for reasons known to itself and its neighbors, has steadily praised the sagacity and prudence of John Hay, his judgment, foresight, and effective methods in guarding American interests abroad. But at this point the *Sun* refuses to follow its pet further, points out that the proposed arrangement might easily involve this nation in war, thinks that the nation has confidence enough in Mr. Hay to let him carry out his policy if he stayed in office long enough, but, the stay being uncertain, feels that less competent and cautious hands could not handle such dynamite. Having thought the matter over another day the *Sun* comes out angrily, and asks if our own neutrality isn't enough to look after under present electric conditions, without undertaking to guarantee the neutrality of any other nation of white, black, or yellow men? What would our plight be if China refused to remain neutral? What could we do if Russians and Japanese should get fighting on Chinese territory, and decline our request to transfer their battles to Siberia?

The point is that John Hay's action threatens the United States with grave entanglement in European affairs. It carries us from the theatre in which we have been playing at diplomacy, from dealing with Colombia and Cuba and Panama, into the terrible arena of European politics, where wolves have ravaged for four centuries, where diplomacy is pitiless, conscienceless, horrible, the expression of lust and cruelty and wild ambition surpassed only in the days of the degenerate Cæsars. The entanglement is indisputable. The Secretary has thrown tradition overboard, that revered tradition left to us in his political testament by George Washington. "The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop." Thus spoke

Washington, taught by his own experience with France and Spain.

John Hay is not ignorant of that tradition and he has read the words of Washington; he is old enough to know the meaning of his own diplomacy, its consequences, its appeal to diplomatic intelligence. He knows that he cannot conceal very long his real intentions and aims from the interested. What is he aiming at? Is he playing somebody else's game? Is he really backing Japan? Let us try to answer the question by going back into the history of this Secretary of State, which had its beginning in the days of Lincoln, in the days of the Civil War. He was one of Lincoln's secretaries, a political position in a restricted sense, but important for the opportunities which it offered. Whatever they were, it is quite clear to all men that John Hay made good use of them; in the quietest fashion he has earned for himself a place in his times and a place in history as ambassador to England and Secretary of State, both under McKinley and Roosevelt. He has enjoyed a large share in the real government of the United States as chief officer of the Cabinet during the war of the Boer republics, the pacification of the Philippines, and the robbery of Colombia. Certainly his experience has qualified him to do strange, desperate, and untraditional, not to say unscrupulous, things.

His career at the English court was creditable and quiet; but, for most of our ambassadors to London, since the Civil War, the hobnobbing with the English aristocracy has been well-nigh fatal to their American spirit. The interested can recall how completely it changed James Russell Lowell for the worse, from the American point of view. His was a great, cultured mind; close intimacy with the intellectual lights of England charmed him; the beauty of English home life, of English vales, and English villages, graciously illumined as they are by the great names and great works of English literature, cast a spell upon him; and for this he could not have been blamed, since the charm of beauty exacts prompt submission everywhere from artistic souls. His diplomatic associations weaned him from the true American spirit. He returned to America suspicious of its new democracy, of its mixed populations, which had engulfed the Anglo-Saxon, of its rude political condition, as compared with the polished, smooth-running government of Britain. He came back indeed to die among his own, but not the Lowell that went away to England crowned with the pride and the honors of a grateful nation.

Phelps, who succeeded him, was a small man, and the charm of English life acted on him like a poison; for it led him to do the foolish things which resulted in his losing of the Chief-Justiceship, the high position offered to him by President Cleveland. Phelps became so riotously Anglo-Saxon that he could not help making faces at the Irish, and the Irish destroyed him. He died obscure, and Melville Fuller, of Chicago, won the prize of Chief Justice. A like misfortune befell Ambassador Bayard, Senator from Delaware, leader and standard-bearer of the Democratic party, beloved of his partisans. After a period at the English court he became Secretary of State to President Cleveland, and proceeded at once to make himself so thoroughly and obstreperously Anglo-Saxon that his party did not dare confer upon him any further honors. His career was actually ruined by his behaviour and his blunders, and he died a disappointed man. The three examples of the poet, the lawyer, and the practical statesmen, who either dimmed their glory or destroyed their own careers as consequences of their stay in London, warrant us in inquiring if John Hay's position as

ambassador has had an evil effect on his American spirit.

It was certainly lucky for England during the war of the Boer Republics that John Hay held the position of Secretary of State. It is unnecessary, of course, to put too much stress on our diplomatic behaviour at that period. The external attitude of our government to the Boers and Britons was quite correct. The whole world knew that our people sympathized with the unfortunate Boers in their fight for freedom; and we knew that our official and military leaders, for the most part, sided with England. The effect of the popular sympathy helped the Boers nothing; the sympathy of our aristocracy, or bureaucracy, made this nation one of Britain's depots of supplies; the famous camp at New Orleans is sufficient evidence of the pleasant understanding between John Hay and his diplomatic friends in London. The people were enraged, but Mr. Hay had learned the European diplomatic knack of ignoring the popular will up to that point where it can be no longer ignored. By the time popular attention had sent an investigating committee to look into that camp of British supplies, the war was over, the camp and its British officers had vanished. The explanation offered to the public was that American traders were making a pile of money selling mules and things to the British army.

The Panama incident is only of yesterday, the most shameful blot on the fair name of the nation since the days of the Mexican war; par excellence our finest example of European diplomacy, in its cutting contempt for common honesty, for our best traditions, for the feeling of the people, for the dignity of Congress; equaling in insolence any achievement of British diplomacy under Castlereagh. With our past history and general temper in view it seems absolutely incredible that one man could have the hardihood to introduce this diplomatic method. It smells to heaven of the rankest Europeanism. The Secretary of State kept his mouth shut in the entire transaction, he tried to force the Senate into silence, he won the Press into astonished acquiescence. He counted, as his kind in Europe count, on the dumbness and helplessness of the general public in such matters, and he counted rightly. Even Senator Hoar could not bring him to the bar of judgment. After the British camp at New Orleans, after outraging the senses of the community on the Boer question, after the Panama incident, John Hay is not afraid to send out his note to the Powers on the advisability of interfering with the war between Russia and Japan; he is not ashamed to disregard the advice of Washington; he has no hesitation in throwing overboard our safest tradition.

England's interest demands the success of Japan in the war with Russia. She is pledged to give the Japanese her moral support now, and her actual support should a third Power intervene. France has agreed to do as much for Russia; therefore there is prospect of a war between France and England. Now place beside England's danger the facts set forth in this article; the general suspicion that Hay's note favors Japan, his ambassadorship to England, his behavior in the Boer war, his thoroughly European treatment of Panama, his evident ambition for diplomatic glory; and does it not become clear to any unprejudiced eye that John Hay is openly and insolently backing Japan?

The question naturally springs up: What reason has he for doing so? What benefit for him to play England's game in this matter? Is not this a mere Irish suspicion. Irish jealousy because Hay has a friendly feeling for England? No one can tell how

far a man will go in behalf of the Anglo-Saxon theory, if that man has been Ambassador to England, and has become Secretary of State. Phelps, the professor, went to absolute folly and Bayard to failure and Lowell to personal chagrin. I once heard an authority say of the Episcopalian bishops in the United States that they couldn't hold an idea on any subject until they had first heard from England. If Hay was willing to play England's game in the case of the Boers, what is to hinder a repetition of that shame? As a clever and experienced diplomat, however, it can be reasonably suspected that his bow has more than one string.

It will be observed that the press of this country is working up a popular sympathy for Japan, and working overtime with its usual budget of lies to swing the people into line. Now, if left to themselves, the common people of this country would naturally sympathize with Russia for two reasons: the Japanese are of the yellow race, and Russia has been, in diplomacy, our friend for fifty years. Moreover, if the people went deeper into the merits of the case, their sympathy would be cemented by the fact that Russia is Christian and Japan irredeemably pagan. These things count with the multitude, and a proof that they do is the effort made by the New York *Journal*, child of lubricity and falsehood, to bolster up the pagan virtues of the Japanese with lies innumerable against the simple, Christian, people of Russia. But there is little need of sympathy for either side. The war is not a matter of conscience, but of gain as far as the combatants are concerned. Russia longs for domination in Asia, and would have attained it twenty years ago but for Japan, the breakwater of England against the Russian tide. Japan now feels the sting of the same ambition. With her ability and her European support she is able to hold her own in the struggle, and our sympathy is wasted on either side.

Catholics everywhere can have but little sympathy with Russia, for she has remained the great persecuting Power against our faith along with infidel France, after all other nations had abandoned persecution. The extension of her influence is not to be desired, and one would rather see on general principles the growth of either the British or the Japanese Empire than any further exaltation of Russia and her atheistic ally. But the reasons for sympathy towards either side are not in place in this matter. Americans have no business with sympathy when their own affairs are concerned. Why is the Press stirring up this sympathy with Japan? The majority of our journals are partisan, and everyone of them is in touch with the treasurers of their national party. It is the simplest matter for the head of a partisan faction to set all the partisan journals singing the same refrain between one edition and the next; and if a Secretary of State is intimate or on good terms with the Chairman of the National Committee of his party, any policy upon which he decides can be initiated naturally and gentecly through the Press with the stroke of a pen. If the partisan press make an idea popular, the yellow journals will take it up because it *is* popular. Has John Hay followed this method in preparing his little note to the Powers? Appearances point that way, the journalistic chorus is all for Japan, explanations from official sources in Washington have filled the meanest columns.

What then would be the other strings to our diplomat's youthful bow? Trade would be one of them, or as the writers employed by the Trusts phrase it, our commercial interests in the far East. And there you are!

John Hay is more than sixty years old, and has had great success in his career.

The New York *Sun* said of him the other day: "Secretary Hay has shown a genius, which perhaps has been manifested in an equal degree by no one of his predecessors in the great office, for accomplishing results and permanently shaping world policies simply by putting the other Powers on record." There was a time when the proud motto of the *Sun* was: if you see it in *The Sun,* it's so. Alas, since Dana's death and the paper's financial eclipse, the motto must read: if you see it in *The Sun,* it's so-so.

Here are the points of John Hay's game:

Friendliness to England; due to his Anglo-Saxon enchantment.

Ambition to found the new American diplomacy; due to his past success.

Trade with the East: due to the grip of the Trust on the government. Therefore he is backing Japan as far as this country can do so without going into the war-game; therefore, has he thrown aside the American tradition, and ignored the advice of Washington; therefore, has he exposed his nation to the dangers of a foreign war! What a descent into Hades! Undoubtedly if the Secretary chose to speak in reply to this arraignment he could make an admirable defence of his conduct and his motives; he has not studied and practised the diplomacy of Europe in vain; yet even his callous diplomatic skin would not be proof against the analysis which a later and more patriotic day will give to his career. It is reported of President Schurman of Cornell, when asked for an opinion on the Panama question, that he replied: "Were I asked if the United States has respected international law and the rights of others in the Panama matter, I should want to be asked something else." Liberty wept, not at the destruction of the Boers, but at the spectacle of John Hay tying the American eagle in the White House cellar lest an unexpected scream might startle the British lion at its Boer dinner. The country is not quite safe with this ambitious man in his high position. To him is chiefly due the credit that Europe believes this nation to be backing Japan.

THE SHAMROCK.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preaching the Gospel of God,
Showed to the people a shamrock plucked at his feet from the sod.
"Here is a symbol," he said, "and a sign of the faith I preach!
Here is a symbol," he said, "and a sign of the truth I teach!"

"God is not many but One. One God, One only, is He,
God is not many but One, though the Persons in God are three,
E'en as the shamrock I pluck for you—" holding it forth to them,
"Still is but one, though its leaves are triple upon the stem."

Flashed o'er the minds of the people the truth that was erewhile dim,
Chieftain and bard and druid, all flocked to the feet of him,
Passed from the faiths that had fettered them under the pagan rod,
Giving their hearts and their souls and their wills to the One True God!

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preached to the people, and made
Ireland a nation whose sanctity never shall fail or fade,
Centuries-old is the story—yet Irish women and men
Love as the badge of their faith the shamrock ever since then!

A VISIT TO MONTE CASSINO.

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER,

Author of "Grapes and Thorns," "The House of Yorke," etc.

Somewhere in the seventies of the century past Miss Eliza Allen Starr, visiting Rome, invited me to accompany her on a brief pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Benedict at Monte Cassino. This well-known and well-beloved Catholic writer had made in America the acquaintance of the Prior of the monastery, and when she came abroad he invited her to come with some chosen companion and pass three days at the home of St. Benedict. Moreover, a friendly Monsignor in Rome procured for us a permit from the Holy Father (Pius IX.) to go once through the cloistered part of the edifice.

Such an invitation would, of course, be promptly and joyfully accepted; and on a sunny summer day we set out on our journey.

Naturally, with such a visit in prospect, memory and imagination had already made a pilgrimage backward to the beginning of that life which had borne such fruit, and to that state of society which had made such a life possible.

Let us look at Montalambert's historical monochrome of the time when St. Benedict was born, in the year 480.

"In all the ancient Roman world there did not exist a prince who was not either a pagan, an Arian, or an Eutychian. The monastic institution, after having given so many doctors and saints to the Church, in the East was drifting toward that descent which it was doomed never to re-ascend. In temporal affairs the political edifice originated by Augustus—that monster assemblage of two hundred millions of human creatures 'of whom not a single individual was entitled to call himself free'—was crumbling into dust under the blows of the barbarians.

"In the West the last imperial phantom had just disappeared. Germany was still pagan, as was also Great Britain. Christian souls everywhere saw with terror the formidable prophesies of the ancient law against a false-hearted race realized anew. Confusion, corruption, despair and death were everywhere; social dismemberment seemed complete. Authority, morals, laws, sciences, arts, religion herself, might have been supposed condemned to irremediable ruin. * * * The germs of a splendid and approaching revival were still hidden from all eyes under the ruins of a crumbling world."

One would shrink from contemplating such a frightful picture if one did not know that it was the dark hour just before day. And what a beam of light, pure and tender, steals out on that gloomy back-ground!

A boy of fourteen years, a child of patrician Rome, flies from the delights and dangers of the world to the wilds of a savage region to devote himself to God alone, in a cave where sunshine never entered. The only gracious touch of nature visible to him was the blue Italian sky that arched over the crags that shut him in. The material setting was an apt figure of the spiritual, all of earth shut out and heaven alone presiding over the soul.

A monk, Romano, meets the boy, listens to his story, gives him a hair shirt and a monastic dress made of skins, and arranges a little bell and a rope by which he can lower over the rocks that separate them a part of his own scanty food to the young anchorite in the tomb-like cell below.

A woman can scarcely contemplate that utter lack of material comfort and human companionship without a momentary pang of motherly heart-ache, however quickly it may be merged in enthusiasm for the heroic young soul which had voluntarily consecrated itself to such a life. Doubtless the boy's twin sister, Scholastica, shed many a bitter tear for him in those early days of their separation.

It is a wonderful story of faith, perseverance and success from this beginning to the hour when he died at Monte Cassino, which he had founded and where he had lived fourteen years, honored by the Christian, and even the pagan world,—"died standing"; with his arms outstretched toward the altar, and the tomb of Saint Scholastica at his feet open and ready to receive him also.

Such was the backward glance of the two American pilgrims who came almost fifteen hundred years later to visit this sacred spot. We should kneel before the tomb of that brother and sister, should see the stone where St. Scholastica seated herself to rest the first time she climbed the hill to visit her brother. They met but once a year; and it was she who made the journey to him while he went down the hill to meet her.

With such a privilege nearly realized it was impossible not to be excited, though our excitement was a silent one. In fact, the only words that we exchanged on the journey, to my recollection, were in praise of some fresh figs that a poor man had offered for sale at one of our brief stopping-places. Doubtless, figs like those grew in Paradise.

Those who have gone over the road from Rome to Naples need no description of the splendid mountain scenery there, and they know also that no words can describe it. One looks in silence, sometimes a little breathless. At length appears the old town, the "scarped and isolated hill" with an ancient castle, Rocca Tanula, half way up, and at the summit the monastery of St. Benedict. All hail!

If a block of houses could be made flexible like a wire and bent and set on the cone of a hill, like a ring on a finger-tip, it would be somewhat like this monastery which is built around two paved courts, the hill still ascending under the walls.

A man with donkeys was waiting for us at the railway station, and we mounted, sitting sideways on saddles like little benches with foot-rests. The ascent was easy, and we were soon at the top.

Just outside the arched gate-way, and but a short distance from it, was a house for the accommodation of women visitors, especially relatives of the students there who may come to attend any notable celebration. It was then kept by a man and his wife from southern Italy, and rooms had been prepared for us. There was no other visitor at the time. To this house our morning coffee and our evening supper would be sent from the monastery kitchen. Our dinner would be served at noon inside the gate, in a pleasant parlor where visitors were received. We were free to enter the church at will and to go to the *loggie*, from which the views were magnificent. One of these roof promenades was fittingly named the Loggia del Paradiso. Of course the courts were free, being the passage-way to everything else.

After taking possession of our rooms and being kindly welcomed by the reverend Prior, we made our first visit to the church. It is a jewel. On the pillars as you enter are banners of the Crusades. The walls are a fine mosaic work of the most costly materials, rare marbles and alabasters and mother-of-pearl, each of the six chapels having a design different from the others. Of the altar furnishings, among so many beautiful things I remember chiefly an exquisite crosier by Cellini.

After our adoration of the divine Master of this beautiful abode we were silently beckoned to go behind the altar, which stands quite out from the wall. A lamp burned in the soft shadow there, and a vase of fresh flowers—they were renewed every day—was set in front of the tomb of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, whose dust reposed there under the altar. It is said that the spot occupied by this

altar was once the site of an altar to Apollo, which St. Benedict destroyed.

In the court in front of the church is a well with a curb, and a copper vessel to draw up water; and the water is as rare as everything else there, cool, delicate and without the least flavor. One seems to be drinking mountain air. I could but say so when first I tasted it. They told me that there was a deep reservoir dug out of the rocky hill-top under the court, where the rain that fell on the circle of buildings was gathered and filtered. The rain of the sultry summer months was excluded, being thought unwholesome.

When I waked from my first night's sleep on the heights and asked for my friend I found that she had just come in from the church. With a pious simplicity that was almost child-like she had gone to an early Mass and afterward taken her coffee in the sacristy.

A little later the Prior had some of their famous choir-books brought out of the library into the parlor that we might examine them at our leisure, the library being in cloister, where our visit would be brief. They were the largest volumes I ever saw, strongly bound in leather with clasps of wrought metal, and illumined borders to the pages. The volume that held the Christmas music was especially brilliant. The first page had a groundwork of deep red of a velvety texture with gilded notes, a rich border and an exquisite little painting of the Nativity in the left upper corner. The Prior said that, wishing to send a copy of that little gem of a picture to the Holy Father, he had worked on it a year before he was satisfied with the result.

The cloister was what might be expected. The bare, clean chambers and corridors were a conventional form of the dwelling in which the founder of the order had hidden his angelic youth. But we started at sight of a great fissure in the corner of a corridor, where iron bolts held the wall that an earthquake had broken open.

This privileged walk of ours began at one side of the building and ended at a narrow stair between walls with a narrow landing and door leading out into the court. Not knowing that our circuit was ended, I stepped out promptly to make way for the Prior and my friend, who followed. Turning then, I saw to my surprise that the latter had seated herself on the lower stair with a certain air and gesture of permanence that required explanation.

"I'm not going out," Miss Starr declared, laughing. "I'm going to stay here."

"Shall I come back?" I asked.

"You cannot," was the reply.

And then I learned that I could not re-cross the threshold without violating the text of our permission which allowed us to enter the cloister but *once.*

Our next visit was to the library, a chamber of treasures, among which we saw through a protecting screen of glass autograph letters from such personages as Charlemagne and the Countess Matilde.

Until our visit was at an end we saw no one but the Prior, the man who served our dinner, and the students when they went out for their afternoon walk. But when about to take leave the reverend Abbot favored us with a short interview, his benediction, and a little souvenir with his autograph and some pressed flowers from the bouquet that had stood for a day in front of the tomb of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica.

It was amusing to see the students when they passed the Prior on going out. They would fain have kissed his hand; but his humility shrinking from such homage, at least before strangers, he kept the arm straight and rigid down his side. Not to be balked, and also not to be rudely and os-

tentatiously worshipful, each student bent a little, touched the Prior's hand with his finger-tips in passing, then transferred the touch to his lips, winning thus what might be called a kiss by proxy.

On the last afternoon of our stay I went up to take a farewell glance at the view from the loggia, and was treated to a rare spectacle by Mother Nature. There had apparently been a tempest somewhere about, and a great cloud of inky blackness was coming from the southward taking Monte Cassino on its way. It came in the guise of a vast curtain trailing from the sky to the earth which its fringe completely hid. While I watched its approach, wondering, the western sun broke through the clouds that had veiled it, and a glorious rainbow started out on that black curtain, its glowing arch in the sky, its radiant foundation on the earth. And so it came on till it seemed to be almost overhead!

One more visit to the sacred altar and tomb, one more blessing, one more lingering look at rock and gate, and we turned away with tears in our eyes and a prayer of gratitude in our hearts.

MARCH IN IRELAND.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, SLIAV-NA-MON.

Out of my window I gaze and see
The pallid snow, and the lifeless tree.

And I dream of Ireland far away,
Where Spring is pulsing with life today:—

Long grasses wave by her brimming streams;
The daffodil's yellow banner gleams;

The branching briers that sway and toss
Soft buds like em'ralds rare emboss.

Over the mountains misty-gray,
The voiceful breezes blow alway,

Crooning some long-lost fairy tune,
In cadence weird of ancient rune.

Your mystic minstrelsies I hear,
Hy-Breasail and Tir-Tairngire!

Ah! the brown hills where day by day
Blithe sunshine and swart shadows play!

The long, white road up-winding far,
The time-worn castles cleft with war.

Rich Ormonde, fertile Ossorie!
Be these your clustered homes I see?

Fond dream! again I look, and lo!
The frozen trees, the ice-veiled snow;

The cruel wind that whips the plain,
And in my heart its olden pain.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN, JOURNALIST AND AUTHOR.

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

Margaret F. Sullivan, who died in Chicago, on December 28, was, beyond question, one of the greatest minds of our time. As a journalist, she was never mentioned among women, but ranked, from the first decade of her career, among the most eminent men of her profession. Born in Ireland, about fifty-six years ago, a few months before the death of her father, James Buchanan, an Ulster manufacturer, she was brought up in Detroit, Mich., receiving her education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and from private tutors.

She was assistant-principal of one of the public schools of Detroit, at the age of seventeen, but left this position to take a place on the editorial staff of the Chicago Times. She was married in 1874, to Alexander Sullivan. To her sorrow, she had no children. Her marriage, therefore, did not hinder her continuance in journalism, especially as she had already won a place from which she could decide her working conditions.

From the outset of her career, until its close, she was connected with the great daily papers of Chicago and New York, making time for occasional contributions to the magazines, and for her important task as one of the writers on the Encyclopedia Brittanica. Her equipment for her work included a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and all the modern languages, the whole field of English literature, a thorough training in art and music,—she sang well, and was a good pianist and violinist,—a strong grasp of scientific subjects, and of national and international politics. Her health was perfect, until a few years ago. Like Gladstone, she could always get her eight hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. She was incredibly quick in the expression of her thought, having been known, when on special occasions she served as telegraph correspondent, to wire to her paper from eight to eleven columns every day for four or five days in succession.

Modest and grave, she gave no sign of her profession while on duty, except her concentration on the event. Her note-book was never in evidence. At the Republican convention of 1884, which nominated James G. Blaine for President, Mrs. Sullivan sat in a box with Mrs. Blaine. No one would have dreamed that she was charged with the responsibility of all the editorial and descriptive writing of the event.

She was present at the opening of Gladstone's Parliament, in 1886, and gave a marvellously vivid description of its personalities and incidents, in a seven-column article in the New York Sun. She was the representative of the Associated Press, at the Paris Exposition, in 1889; and her abilities may be gauged from the fact that her first letter was written after a private view, before the exhibits were catalogued. In her professional capacity she attended the trial of Charles Stewart Parnell, in the Times-Forgeries Case in London. She had the personal friendship of Parnell, Justin M'Carthy, Michael Davitt, and all the well-known men of the Irish Party. She knew Sir Charles Russell, later Lord Chief Justice of England, who was Parnell's counsel in the case above-named, as she knew most of the eminent jurists, statesmen, authors, and artists, on both sides of the Atlantic. Space would soon fail us, were we even to name the historic events which employed her pen, and gave scope for her unsurpassed descriptive powers.

Her editorial writing was a force in the

formation of national policies, in the promotion of civic improvements, in the fostering of correct taste in art, music, and literature. To Margaret Sullivan, as her friend, Harriet Monroe, tells us, Chicago owes its Public Library. She was one of the best literary critics in the country, nor a whit less able as an art critic.

She commanded, we need hardly say, the highest remuneration, and great inducements were often held out to her to leave Chicago. In 1877, John Boyle O'Reilly and others tried to prevail on Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan to settle in Boston, as a city affording a fine field for his profession of law and hers of journalism and literature. In 1890, Mrs. Sullivan was offered an editorial position on the New York Sun, and a literary lectureship in Columbia University, whose joint remuneration would have exceeded ten thousand dollars annually. But she had cast her lot decisively with the great Western Metropolis, and she certainly had a warm place in its heart.

Her professional conscience and honor were of the finest, and she could never be induced to collect and publish in her own name, though doubtless she might easily have secured the right to do so, her work of permanent interest, in biographical studies, art, music or literature. All that bears Margaret F. Sullivan's name in book form is her "Ireland of Today," written in the early '80's after a profound study of political and social conditions in that country, and her share of "Mexico: Political, Picturesque, Progressive," in which she collaborated with her friend, Mrs. John G. Blake (Mary Elizabeth Blake), of Boston.

Even some of the best magazine articles of her later years, notably in the North American Review and the Catholic World, were written under a pen-name.

Some one who knew her not, might imagine that with this masculine mind, "masculine in every touch and trick of it," to quote again from Harriet Monroe, and this masculine power of endurance, must go a corresponding personality. Nothing could be further from the truth. Margaret Sullivan was the most womanly of women in aspect, in manner, and in the unselfishness and constancy of her affections. The writer regrets to be unable to present a portrait with this sketch. But as in life she always refused to permit the publication of her picture, and indeed, rarely had her picture taken, those who held her most dear feel that her will should bind them equally now.

She was somewhat below the medium height, plump and well-rounded, but not unduly stout; with well-shaped face and symmetrical features, and abundant, wavy brown hair. Her forehead was high and broad; her eyes, large, deep-set, of a beautiful dark blue, and of a child-like purity of expression, and directness of gaze. Her hands were small and exquisitely formed. She was always properly and becomingly attired, though one could not imagine her discussing gowns.

Many knew her in the manifestations of her magnificent intellect; but no one knew the greatest and best in her who was outside of her home-life. She was the very incarnation of wifely devotion. As her friend of many years, the Rev. Maurice J. Dorney, said, if ever there was a woman who understood what Christian Sacramental marriage is, it was Margaret Sullivan. She did her best to obliterate the eminent writer in the loving wife. That was in great part the secret of her indifference to fame. Her joy was in her household, with the beloved of her heart; and a word of praise from him outweighed all the plaudits of the world.

It has been the writer's privilege to have known her for nearly twenty years, and under a great variety of circumstances; and the strongest impression re-

maining is of her tender womanliness and complete absorption in the life of her husband.

Her filial and sisterly affections, her friendships, many and diverse, were all faithful and true. She had a sincere joy in the success and happiness of her friends, and a warm heart and a helpful hand for them in the day of sorrow or need.

Her home was a little Paradise, not only for its habitual in-dwellers, but for the friend within the gates. She was the ideal hostess, anticipating her guest's lightest wish; and, be it remembered, she was never a woman of leisure. The click of her typewriter might have been heard, were one near enough, before six o'clock in the morning, but at eight she was presiding at her breakfast table, with bright eyes and "shining morning face," as if it were a world of holidays. A delightful conversationalist, most happy in anecdote, able to show the scene dramatically, as well as to tell it in words, an hour passed in her company like a moment.

The great natural qualities of Margaret Sullivan were preserved and strengthened by her supernatural faith. The priests who eulogized her after her death, in the Cathedral of her home city; in the parish church of her girlhood; in the chapel of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, her old-time teachers; all dwelt on her simple faith, and abiding loyalty to the Church. Father Dorney said deep things about her natural union with God, and of the added love for Him that supernatural grief had taught her. The Rev. Miles J. Whelan, D.D., spoke of her career as showing, "the harmony of faith and reason, science and religion, speculatively understood and practically realized in the life and work of an active, up-to-date woman in the busy world."

But one of the most striking and needed lessons of her life was presented by the Rev. Thomas E. Judge, whose assistant Mrs. Sullivan had been during his first year—the last of her earthly existence—as editor of the Catholic Review of Pedagogy, now the Catholic Review of Reviews. He dwelt on her loyalty not only to the Catholic Faith, but to all things Catholic: the Catholic convent and school, Catholic organizations, and all good works under Catholic patronage, and on the significant fact that her social affiliations were so largely Catholic.

Too many of our Catholic women, once they have attained wealth or intellectual distinction, withdraw themselves as far as possible from all association with their fellow-believers. They may not actually forsake Catholic faith and practice, having still some fear for their small and miserable souls. But they frankly despise Catholic schools, glory in their ignorance of the Catholic press, and waste considerable nervous energy in demonstrating to their non-Catholic friends that they are not as other Catholics, and hold no social intercourse with them. They ordinarily make a very different impression on the non-Catholics aforesaid, from what they imagine, never thus commending themselves to the respect and confidence of which they are fain. Margaret Sullivan had hosts of friends outside the Church who admired her, above all, for her loyalty to her Church and her fellow-Catholics, and her passionate love for the land of her birth.

Who shall estimate the good work accomplished on a national scale by this gifted woman, on the secular press and strictly within her prerogatives as a secular journalist, in reconstructing the popular mind on the Catholic Church and the Irish question! Because she was deeply learned in her religion, and in closest touch with her own people, she was equal to her opportunities when they came, to the great advantage of the whole community, without distinction of creed.

When her name appeared at all in connection with her work, it was wont to be in a distinctly Catholic publication. The writer's first acquaintance with the mind of the lamented dead was through her remarkable paper on the poetry of Aubrey De Vere in the American Catholic Quarterly Review. She wrote often for the Catholic World during Father Hecker's editorship, and occasionally, until about a year ago. Some of her best work was done during 1903 for the Catholic Review of Pedagogy, and for several years past, she wrote for the New World of Chicago her masterly "Short Articles on Great Subjects," which we hope may yet be given to the world in book form.

Mrs. Sullivan was one of the most ardent and generous promoters of the Ephephta School for the Deaf, in Chicago. She was the foundress of the first and most notable Catholic Reading Circle in that city, made up chiefly of alumnæ of the Academies of the Sacred Heart. She held membership in many Catholic societies, and was a generous friend to works of piety and charity in general. She was all but worshipped by the younger Catholic women of the city, whose chosen friend and counsellor she was, and to whom her life was an example and inspiration.

Mrs. Sullivan had many friends in Boston, and made now and then, brief vacation visits thither. On one of these, she was brought by a friend to the New England Women's Press Association, and though not prepared for the demand, and not given to public speaking, gave probably the most practical and suggestive address on women's opportunities in journalism that her audience had ever heard.

Her last visit East was in the summer of 1903, when she spent some weeks at Beverly, not far from the summer home of her cherished friend, Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement Waters, the art-writer. This sojourn was less a vacation than a change of air; for she continued her editorial work for the Chicago Chronicle, and at the death of Pope Leo XIII. furnished special articles to the Boston Herald and the New York Tribune. The writer had the rare delight of a long visit and a revelation more than usually intimate of the mind and heart of this brave and noble woman. The friends parted with many plans for the near future; and then, one went forward into the Shadow of Death, and the other passed her on the road to Death itself.

LE BRAILLARD DE LA MAGDELEINE.*

BY REV. FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY.

This is the story that the old sailor from Taduosac told me when the waves were leaping, snapping, and frothing at us from the St. Lawrence, and over the moan of the wind and the anger of the waters rose the wail of the Braillard de la Magdeleine.

"You hear him? Every storm he calls as loud. I think of my own baby when I hear him, always the same, always so sorrowful. Poor baby!"

Yes, it is a baby. Across there you might see, but the storm darkens everything, yonder toward Gaspe where the little mother lived—*pauvre mere.* She was only a child, innocent and good and happy, when he came,—the great lord, the grand Seigneur, from France—came with the Commandant to Quebec and then to Tadousac.

She loved him, loved him and forgot —forgot the father and mother—forgot the good name they gave her—forgot the innocence that made her beautiful—forgot the pure mother and the good God, for him and his love. She went to Quebec with him, but the Curé had not blessed them in the church. Then the baby came. That is the baby who cries out there in the storm. The grand Seigneur killed the little baby, killed it to save her from disgrace, killed it without baptism, and it cries and wails out there, *pauvre enfant.*

The mother? She is here, too, in the storm. She has been here for more than a hundred years listening to her baby cry. Poor mother. He calls her and she wanders through the storm to find him. But she never sees, only hears him cry for her —and God. Till the great Day of Judgment will the baby cry, and she—*pauvre mere*—will pay the price of her sin, pay it out of her hungry mother heart and longing mother arms, that will not be filled. You hear the soft wind from the shore battle with the great wind from the Gulf? Perhaps it is she, *pauvre mere*—perhaps. The grand Seigneur? He never comes, for he died unrepentant and unpardoned. The lost do not return to Earth and Hope. He never comes. Only the mother who weeps and seeks, and hears the baby cry.

*Near the mouth of the St. Lawrence can be heard a sound like wailing whenever there is a great storm. The people call it Le Braillard de la Magdeleine and countless stories are told concerning it.

THE GRAND BÉGUINAGE OF GHENT.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

"You have really come all the way from America, Mademoiselle!" The dear little Sister who acted as concierge or porter for the Béguinage seemed overpowered by the length of my voyage. She could not do enough for one who had traveled so far to see the home of the Béguines. From her I learned much of interest concerning the inmates of the little city over which she keeps guard both day and night, sleeping and eating in the gate-lodge with only a young postulant as assistant. When not busy answering questions and interviewing trades-people she sews, or prepares her frugal meals. A bright, sunny-tempered little woman, she evidently enjoys her responsibilities. I had long been eager to visit this far-famed community, yet found myself perfectly content to remain without "the charmed circle" and talk to Sister Theresa. "But there is a very interesting service in the church this morning, would not Mademoiselle wish to see the Sisters assembled? Afterwards she can visit the convents and perhaps go through one of the private houses and then return here for her photographs."

Crossing the immaculate streets and well-ordered park, I entered the beautiful Gothic church. It was filled with dark-robed figures whose faces were almost hidden by the white linen veil with which the Béguines cover their heads on entering the house of God, removing first the long, black scarf which falls almost to their knees and is said to be a survival of the Spanish mantilla once worn in Ghent. More than five hundred Sisters had assembled for the burial service of a *lady who had long lived in the Béguinage. As the solemn music echoed through the vast Gothic arches I seemed transported into the Middle Ages when Jeanne of Constantinople, Countess of Flanders, gathered about her the widows and daughters of the Crusaders and founded, in 1234, this Béguinage of St. Elizabeth. Some claim Saint Béga or Begghe as the originator of the order. She was the great-great-grandmother of Charlemagne, and died in 696! Others say that the first Béguinage was begun by Lambert le Bégue, a priest who lived in Liege toward the close of the 12th century. However this may be, the oldest authentic documents relating to the Grand Béguinage of Ghent are those left by Jeanne, Countess of Flanders and her sister, Marguerite. These noble women realized the necessity of protecting the thousands of helpless human beings whose husbands or fathers had fallen in defence of the Holy Land and whose poverty had thrown them homeless on the world.

Many of these women felt no attraction toward the strict religious life of the convents, while others were too poor to supply the necessary dowry. Hundreds of girls belonging to noble families, as well as those of more humble origin, were compelled to beg their bread from door to door. Something must be done to save them from the consequences of such a life. The first thing necessary was to obtain a suitable place to establish a home for them. The princess, Jeanne, appealed to the Government to cede her a piece of marshy land (often overflowed by the rising river), which lay outside the city walls. This was done "through love of the aforesaid princess." Here Jeanne erected a number of little houses. "They were built of wood and plaster and covered with straw." The Government further

*One hundred and fifty women of the world make their home here.

accorded the inhabitants "the right to fish in the river Lys." With these grants the Béguines, in 1234, commenced their life of cheerful toil—draining the land, digging deep canals around their small settlement, and converting this desert waste into a blooming garden. Such was their success that another Béguinage was soon founded in Ghent under the protection of "Our dear Lady of the Fields." It still exists, but has never risen to the importance of that of St. Elizabeth. The foundation of these two Béguinages was followed by many throughout Flanders. Thence the order spread with wonderful rapidity over almost every part of Europe. In 1256 we find St. Louis presenting the Béguines of Orleans with a house and yearly revenues. Later the Dukes of Burgundy continued the good offices of the king of France. The community founded by Philippe de Montmirail is said to have had five thousand inmates! These women were banded together for protection, that they might spend their lives in prayer and good works, yet not be bound by the strict rules of the nunneries. It was the first effort of the Middle Ages to bridge over the chasm which separated the cloister from the world; a work afterwards carried out on a broader scale by St. Francis and St. Dominic in their third order, which assumed such marvelous proportions in the following century.

Meanwhile the prosperity of the Béguines was unrivaled. Their beautiful needle-work won them the admiration of the nobility by whom it was in great demand and their boundless charity for the poor and sick gained them the love of the lower classes. Dukes and princes willingly permitted their daughters to join this order. Bishops and priests encouraged and assisted the Béguines, while politicians sought their favor that they might obtain their influence with princely relatives. Herein lay one cause of the ruin which was so soon to overtake these noble women. Jealousy of their political power led many to exaggerate their laxity of discipline. As the number of foundations had increased, the evil results of their lack of organization, of vested authority, became more and more apparent. The Countess of Flanders had imposed but few restrictions upon the liberty of the pious inmates of her Béguinage, nor at that time was there any necessity for strict discipline, but with increase of power came grave temptations. By the middle of the 13th century many of these communities of women had become tainted with the mystical pantheism which was undermining much of the contemplative life of that period. Without formally accepting heretical doctrines they threw themselves into the discussion of transcendental theology and strove to spread their views among their many followers. Such at least was the reproach of their accusers.

In the year 1300 the heresy of the Fratricelles was preached by a Fra Doleino and his spiritual sister Marguerite. Philip le Bel accused the Béguines of harboring their heretical teachings and appealed to Pope Clement the fifth to investigate their order. The case was referred to the Council of Vienna and in the year 1311 the Béguines were formally condemned. It is impossible for us to realize what this meant to the Christian society of the fourteenth century. The life of the Béguinage conformed so closely to that of the world that thousands of the most intellectual and most aristocratic women were living in these convents, suddenly closed by what they felt to be an unjust decision, brought about by their political enemies. While some of their members had doubtless strayed from the path of virtue the large majority were striving to lead lives of sanctity and usefulness. They

were none the less dispersed, the convents closed, and in a few years all trace of these communities had disappeared in France.

The Belgium Béguines, however, refused to accept the decree as final. Confident of their innocence, they appealed to their bishops for redress. These prelates France, and Italy. By them the Béguines of these countries were pronounced innocent of heresy and absolutely free from the errors of the German Béguines, with whom they had been confounded. The Bishop of Tournai specially praised the Sisters of Ghent and Bruges, declaring

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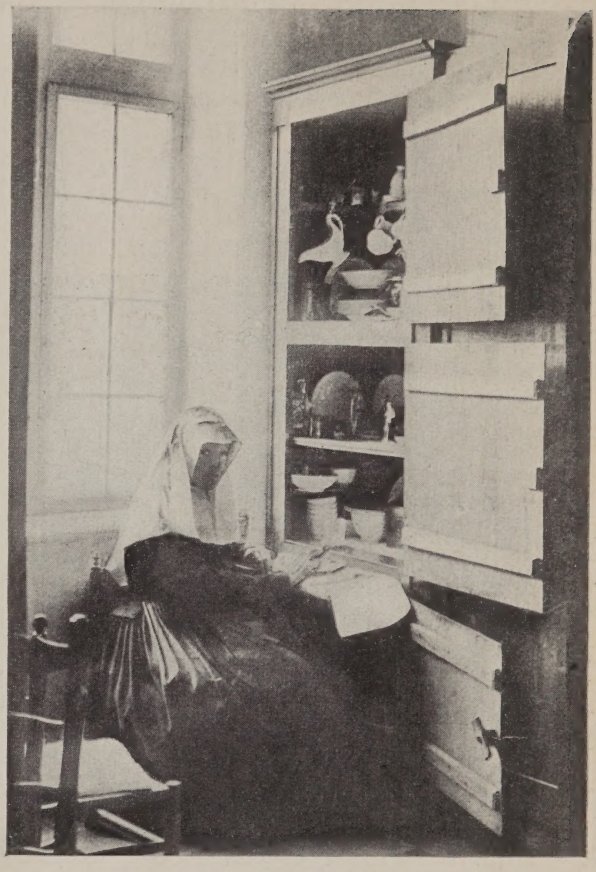
encouraged them to carry their case directly to the Holy Father. Meanwhile Clement V. had died and John XXII. had succeeded to the papal throne. He listened patiently to the pleadings of the defenceless Béguines and ordered an immediate investigation by the bishops of Belgium, them free from all blame and worthy the protection of the Holy See. The Pope at once revoked the sentence that had been passed against the daughters of St. Begghe. Not content with publishing a bull in their favor, he wrote personal letters to the bishops of the different dioceses

recommending to their protection these "women of high virtue, worthy of all praise." Thus were restored to the favor of the Church the heroic Béguines, who had survived the struggles of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Their order was now confided to the spiritual care of the Dominicans and Franciscans, who were appointed their confessors. Each community was thenceforward to be governed by a Grande Dame, assisted by five councillors. Under an act of the Emperor, Charles V., in 1531, we find much concerning the Béguinage of St. Elizabeth—"Eight hundred pious women separated from the world not so much by the walls which surround their convents as by their lives of good works and prayer." The first care of the Emperor is for their costume, which, he says, "should be humble in color, quality, and form." He goes on to recommend early rising, assistance at Mass, prayers for the dead and devotion to their work; then follow the rules of the order—substantially those given in 1234 by Jeanne and Marguerite. With slight modifications, they are the same today.



IN THE REFECTORY.

The Grande Dame is elected yearly by ballot. She alone has the right to receive postulants, administer affairs, and correct abuses. Once a year she must render an account to the *civil and religious authorities* of all money confided to her care. Those who wish to join the order, widows or unmarried women, must be able to prove that their lives have been exemplary. All must remain one year in the convent before they can become postulants and another year in the novitiate before they can join the order. When admitted they solemnly promise to obey the Grande Dame and the Superior of their convent as long as they remain. Although they can never take perpetual vows and are free to marry, they practically make the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Their vow of poverty, however, does not prevent their retaining what money they bring with them to the convent. Even while living in the community houses each Béguine buys her food and keeps her personal accounts. This seemed to me the greatest point of difference between the Béguines and the various orders of women in our country. In the walled enclosure of St. Elizabeth's

there are fourteen convents where all must lead a community life during their first six years of Sisterhood. If at the expiration of this period they have attained their thirtieth year, they are at liberty to reside in one of the eighty quaint little houses which line the streets of this miniature city.

I first visited one of the convents and was received most graciously by the Sister in charge, who conducted me through the entire building. The work-room was large, airy, and flooded with sunshine. Ten or fifteen Sisters were busily sewing, embroidering, and designing beautiful underwear, commanded by wealthy ladies in Ghent. The cheerful faces and happy voices of the Sisters, as they chatted over their work, assured me of their contentment. During the morning hours the fifteen decades of the rosary are recited. This is the principal devotion of the Béguines. Otherwise, after the daily Mass, they are at liberty until the afternoon services. Most of them prefer lace-making or sewing as an occupation. Many orders for work are given to the Superior of each convent. She pays the Sisters a stipulated sum per hour for their work, but they can also accept private commissions. In each convent are guest chambers where the mothers and sisters of the inmates can remain over night. I found everything plain, comfortable, and immaculately clean.

The kitchen and refectory were most interesting. In the former was an immense cooking stove or range; twenty-nine shining brass pots were boiling and bubbling under care of a smiling young Sister.* "Each one buys her own dinner and I cook it in her special little kettle," she explained; "we all have our own

*The Sisters in the community houses take turns in performing the household work.

THE BÉGUINAGE AT BRUGES.

AT WORK.

tastes so we are permitted to provide what we please; then some of our Sisters are too poor to afford the food bought by the richer ones. That is why we have the tall stands or sideboards that you will see in the refectory. We keep our dishes and table linen on the upper shelves, below are our provisions. The door lets down and forms a little table, off of which we eat our meals. In this way no Sister can see what her next neighbor has for dinner." Everything has been done to insure the personal privacy and happiness of the Béguines. It must be remembered that this order was never intended to conform to the strict rules of the monastic communities. It was founded primarily to insure a home and useful occupation to those who wished to lead a life of retirement and good works. There were twenty-nine Sisters in the convent which I visited. They rose at half-past four, attended Mass, ate their frugal breakfast, and then devoted themselves to their daily tasks.

Many of the Béguines nurse the sick. For this they receive one dollar and a half a day from those who can afford it. Others pay less, while the poor are tenderly cared for without remuneration. During the terrible visitation of cholera in 1892 the heroic conduct of the Béguines won the admiration of all Belgium. The Government presented them with a gold medal in "recognition of their noble service to humanity." The French Revolution, which closed the doors of all monasteries, found the Béguines of "public utility" because of their care of the sick, and permitted them to continue as a nursing order, only commanding them to wear citizens' dress. After the terrible battle of Waterloo, it was these Sisters who took charge of the dead and dying. I could quote innumerable other instances of their heroism and devotion to the poor, the sick, the homeless, throughout Belgium.

THE CHAPEL.

In spite of such testimony, in 1872, a few men, bitterly opposed to all religious institutions, decided to do away with the Béguinage of St. Elizabeth. The Government was persuaded that "city improvements" required the site of these mediæval convents and notwithstanding the protestation of the Commissioner of Historic Monuments and that of the Catholic press, the little city was condemned, and nearly eight hundred women rendered homeless. Happily the Duke of Arenberg came to their assistance. He purchased the ground on which stands the present Béguinage (just outside the walls of Ghent) and commenced the construction of convents and houses on the exact plan and in the same Gothic style as those in the old Béguinage. On the twenty-ninth of September, 1874, the Béguines were conducted in triumph to their new home. Ghent has rarely witnessed a more wonderful procession. Rich and poor followed the carriages of the nobility in which sat the happy Sisters. They were received by the Archbishop, the Duke of Arenberg, senators, deputies, nobility and clergy. Beneath triumphal arches, flying banners and showers of rose leaves they entered their magnificent new church and chanted the *Te Deum*. Thousands of voices joined with enthusiasm this hymn of gratitude to the eternal Father for the protection accorded their beloved Béguinage.

Today there are still twenty such communities in Belgium, with about thirteen hundred members. Of these nearly one thousand inhabit the two Béguinages of Ghent. With the exception of those in Amsterdam and Breda the order is now confined to Belgium, where it still responds to the social and religious needs of the people. "The Béguines are the direct outcome," says an American writer, "of that solid Flemish piety, at once practical and mystical, which illuminates the canvases of Memling and the Van Eycks and has left an ineffaceable imprint on the life of the people. Although in the days of their early prosperity the Béguinages spread with wonderful rapidity over other

RUE DE LA CROIX.

countries it is only in their native land that they have survived the transformation of seven long centuries. They form a link with that past, glorious in the annals of religion, of art, of commerce, and of civic prosperity, to which the Belgians of today are wisely turning for inspiration."

"We do not sell our lace in this convent, Mademoiselle; you will find it in one of the private houses on the second street from the church, number thirty-four. A lady from the great world lives there and has received permission to dispose of our work." Arriving at the designated number I found the house enclosed by a high wall. In addition to the number the name of a patron saint was written over the gateway. As I rang the bell the postman was dropping letters into a private box,—evidently the Béguines are not supposed to have their correspondence inspected. The door was opened by a charming Sister, who cordially invited me to enter. A pleasant, middle-aged lady showed me quantities of exquisite lace, and by the time my purchases were completed we had all become good friends. Sister Constance asked if I would like to go over their little home. "All the private houses are divided, as you see here, by a small hall. On either side is a parlor or living room, a dining-room and tiny kitchen; upstairs are the bed-rooms. They are intended to accommodate only two persons. Each can keep house, and have a servant as Madame D—— has—one of the poorer Béguines, who is very glad to earn the money. I have a piano and a canary to add to the cheerfulness of my living room. I am very fond of music, and Madame does not object to my practising. We are great friends and whenever she sees my door open she comes in for a chat. When I want to be alone I simply shut the door. On Sundays we have little concerts in my room and invite our friends. We Béguines, you see, are not bound by very strict rules. Of course, it is not possible to be quite so free when living in one of the community houses. Still, some prefer the life of the convents, aside from the question of expense. Naturally it costs a little more to live alone—but I enjoy it, I am always busy and happy. Some people have an idea that many of the Béguines only remain a few years in their convents, and

then return to the world and marry. That is a mistake. Once we have become Sisters we rarely leave; it is almost an unheard-of occurrence. We love the life and are more than content to remain in our happy home."

The sun shone in the white-curtained windows, the little bird sang merrily, savory odors came from the small kitchen where Sister Constance had been preparing her dinner; everything breathed a spirit of peace, of well-ordered living.

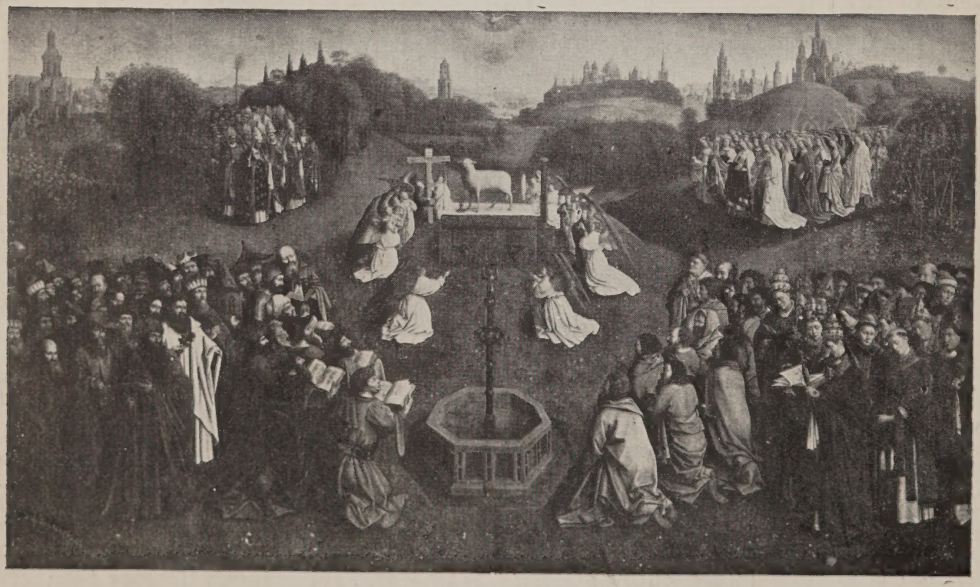
"Your Béguinage is certainly very attractive; I think I might enjoy staying here."—"Oh, do come! We will take the best of care of you—and only a thousand dollars is necessary for joining the Order!" "I thought no dowry was required." "It was not in olden times, but now we feel that a little money is necessary in case of illness. You do not give it to the order, you simply reserve it for a time of need. We are all obliged to earn our living, you know. This is distinctly a working order. If you do not wish to become a Sister you can rent a house or half of a house, as Madame D—— does, and hire one of the poor Béguines to do your work. It is much cheaper than living in the world and our ladies seem very

THE ENTRANCE TO BÉGUINAGE.

happy. We do all that we can to make them comfortable." "*Some day,* perhaps, I may come back," I said, as I bade her a regretful farewell, and left her standing in the pretty little garden surrounded by the flowers that she loved and on which she had lavished such tender care.

She had told me that I must not leave Ghent without seeing that greatest of Flemish art treasures, "The Adoration of the Lamb," by the Van Eycks. I therefore drove to the Church of St. Bavon, where I found the sexton closing the massive doors. When I explained that I was a stranger and would be sadly disappointed not to see the marvelous picture of which I had heard so much, he kindly invited me to enter, barred and bolted the great doors, and patiently waited while I explored the old church, consecrated in 941! In 1420 Jodocus Vydts commissioned Hubert Van Eyck to paint his Mystic Lamb for the high altar. It was finished by his brother in 1432. "There is not to be found in the whole Flemish School," says Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "a picture in which human figures are grouped, designed and painted with so much perfection." It is a wonderful conception, the gathering together of all humanity to worship "the Lamb that was slain."

In the neighboring city of Bruges there is a very interesting Béguinage, though much smaller and of less historic importance than that of St. Elizabeth. Surrounded by moats and drawbridges, it lies in the shadow of towers and gables built in the mediæval ages that gave it birth. Little has come to disturb the serenity of the inhabitants of this old town since the Dukes of Burgundy held their court here, and Philip le Bon founded the Order of the Golden Fleece. Even the Sisters whom I met at the Béguinage seemed to belong to that mysterious past which casts its glamor over all who reside in this quaint Flemish town. No lover of the picturesque should fail to visit Bruges and Ghent, round which cling memories of all that is most romantic in the history of Flanders.



ADORATION OF THE LAMB.

A DISASTROUS DRAMATIC SEASON.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

ELEANOR ROBSON AS MERELY MARY ANN.

The managers, like the diplomats, kept their sorrows to themselves this winter, and are declaring even now that nothing has happened beyond any other year; when the vindictive statisticians have reported that two hundred companies on the road were forced to close, and set their actors adrift; when small fortunes were known to be wiped out, and the fifty theatres of the metropolis show empty seats that were never before vacant at this time of year; and when twelve thousand actors are said to have gone back to the old farm and mother until next season. Disaster took the form of a plague, and became contagious early in the year. Was it the collapse of Pierpont Morgan and the ruin of the thousands that trusted in him that caused the trouble? That collapse must have been at the bottom of the theatrical disasters. Few know the widespread ruin wrought by the bursting of the Steel Trust balloon; were the individual facts collated the destruction of St. Pierre would look more merciful than the long anguish of hopeless poverty meted out by the gamblers of Wall Street to their foolish victims. One evidence of the havoc is the loss of audiences to the theatres. Of all luxuries the play is the easiest to cut off in time of stress; it was cut off with a vengeance this year.

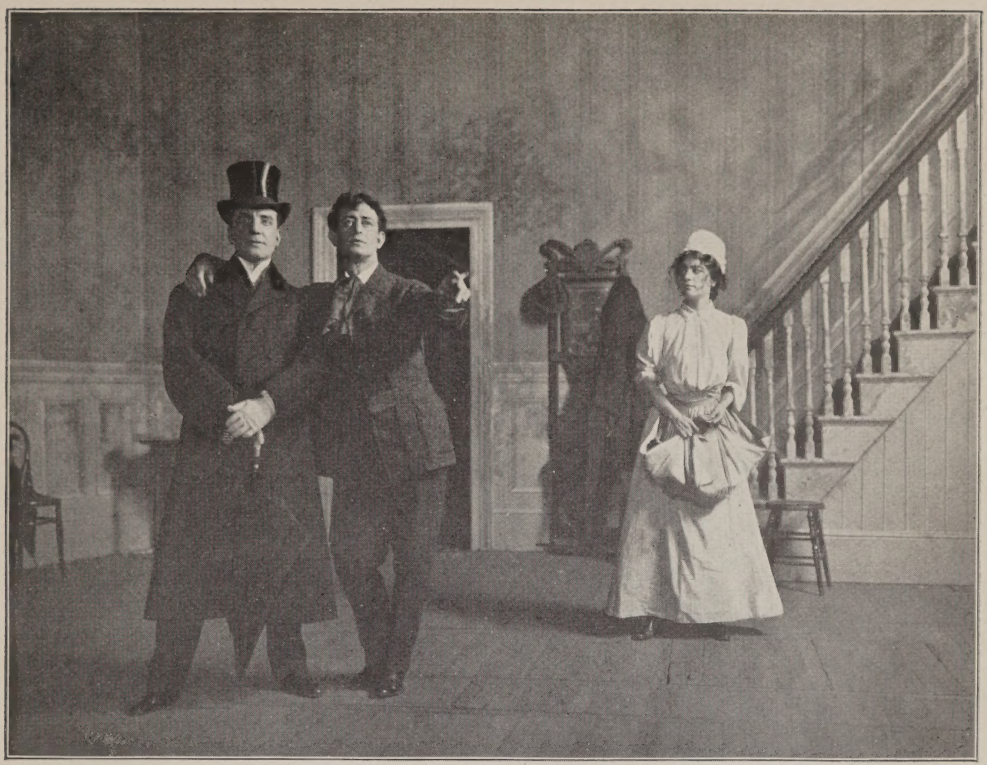
To cap the climax came the Iroquois horror of Chicago, and the very sensible action of Mayor Carter Harrison in shutting up all the theatres until they had complied with fire regulations. What had been plain disaster before now became calamity, under these two blows. Many managers affected indifference both to the fire and the after-clap; not that they were really indifferent, but as a means of quieting the public panic; and thought to continue as before. But their deserted theatres told them eloquently the uselessness of their politic pretence. Hundreds of companies went to the wall as a result of the Iroquois fire, and it will take a long time for the victims of dramatic disaster to rebuild the ruins. There has been a great discussion of ways and means to protect audiences in theatres and other halls against the dangers of fire and panic; fire-proof scenery, asbestos curtains, wide aisles, and roomy exits; many suggestions have been made, more or less excellent.

ELEANOR ROBSON IN MERELY MARY ANN.

but all wide of the mark. The danger in a theatre fire comes from the panic, not from the fire; in an ordinary public hall with the usual exits two thousand people find their way out comfortably, even lazily, in five minutes; and it is plain that no fire could in five minutes make sufficient progress to endanger an audience. What is needed in all public gatherings, say the theatre for a general example, is a trained fire brigade composed of the employes; trained like a steamer's crew to turn on lights, throw open exits, and shame the men in the audience to chivalrous action towards the women and children. The men have shown themselves in these panics to be mere brutes, without intelligence or feeling; simply because in panic their better part has been obscured for the moment, and no leader is present to arouse them, rally them, appeal to them. The fireman and policeman now present at all theatrical performances would make capital leaders, the ushers and stage hands would form a strong fire-corps, and under their trained handling three minutes would empty the most crowded theatre in New York or Boston without harm to the feeblest. So far I have not heard this suggestion made. It is the only one for the situation, since panic is the danger to be met, not fire, and panic is not hindered by asbestos curtains and fireproof scenery. Some managers actually believed that the Iroquois fire would have no deterrent effect on theatre-goers: they have changed that belief expensively.

Had there been no Pierpont Morgan and no Iroquois fire, there still would have been some cause for mourning here, owing to the poor character of plays and entertainments presented. A cry has gone forth from critics and playgoers that never has the current drama been so dull, and mean, and worthless as this year. From the literary point of view the American drama has been for fifteen years precisely described by those three epithets. Probably the public have just discovered the condition. The dear public! As an entertainment the American play generally equals the demand of the playgoer and gives him the value of his money; otherwise it would not get his money twice. Entertainment does not necessarily include literary grace or moral power; and it would seem that the dramatist who can give you these spiritual delicacies lacks in the point of entertainment. Evidently this season has also seen the decay of the power of entertainment; play after play has been withdrawn; hence the cry of woe! Nevertheless many pleasant things happened, some of them interesting to Catholics, from the fact that the brethren shone forth pre-eminent where pre-eminence meant more than notoriety.

For example, two plays of the Irish dramatist, Bernard Shaw, won a curious and remarkable *succés d'estime* in their presentation at various theatres, and the



SCENE FROM MERELY MARY ANN.
Frank Doane. Edwin Arden. Eleanor Robson.

leading lady in both was Dorothy Donnelly, a good Catholic girl, who stood the hard training of a stock company for some years and has now blossomed into the capacity of a real dramatic star. Mr. Shaw owes his introduction to a New York audience, as to these plays I mean, to an enterprising and capable actor named Arnold Daly, very likely also a Catholic. Shaw is a wit and a satirist, Daly has a mind of the same order. He secured for a play called *Candida* a matinee performance just to test its value with a particular kind of audience; the test passed into a regular performance, and the regular performance into a season, although the queer circumstances drove the play from one theatre to another until luck finally landed it in the proper place. To *Candida* the manager added a one-act piece on Napoleon, named *The Man of Destiny,* and scored another success. The two plays bid fair to remain for the rest of the season, and have proved beyond doubt that Bernard Shaw is original as well as clever, and that his interpreters, Mr. Daly and Miss Donnelly, are not behind him in talent. It does not matter what the plays are, their subject and treatment being caviare to the general. I quote the critic of the Times: "Here is an oasis of delight in the desert of Broadway. Go to it, all you who love the bright flowers and the rippling waters of the spirit." One may doubt as to the presence of the spirit and the rippling waters in the cynical lucubrations of Shaw.

Eleanor Robson made her appearance as a star in a play by Israel Zangwill entitled *Merely Mary Ann.* However, it was rather a case of Merely Eleanor Robson, for the play was neither here nor there, being the story of Cinderella over again, quite pleasant to the taste and

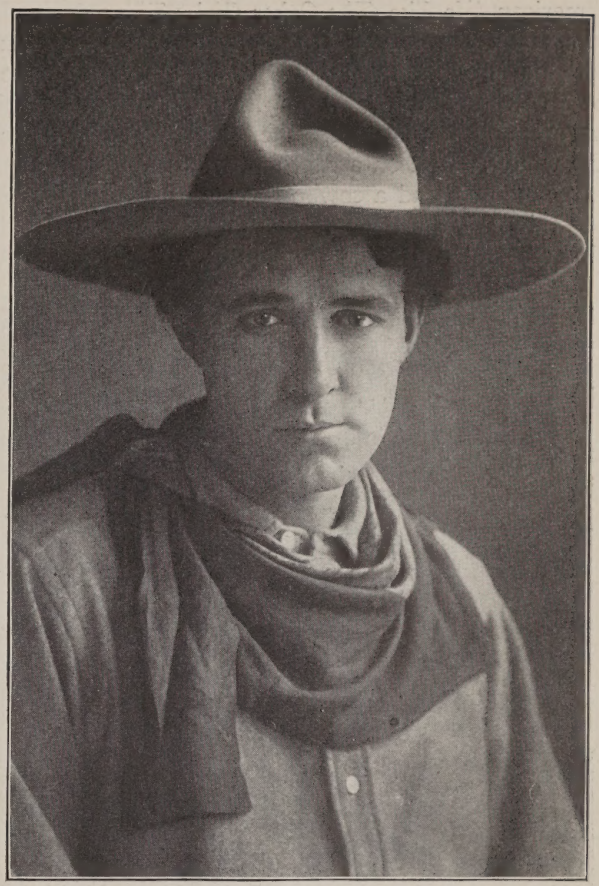
lighter than foam on the stomach. The cleverness of the dramatist is beyond dispute, for saying things; he it was who called the modern drama a compound of snivel, drivel, and devil; but he can neither write a play nor tell a story, as has been demonstrated twice as to the play, and many times as to the story. But for Miss Robson's acting, and her personality, Mary Ann would never have drawn a third audience. For a long time this lady has been before the public, immer. From that success sprang all her fame, to which she has added by acting Juliet, and showing how poor a play can be made out of a fair novel in *Audrey*. Next season she goes to London, the height of every girl's ambition since Ada Rehan led the way. Without doubt her success will be as marked there as here, more so indeed, because Londoners are inveterate playgoers, whereas in New York people often go to the play. *Merely Mary Ann* is capital entertainment; one

AFTER THE CHRISTENING. (THE VIRGINIAN.)

pressing it in various pleasant ways, and few were aware that she belonged to the household of the faith. Her mother at the present moment is delighting western audiences as Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-patch. The world knows her as Mrs. Madge Carr Cooke. Miss Robson began the notable part of her career in California with a stock company, and after various enterprises arrived at glory in a special performance of Browning's *In a Balcony*, where she held her own before two celebrities like Mrs. Le Moyne and Otis Skingets acquainted with the boarders in Mrs. Leadbatter's typical boarding-house; and their doings and sayings provoke the laugh and then the tear; but as a vehicle for talent like Miss Robson's it is below the mark.

Another Catholic who has won distinction during the present season is Lionel Barrymore, the most striking character in a comedy by Mr. Augustus Thomas, *The Other Girl*. Barrymore is his father's son as an actor, and has all the gifts of the Drew family, to which his mother be-

longed. Although a young man, he has achieved distinction by character acting, and has arrived at that point that a man like Thomas is ready to construct a play almost for his special benefit. While he is not the star of the comedy, which is presented by a remarkable company, his is certainly the leading part. Mr. Thomas as a playwright is a firm believer in home themes, and has given us since his first success in *Alabama* more really American plays than any of his compeers. In the present comedy he has taken up the American fad of athletics, or perhaps strenuousness would be a better term, and illustrated it by a clergyman, who has engaged Kid Garvey to give him boxing-lessons and teach him wrestling in the back-yard. From this fact arise all the complications. The plot does not matter much except as it shows forth the characters or illustrates the manners of the time. A girl of the family falls in love with the Kid, and is about to elope with him, American style, for the fun of the thing; when a determined relative locks her up in the barn, mounts the automobile with the Kid, and rides away; they run over and almost kill the lover of the imprisoned lassie, are hauled into the courts next day and thoroughly exposed; but the relative bears her ill-reputation with good grace and patience, and in the end the proper explanations do justice to saint and sinner. Nothing more natural, effective, and funny than the Kid has been played on the American stage; Mr. Thomas drew him large and Barrymore played him to the life; a simple honest lovable boy whose mind was entirely in his muscles; yet chivalrous enough to treat the eloping lady with all the delicacy of a *preux chevalier;* and devoted every minute to his own sweetheart. His simple gritty nature knocked the sparks out of all with whom he came in contact. The papers have announced the entrance into the Church of John Drew's daughter, Louisa; thus five members of that distinguished family now belong to the faith; charming people, all of them, from the long-dead father, the Irish comedian, John Drew, down to the youngest member.



DUSTIN FARNUM AS THE VIRGINIAN.

The most successful plays of a bad season have been dramas of unconventional

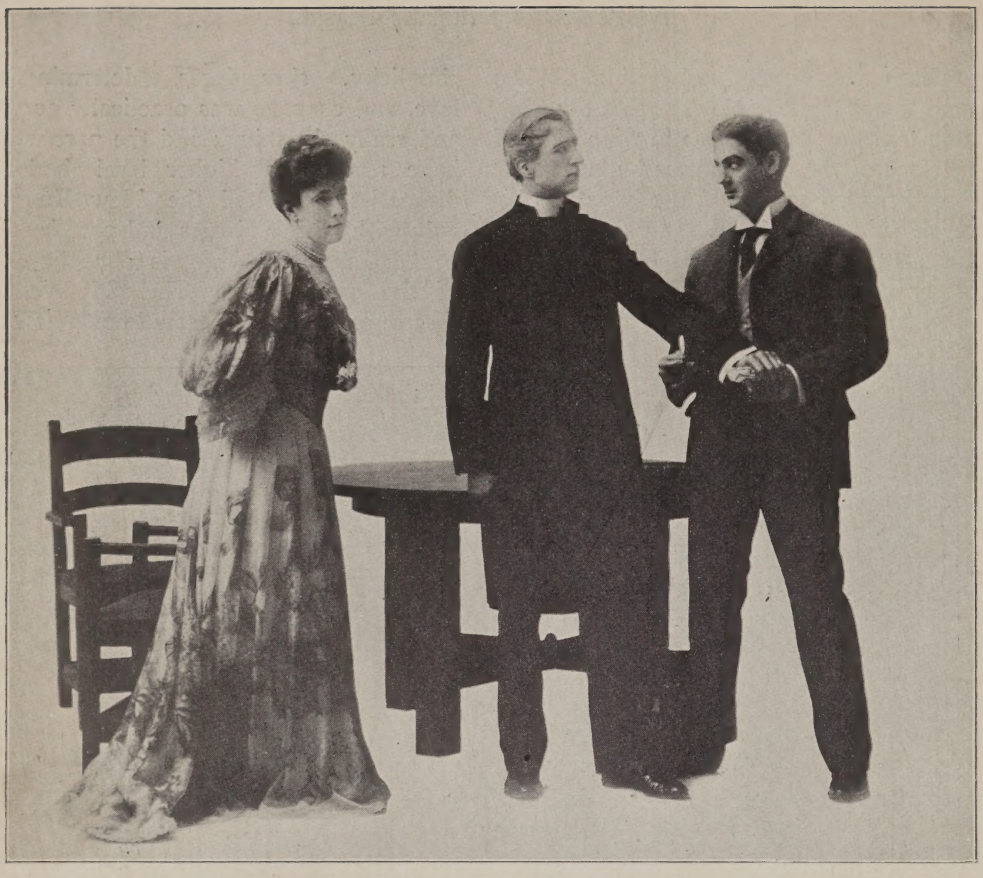
American life like *The Other Girl. The Virginian,* dramatized from Owen Wister's novel of the same name, tells a story of a cowboy and a New England schoolma'am, and has interested the people half the winter. Life on a ranch provides the surroundings, and a cowboy's way of doing things is the theme. His mixture of shyness and courage, originality, daring, and sheepishness, is novel and entertaining. One sees immediately the possibilities when a cowboy swings into the orbit of a New England schoolma'am; strangely enough the dramatist ignored them, with the effect that the lady might have been a nurse or a lady's maid as far as her occupation touched the drama. The whole charm of the play, which is purely conventional, lies in the cowboy's method of doing things. Of course, he does them in his own way. At the christening of the twins, to which the neighbors have brought their babies because they could not be left at home, he changes the wrappings of the visiting babies, they are taken home by the wrong mothers, and brought back promptly amid consternation when the mistake is discovered. Now to the cowboy babies looked so much alike that he found infinite fun in thus proving that mothers could differentiate accurately. In the capture of the cattle-thieves, where the captors have to hang old comrades, there is a mingling of old friend and present executioner quite beyond the eastern comprehension, though not beyond its sympathy. The victims bid good-bye, make presents of their belongings to their captors, and walk

THE CASTAWAYS ON THE DESERT ISLE. (THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.)

to death with dignity and feeling. When the bad man of the play chooses the wedding-morning of the hero to wipe him off the face of the earth unless he leaves the town branded as a thief, the hero gets his revolver in good shape. In vain his bride appeals to him to leave, declaring she will marry no man with blood on his hands; in vain also the minister tries moral suasion; the cowboy puts them all aside with the single remark: "It's him or me." At sundown they are on the lookout for each other, fire almost together, but the right man gets killed, and the heroine falls into her hero's arms, willing to forget in his safety her own declaration. The play is especially lucky in its actors, and particularly in Mr. Dustin Farnum, who plays *The Virginian*. His portrayal of simplicity, shrewdness, determination, love, and courage was practically perfect, and really charming; and the part would have reached a higher level had the dramatist presented the New England lady with all her virtues and peculiarities.

The County Chairman is a bucolic story of the same class. The old Wallack theatre on Broadway, now known as Palmer's, a year and a half ago, seemed to have arrived at the end of its career, profitless and almost hoodooed. Its owners thought of demolishing it to build a modern hotel or office-structure, when Mr. Henry Savage put on *The Sultan of Sulu*, a comic opera from the pen of George Ade, and in its success made the old theatre the centre of activity once more. This year a bucolic comedy from the same

THE BUTLER IN COMMAND. (THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.)



Elsie DeWolfe. Frank Worthing. Lionel Barrymore.

"THE OTHER GIRL

author has almost duplicated the success of the comic opera. *The County Chairman* describes the sentimental side of political life in modern Indiana; a play which introduces you so effectively into the ways of the village that after two hours you seem to have lived there ten years. This is an effect not to be despised. Mr. Ade secures it by a first act entirely devoted to the village store, into which he brings every soul in town as well as the loafers who idle about it fourteen hours of the day. The consequent fun is rich and legitimate, and without much effort of the imagination the audience passes into Indiana and enjoys the election spasm along with the inhabitants. The theme is tenuous and conventional, but the incidents and the characterization make up for all deficiencies. The political picnic where the rival candidates defy each other, and the rival factions fall upon their opponents tooth and nail; the lawyer's office where the real struggle takes place, in quiet intensity; the hall in which the returns are received after the most approved American fashion; the thin, sneaky district-attorney, the fat, big-hearted county chairman, the shiftless coon, the hen-pecked stump-speaker, his energetic wife, the grocer, the windmill-agent, the milliner, the oldest inhabitant and the barefoot boy with a fish-pole and an eye for everybody's failings: all are there in picturesque focus. One feels grateful to find there as well that delicacy

of feeling so often absent from the bucolic drama; and the workmanship is so deft that it inspires the hope of still better work from the dramatist.

Probably the success of the season will lie between Barrie's *Admirable Crichton* and Belasco's *Mistress Bellairs,* the advantage of novelty falling to the former, of splendor to the latter. Mr. Barrie's theme places a butler and His Lordship's family on a desert island and makes the butler the king of the same, partly through his capacity, partly through His Lordship's incapacity; and at their rescue after three years the characters all return to their previous positions. The expression of this theme is very adequate, and life on the island forms the most pleasing novelty that the stage has seen this winter, its humor and satire placing it high in popular favor. The return of the capable butler to his position of inferiority in His Lordship's household, after demonstrating exceptional ability, jars on American prejudices, but no doubt it suited the English notions perfectly. It is a dramatic fantasy. *Mistress Bellairs,* on the contrary, deals with life of a specified kind in England perhaps a century ago, and has been dramatized from a novel of Agnes and Egerton Castle, two successful writers of England who have the honor and happiness of being Catholics. Mr. Belasco has staged the play with his usual magnificence, and he is enjoying his usual success. The whole town is running to him. As a play the chief merit is its power to hold the interest; beyond that one would not care to venture far in praise. The structure seems to be of whalebone, well-knit, but quite unsubstantial; in fact, at all these plays one looks and laughs and goes away with the sensation of having seen some marvelous clouds or mists; not enough acid in the thing to bite into the plate of memory. This is not complaining; the world gets that acid only a few times in a century.

Among the lofty things done or threatened may be mentioned Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld's scheme of a model theatre for the presenting of the very best plays of the past and present, irrespective of the financial question. He has with commendable enthusiasm organized a company and collected some thousands of dollars for the venture; also the actors have been gathered together and a Shakesperian play presented; and when the snow falls next December we can tell better what is to be the outcome, and what is the strength of this amble into financial romance.

Mr. Edward Elgar's oratorio of *The Apostles* had its first presentation on February 9 and confirmed the impression of his genius made by *The Dream of Gerontius.* The libretto of the work, compiled from the Old and New Testaments by himself, received great praise for its form; and while the music seemed less interesting in parts than the composer's former work, nevertheless the critics recognized the power of his orchestration, and paid tribute to the new force in music. There are signs on the horizon that our Catholic magazines and journals will soon begin to pay some attention to the activities of the brethren in the fields of music and the drama, if for no other reason than to let the neighbors know that Catholics are not shut out of these activities, and that their presence has probably banished the devil from his favorite haunts behind the footlights.

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER VI.

"'Twas like old times," she said to herself, "to see her coming down the stairs. And how sweet she spoke and smiled. That's the real gentry. I haven't seen a lady like her since Miss Angel died, for all Miss Angela's so sweet. To be sure, there's the Duchess, but the Duchess is plain as plain. Why wouldn't she be with her rearing shorthorn cattle, and taking prizes for pigs and tramping about the fields in all weathers? 'Tisn't my notion of a lady."

John Corbett was standing on the hearth-rug in the drawing-room, with his back to the fire. He had come home a little earlier than usual and had put on evening dress, a thing he had not always been careful to do: and he had no idea how much his lapses in this sort disturbed his servants, nor perhaps would he have cared if he had known.

He had his arm round his daughter Hetty's shoulder. Hetty's hair, which still hung loose, had the color and the wave of the hair of a red Irish setter. It was a beauty inherited from her mother, who had carefully disguised it in her own case by twisting it away in a tight little knob at the back of her insignificant little head,—also, if the truth must be told, by combing it with a lead comb, which had the effect of giving it a darkly purple hue, horribly suggestive of dyeing. Happily her daughter Hetty was born after the rehabilitation of red hair.

On one side of the hearth a curly-headed, freckle-faced, clean-shaven youth lolled in a chair, evidently very much at home, with a magazine in his hand, of which he occasionally cut a page or two.

On the other side was an old lady of about seventy-five, John Corbett's mother. She was knitting: she could not sit with her hands idle; and a long blue stocking lay in her black silk lap. She had a gentle fichu of lace and muslin and a cap to match, and she had a dignified air. But it was the dignity of a working-woman who has cause for great pride in the son she has borne, never at all the dignity of an old lady. Her skin yet kept the traces of exposure to wind and weather, as her hands showed years of toil and her shoulders the bend acquired in field labor. But her hair was snow-white, which was a dignity in itself; her eyes were peaceful. She had cause to be content with her son's great estate and fine house, which had not altered his tenderness for his mother, and only occasionally sent a sigh to the memory of the little cottage with its hollyhocks and china asters, and the neighbors who were so neighborly.

She was a silent old woman with tight, pale lips. She was conscious of her own deficiencies of education, and her affection for her son had made her taciturn lest her ignorance should betray itself in speech before his servants or children or fine new friends. Even the children had hardly ever heard Granny utter three consecutive sentences. Visitors generally took her to be deaf from the silent and patient way she sat aloof from the conversation, knitting her interminable stockings. Her son had sometimes a vague memory of times when his mother had been a talkative and merry woman. He had no idea that the change in her was due to anything but the increase of years. He cared dearly for her, and at any time would have sacrificed his own happiness to ensure hers.

The younger children, Cyril, the schoolboy, Hilda and Ursula, two fair-haired,

bright-cheeked little girls, stood facing their father, talking to him with all the assurance of affection. There were a couple of tall lads as well; John, who was in the business with his father; Arthur, who had leanings toward literature. They were all there except Angela. Angela had not yet come downstairs, and it was understood that she was to call for Miss Daly on her way, a necessary kindness, for it was easy for a new-comer to lose herself in Minster, and besides, Anne had not yet made acquaintance with the drawing-room.

John Corbett's children were inordinately proud and fond of him. He was not always able to spend his evenings with them, being a man of such importance in the county as well as in Elsdon. But as soon as the sound of his carriage wheels was heard on the gravel the children had a way of appearing from all quarters of the house. If he came home only to dress for a dinner or some other function, as was often the case, they crowded into his dressing-room while he made his toilet, and were with him to the last moment. Every day and hour of their lives had but deepened his hold on his children's hearts.

They were talking about Miss Daly with a watchful eye towards the door by which she might be expected to appear. The children were pouring out their impressions of her so eagerly as to cause confusion. Despite the ugly traveling-cloak Anne's beauty and stateliness seemed to have forced themselves upon the children.

"Not all at once!" said John Corbett, laughing, and lifting a restraining hand. "One at a time. Supposing we begin with Hetty because she's the eldest. What do you think, Hetty? Will she keep us in order?"

"She is very handsome and very proud," said Hetty, moving her head under her father's caressing hand. "I don't think the boys will bring their cigarettes into the drawing-room now she has come, and we shall all have to dress for dinner, and she won't expect Willie to come and make afternoon calls in his cycling clothes and stay to dinner afterwards. And I'm sure she won't have Cyril come into the drawing-room with a tin of worms for bait in his pocket and three inches of mud on his boots. And she'd be shocked if Ursula whistled, or Hilda went taking wasps' nests with Cyril, and came home with her eye closed up with a sting, or fishing and tumbled into the mud at the end of the overflow, as she did last week."

"I don't believe she'd even see," said Hilda. "She looks like a boy herself for the matter of that. I'll ask her if she has ever taken wasps' nests."

"And as for whistling, there's really no reason why a girl shouldn't whistle as well as a boy. And I'm sure she's not that sort at all," said Ursula.

"You think she'll really expect me to come visiting in a frock-coat and top-hat and ride home three miles to dress for dinner?" asked the young gentleman in the chair, whose name was Willie Armytage. He seemed a little bit alarmed as he looked up at Hetty, and one saw that his expression was so bright and pleasant that it made a plain face charming.

"Never mind, Willie," laughed Mr. Corbett. "You must only keep a dress-suit here."

"I'm sure he might as well, he's here so often," said Cyril.

"She may smoke a cigarette herself," said John. "Lots of ladies do; and then being Irish she's bound to be a little bit wild."

"If *she* smoked," said his brother Arthur, "it would cease to be a wild thing."

"I see we shall have to be dreadfully on our p's and q's," said Mr. Corbett. "So you think she'll rule us with a rod of iron?"

He looked around the little group of which he was the center. When he was among his children he was as cheerful and irresponsible as the youngest of them.

"I think Hetty is making horrid stories about Miss Daly," said Hilda of the flaxen pig-tail. "She's a beautiful princess, although, perhaps, she was dressed in a little bit of a disguise."

"She smiled at me," said Ursula with the egoism of youth. "I am quite sure she liked me."

Her father pinched her ear playfully.

"She's a person of no discrimination," he said, and then his face became more serious.

"After all, children," he went on. "She has come really to put us on our p's and q's. That was what the Duchess intended. Miss May was too easy-going with you all, and now that she has been called away it is very good of this lady to come and look after us a bit."

"I'm very glad she has come," said Hilda.

"And I'm very glad, too," said Ursula.

"And anyone can see that Angela is captivated," said the father.

The door opened and his daughter came in with Anne Daly.

There was the length of the long drawing-room to be traversed, but John Corbett went half-way to meet the new inmate of his house. His manners were always delightful, because, as the Duchess was fond of saying, his good heart taught him the right thing to do, and all of manners that are not concerned with the heart might easily be laid aside and none be very much the worse.

He was almost startled at the beauty of Anne in evening dress. Her dress was cut straight across her shoulders revealing their beautiful roundness and whiteness. Her face had the innocence of childhood and its fearlessness, and he understood why his little daughter had said she looked like a boy. Her eyes, still stormy from her recent trouble, seemed to him darkly purple under thin arches of eyebrows that gave the face its last touch of distinction.

Anne, on the other hand, saw that her host had a strong, kind, rather massive face: that his hair was just streaked with grey: that his shoulders were broad to match his head: that his manner was easy and well-bred.

Then he was leading her up to the plain-faced old woman in the arm-chair by the fire.

"I think you have met my young people, Miss Daly," he said. "You have yet to make my mother's acquaintance."

After he had effected the introduction he still stood by his mother's chair. He had laid his hand over hers that held the knitting.

'She is so unfailingly industrious," he said. "She puts us all to shame. She will never let me wear a stocking she did not knit for me."

The old mother looked up at him. His eyes met hers and he smiled down into them. Such love and pride was in the mother's face: such tenderness in the son's!

"Ah," said Anne to herself, "I understand now what Gran meant when she said the English were great through their domesticities."

When she went down to dinner she found that she faced her host at the end of the long dining-table. She had Angela on her right hand and Willie Armytage on her left. But her own gaze was attracted to the other end of the table, where old Mrs. Corbett sat on her son's right hand, and he seemed to have no thought but for her comfort.

"I should hate him," thought Anne, "if he had been ashamed of her."

CHAPTER VII.

"LOCKING THE STABLE DOOR."

"Well?" asked the Duchess.

She was sitting in the most comfortable chair she could find in the drawing-room at Minster, holding Anne Daly, who was standing in front of her, by the two hands.

"Well?"

"Not so ill," said Anne smiling. "I thought I should have hated it ever so much more."

"I foresee it is going to be a tremendous success. You have captured their hearts straight off. There is no doubt that you Irish have the way with you as far as we poor dull Saxons are concerned. They simply think you. . . . I won't tell you what they think, Anne. There is no use feeding you on lollypops."

"They would be very unwholesome eating," said Anne, with her serious smile. "I have just been writing to Gran. I was able to tell her truthfully that it was far better than I could have imagined. The first night I came I thought I could not endure it, Duchess. There was such an air of *wealth*."

Anne made so wry a face over the word that the Duchess burst out laughing.

"And what reconciled you, my dear? I beg your pardon for laughing. It was the way you said the obnoxious word."

Anne colored, ever so slightly.

"Did I?" she said. "I wasn't conscious of it. I suppose it was because I am more used to poverty. We, the good families, are all poor together at home. I know wealth is very good for a great many purposes. I have often wished to possess a little myself."

"You have not told me what reconciled you."

"Well, it was . . . it was Mr. Corbett's old peasant mother, sitting up like a queen in the drawing-room, and her son's way to her. It was charming, Duchess, so full of love and honor. I began to perceive then that wealth, new wealth, I mean, need not be necessarily vulgar."

"The plutocrats should be obliged to you, my dear. But—no one could look at John Corbett and think him vulgar. He is a very remarkable person."

"He seems so, indeed," said Anne heartily. "If it were not for him I should have wondered about Angela. Angela might be taken for—for—a duchess' daughter."

"If I had ever had a daughter she would have been plain-looking like myself," said the Duchess. "I never had one nor wanted one while I had my boy."

There was an almost imperceptible pause: then she went on.

"For her father's sake as well as her own, and for another sake that you know nothing about, Angela is as dear to me almost as if she were my own daughter. The other children are good children and creditable children. John Corbett has every reason to be satisfied with them. But Angela is the one I am interested in. I have a project very near my heart for Angela's future. Meanwhile, my dear Anne, I am delighted with the success of my little plan for bringing you over here. I had not realized till I saw you how successful it must be. My dear, *you* will drive the middle-class element out of Minster."

"I!" said Anne.

"You, my dear girl. I could never do it in spite of my title, but you will rout them. I fancy Mrs. James Armytage—and there are others like her. You'd make her uncomfortable, my dear. She is a vulgarian; but her girls are very presentable. They have the wit to keep to their Quaker type."

"Why should I make anyone uncomfortable?" asked Anne, with wide open eyes.

"I want you to eliminate, at least, till

Angela is married, the middle-class element from Minster. I don't see Angela marrying Willie Armytage."

"Nor I," said Anne. "I don't believe Angela would care for him in that way. But, if those people are old friends of the family here, why should I eliminate them? It is something I should have thought quite unworthy; to make people give up their old friends."

The Duchess lifted her eyebrows comically.

"My dear," she said, "you'll do what I want, but you'll do it in spite of yourself. You ought to like John Corbett, my child. For he thinks very like you, although he is an immensely clever business man, and you are more unpractical and impracticable than the rest of your unpractical and impracticable race. He might have uttered that sentiment of yours."

"I don't see how he could think any other way," said Anne, with a puzzled look between her beautiful eyebrows.

"And the worst of it is that the Armytage youth is a very good sort," the Duchess went on without taking any notice of Anne's bewilderment. "If it were Hetty now instead of Angela I should think twice before forbidding the banns."

"I don't see any difference in his manner to Angela from his manner to Hetty. He seems a sort of friend of the house. He is always doing things for everybody, mending toys and fishing-rods, doctoring sick rabbits and guinea pigs, matching silks for Hetty's embroidery and finding new flowers for Angela to paint. I don't know what the house would do without Willie Armytage, so I think he'd better stay, Duchess. He is quite a gentleman. I really didn't think people like him or Mr. Corbett or Angela came of a trading stock."

"Ah, you will learn queer things in this country," said the Duchess humorously. "Well, then, if you won't turn out Willie Armytage, I'll give you Willie Armytage. Only he must be made to understand that it is hands off where Angela is concerned. If you'll only look at him like that, Anne, he'll fall in love with you, and that will remove one difficulty."

Anne started and blushed. Then she lifted from her neck a long chain made of opals that were every shade from pink to azure. The opals were set in an old-fashioned heart-shape setting. From the chain depended a curious locket. It was shaped like a watch, and had a little picture of loves and hearts and darts exquisitely painted on it. Anne held the locket to the Duchess without a word.

"My dear," said the Duchess, taking it from her and returning it to her unopened, "I know quite well what I should find if I opened it. I remember the blue-eyed, red-haired young man whose picture you once showed me. And so you believe still he will come back."

"Gran is certain of it, and so am I. Brian always came back. You don't know how Gran is always praying, wearying Heaven with prayers for Brian's return. It is more touching because Gran is not naturally a very devout person. And the poor people all pray. Brian is the last of the Dalys, of Witch's Castle. I think with Gran that God will send him back to her. You see there is more than Brian with Gran,—not that she does not love Brian dearly. But he is the last Daly as well."

"Ah! Family pride does not enter into it with you. The blue-eyed, red-haired cousin—lover—is what you think of."

The Duchess' eyes narrowed themselves shrewdly as she looked at Anne's face. Anne was sitting in a dark velvet chair which threw up her beautiful profile so that her face was like a light.

"I think of Brian in that way, too," she said. "What a misfortune, wasn't it? that all the rest of the family were girls! I have a whole family of cousins, but they are all girls, eleven of them, and poor

Aunt Maeve at her wit's end to know how to rear them."

"Ah, well, my dear, I trust he will come back soon and reward all your faithfulness," said the Duchess kindly. She did not say what she thought, that Anne's infatuation was a midsummer madness. "You are too good for this world, my dear," she went on. "There is no woman I would compare you with except one who is now in Heaven, to which I hope you will not attain for many a year. That was Angel Sachevarell."

"Ah! One of the people who lived in this house?"

"My dear, I will tell you about Angel. Perhaps when you have heard the story you will understand something of John Corbett's character."

She told the story; not only the facts of it but her surmises.

"Can't you see it in his face?" she asked at the conclusion. "I can. Oh, my dear, I can't tell you how I feel about John Corbett. To think of how he stood aside in the matter, and cared for her so tenderly. She had everything, everything that money could buy or love imagine. I am only impatient with him sometimes that he did not take her up in his arms and marry her, and carry her off to the ends of the earth to get well. I think she would have married him, my Angel; I think she would have loved him. Just at the end, my dear,—I have never talked about this before: it was something your housekeeper, Mrs. Mason, told me,—she said that at the last Angel used to lie on her sofa with her hand in John Corbett's left hand while the other fanned her to ease her panting lungs. I believe Angel did love him. My Angel was not one to receive such a love and not return it fully. He closed her eyes at the last, and then he went off and married the dowdy, pretty little woman to whom he had promised himself before he had grown up."

"I daresay it was better so," said Anne: but there was mist on her eyes. "Perhaps they would not have been happy together in marriage, your Angel with all her traditions of race and a young working man. I suppose he has educated himself as the years went on. And here classes are so sharply divided, unlike Ireland where the good blood is so often in the hut and the base in the Hall. Besides he was promised to another woman."

"My dear," said the Duchess, "here also it happens occasionally that the good blood is found in the cottages."

Anne's clear eyes looked at her for elucidation.

"Not that good blood spells virtues or brains any more than it spells beauty and breeding," she went on hastily. "The poor Duke now, he was the greediest of men. He never had any manners when he was hungry. He would snatch a tidbit from his dearest friend. And I'm sure nobody would ever take me to be a Duke's widow and an Earl's daughter. I might change places with Mrs. Thrapston at the inn, and no one would think me out of place."

"I think you look your rank," said Anne simply; and the Duchess seemed pleased at the speech. "But how strange," she went on, "that Angela should be like the dead Angel as you think she is. Do you suppose she watches over his children from another world? And how do you account for the likeness?"

The Duchess thought it not impossible that some time in the past Sachevarell blood might have mingled with the humbler blood of the Corbetts; but she would not say so to Anne. There was something oddly innocent about Anne. She wondered whimsically whether Anne's opinion of the Corbett stock would be raised or lowered by such a supposition. But she thought it wiser to be silent on the subject.

"Wherever Angel is," she said, rev-

erently, "I am sure she does not forget so much love."

That afternoon Angela was late for tea. When she came in it was with a little color in her cheeks, perhaps from her walk in the frosty air. She was not alone; Willie Armytage was with her; and she explained, with downcast eyes, how Willie had come in earlier, and finding her alone in the chimney corner, since Miss Daly was busy with the Duchess, had persuaded her to walk with him.

The Duchess glanced at her sharply, and then at Willie's good-humored face. But Willie Armytage was so invariably happy-looking that one could not be sure if the walk had brought him special reasons for happiness.

As she stood up to go,—her carriage was waiting, and neither the bays nor the coachman approved of the waiting,—her large, clever glance fell on all around, passing quietly from face to face.

Hetty, small and primly pretty like her mother, yet with more brains and more heart than Hetty Ambler had ever possessed,—was she not her father's as well as her mother's child?—was curled up in a corner of the sofa, in shadow with a novel in her hand. Quite unconscious of observation, her small face propped on her hand, she was glowering at Angela, and at Willie Armytage, who was assisting Angela to make the tea. There was a woman's trouble in the round, childish face that looked an instant and then was hidden in her book.

The Duchess was conscious of a quick spasm of alarm.

"The child is fond of Willie Armytage, and things are plain to her that are dark to the rest of us. Can it be that he and Angela are lovers? If he has made Angela promise herself to him before she has seen the world or learnt to judge for herself, the promise must be broken. And I'm not going to have Hetty hurt either. Even if she hasn't Sachevarell looks it is no reason why she should be passed over. Willie Armytage indeed! Willie Armytage will have to content himself with Hetty and to be very glad that Hetty will look at him. What has Anne been about, I should like to know?"

Her Grace spoke quite snappishly to Miller, the coachman, who was as fat as his bays and as dignified. Miller was very much annoyed at it, and quite intended to give notice, but finally decided that her Grace, being a woman, must be pardoned, especially as she could never get on without Miller.

That night Mr. Corbett brought home a man to dinner, a young-looking man, exaggeratedly dark and handsome, who wore a priceless emerald as a shirt stud, and two others, absolutely unique, for sleeve-links, who talked of big deals, and big fortunes lost and won, in a sleepy, velvety voice, and watched Anne out of his languid, dark eyes with the air of a connoisseur.

Anne detested him at sight. She could only eat her dinner by keeping her eyes on her plate. The flash of his white teeth as she looked up and caught his smile affected her with positive physical nausea; he was to Anne's mind an embodiment of the world, the flesh and the devil, vaguely apprehended, vaguely feared.

However, she had no idea that she had made an instantaneous and complete conquest. At dinner when she sat silent, her grandmother's little old tiara of pearls and opals crowning her like a queen, she now and again, under cover of the incomprehensible business talk between the two men and the chatter of the young people, sent one or two looks at John Corbett's quiet face.

Why what had come to it since yesterday? Then it had seemed to her like many other faces which she encountered in this country, where she was a stranger. This man, whose talk was of bulls and

bears, of diamond mines and securities: she saw suddenly the graciousness with which he interested, nay condescended to, his guest. It struck her sharply that Mr. Corbett, plain in contrast to the other's magnificence, looked honest and true, a friend in need as he had looked to the dead Angel. Her impulsive Irish heart gave a quick throb of sympathy. As he leant back silent and gazed at her down the length of the table with eyes which passed over and through her, she saw for an instant the soul of the man who had loved and succoured Angel Sachevarell, and said to herself that she would never again forget that glimpse into a holy place.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OLD STOCK.

The Duchess' fears had been only too well-founded, as was poor Hetty's jealousy.

A day later Willie Armytage interviewed John Corbett at his office and told him that he had asked Angela to marry him and that she had consented.

John Corbett looked at him thoughtfully. Rather to his own surprise he was conscious of a sense of disappointment that Angela should have chosen Willie Armytage. He made an impatient movement of his broad shoulders. Why, what was the matter with Willie that he should object? A good lad, a straight lad, the son of his old friend and senior partner! He ought to have been well-pleased; yet somehow, he wasn't.

However, he extended his hand to the young man and took his in a cordial grasp.

"I have nothing against it, Willie," he said, "except that Angela is too young to be sure of her own mind. And you are but young, too, my lad. Twenty-four! Pooh! What's twenty-four? I was a man at twenty-four, nay. I was a man at sixteen because manhood was forced upon me prematurely. But lads like you, born to everything money can give, you keep young, and you may rejoice in it. Not a word of this, Willie, my lad, till you are 'called.' I don't disapprove, you know, but we won't call it an engagement till you have shown the stuff that is in you. Work for Angela, my lad, as though you had not been born with a silver spoon in your mouth."

Young Armytage blushed; protested that Mr. Corbett had been better to him than he had dared to anticipate, and took his leave.

That afternoon Angela had the carriage in town shopping and called for her father.

When he had joined her, and the horses were carrying them countrywards, as soon as the roar and bustle of Elsdon had subsided he took Angela's hand and held it a moment fondly.

"I have had a visit from Willie Armytage," he said.

"Yes, Papa?"

There was not a tremor in the girl's bell-like tones, and the hand he held in his own did not flutter at all.

"You are pleased, Papa?"

"I shall be pleased, my dearie, if it is for your happiness. But you are very young: both of you are young. I told Willie that he must not consider it an engagement as yet."

"And he was satisfied."

"He saw the sense of it. No one, not even Reuben Armytage's boy, shall win my girl too easily. I told him he must work, and be called to the Bar, and that then we might talk about engagements."

"I am glad he is not in a hurry." Was there something of relief in the girl's voice? "I should be so sorry to leave you and the others and Minster, and Miss Daly."

"When the time comes you will not be sorry," said John Corbett enigmatically.

Angela's simple speech had brought him a sudden sensation of relief, as though an unpleasant weight had been lifted from off his heart. How wise he had been not to consent to an engagement! Before that need be considered, probably the young people would have found out that they had mistaken their feelings for each other. A sudden contrition made him break into praises of Willie.

"If you should like him better than me and the others and Miss Daly and Minster one of these days," he said, "I shall have absolute confidence that I am placing your happiness in excellent hands. You should hear Mrs. Reuben about Willie. So good a son must make an excellent husband."

"We have always been fond of Willie, haven't we, Papa?" said Angela, as though the discussion were closed.

They were close to the gates of Minster by this time. The night was very dark, and the grays were going at a steady pace. Suddenly there was a shout: the horses were pulled up so sharply that the occupants of the carriage were flung violently backwards. Then the carriage stopped.

Mr. Corbett put his head out of the window.

"What is the matter, Jones?" he asked.

"If you please, sir," said the coachman, who was clambering down from his box, "there is something in the road and the horses have shied at it. I can't rightly see what it is."

Mr. Corbett was out of the carriage before Jones had finished speaking.

"Stay where you are, Angela," he said, "till I see what is the matter."

But Angela did not obey him. She was out in the road, where the coachman was holding one of the carriage lamps in his hand, close on her father's heels. There was a dark figure lying in the road.

"Oh, Papa," she whispered at his side as he knelt down beside the figure.

It was that of a young man, noticeably slender and elegant even then, who was lying in the track of the horses' feet. One arm was flung out above his head as though to protect it, but Angela could see the dark refined face, with the little moustache, and the lips of boyish sweetness. "Oh, Papa," she said, "it is the artist who has been lodging at Mrs. Thrapston's. See there is his portfolio! He has been away sketching. Oh, have the horses hurt him?"

Mr. Corbett glanced at her. He had his hand on the young man's heart.

"He is alive," he said quietly, "but he has rather a nasty cut on his head where one of the horses' hoofs must have caught him. We had better get him into the carriage and take him home. You are not frightened, Angela?"

"Not at all, Papa."

He glanced up at her from his kneeling position, and was struck sharply by her likeness in the half-light to the dead Miss Angel.

"It is the only thing to be done," he said. "I shall send for the doctor as soon as we get to the house. Come, Jones, lift him! You had better get in first, Angela."

Fortunately the carriage was a roomy one. For one moment as they arranged the injured man his head lay on Angela's lap. She did not move nor withdraw herself. She sat looking down at it, with her eyes full of quiet light as Miss Angel's had been long ago, her hands touching the brown hair in that attitude of receptiveness in which we all accept our sorrows, the attitude of the mother.

As they drove quickly up the long lime avenue to Minster, Mr. Corbett asked her how she came to know of the artist.

"Everyone knows about him, Papa, except you. You know we are country people and notice every strange face. I had

seen him about carrying his easel and painting. One day I came upon him near the boat-house, painting the further side of the lake. He asked me if it was a private way, and I told him it was private, but that you would not object to his working there. He asked me one or two questions then which showed me he knew a good deal about Minster. He had been probably reading it up in the county history. Later on I called at the inn about a parcel they were to fetch for me, and Mrs. Thrapston bustled out for a chat. She said her lodger showed no intention of going, that the neighborhood seemed to interest him. I have been wondering, Papa, whether, if he was good enough, you would give him the chapel ceiling to do. I should have spoken of it before only Mrs. Thrapston told me about a fortnight ago that he was away. Mrs. Thrapston thought he was poor."

"I had no idea that Mrs. Thrapston was such a gossip."

"She will talk of this Mr. Vallance. She seems to have taken a great fancy to him. She wanted to show me his pictures; but, of course, I couldn't let her do that."

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Corbett, looking down at the still figure in the shifting light and blackness of the carriage lamps reflected back from the trunks of the trees they were passing. "Poor fellow! I am bound to do something for him now, Angela. He has been brought to our doors, hasn't he?"

"You don't think he is seriously hurt, Papa?"

"I hope not. Dr. Pottinger will soon let us know all about it."

They were at the hall door by this time. The young man was very tenderly lifted from the carriage and borne upstairs. Mrs. Mason, the housekeeper, who, despite her years, was a mine of strength in cases of emergency, came at once. So also did Anne, and displayed a quiet presence of mind and competence to deal with the business which somewhat surprised Mr. Corbett, who had not known Anne as the Sister of Charity of the Irish country-side.

Pending the arrival of the doctor the young man was laid on a bed upstairs. After a little time the room was cleared and no one remained but Anne and Mrs. Mason. The two were excellent friends. Now they stood facing each other at the head of the bed, looking down at the silent figure.

"Miss Daly," said Mason, suddenly looking towards the young lady, "promise me he don't go to hospital."

"It doesn't rest with me, Mrs. Mason; but I am sure that Mr. Corbett does not at all intend him to go."

"It would be a burning shame if he were to be turned out of this house."

She spoke with a passion which made Anne look at her in wonder.

"Miss Angela, she says as how Mrs. Thrapston at the inn says the gentleman's name is Vallance," broke out Mrs. Mason, with the same curious intensity. "That woman Thrapston says more than her prayers. I don't know what name he calls himself by, nor I don't care. His right name is Sachevarell."

"Sachevarell! The people who owned this house? I thought the family had died out."

"So did everyone. Would I be serving Mr. Corbett, good master as he is, if I thought there was a Sachevarell on earth? To think of that woman, Thrapston, not seeing it! You'll excuse a liberty, Miss, but if you will walk into the picture-gallery and look at the picture of Mr. Humphrey Sachevarell that was page to Queen Henrietta Maria, you'll see that this young gentleman is the image of him. Many a time I've shown the picture to visitors, yet never thought to see it come alive in him."

Anne looked down at the close-cropped head, which had a suggestion that love-locks had grown there if they had been permitted,—the delicately pencilled eyebrows, the slight moustache with its little twisted ends. The face was in a very terrible repose now, but she could imagine its sweetness and vivacity when the eyes were open. The lips even now had a smiling graciousness; but the face was over-lean, almost haggard, the slight figure showed itself in angles that were almost emaciation.

"It is probably a chance likeness," she said, thinking that to Mrs. Mason's eyes a slight resemblance might count for too much, seeing that her thoughts were always with the Sachevarells. "The line is surely extinct."

"There was Mr. Anthony Sachevarell, the squire's youngest brother that went to foreign parts and never was heard from. The young man might be Mr. Anthony's son."

"Poor Mrs. Mason!" said Anne, with a tender compassionateness the old woman did not resent. "I believe you dream so much of Sachevarells that you read their likeness into a passing face. Why should the young man call himself Mr. Vallance if he was Mr. Anthony's son?"

"Far be it from me to say, Miss. I never questioned the actions of my betters. The likeness is there sure enough."

After the doctor had come and had given orders that the patient was to be kept in perfect quietness, Mrs. Mason's persistent belief recurred to Anne's mind, and she was curious enough to turn aside into the picture-gallery to look at the picture of Humphrey Sachevarell. The likeness was there sure enough, although the young man's shabby clothes had little in common with the white satin and pearls of the dark-faced page to Henrietta Maria.

She stood a few minutes before the picture gazing at it. The likeness was there, a delicate subtle likeness not altogether on the surface, something of expression rather, likely enough to escape an ordinary observer. But to her it was quite apparent. How odd it would be if the young man upstairs were really a Sachevarell, and had been brought home to the house of his people to live or die.

To live or die; for days the issue was doubtful. For days Anne went about with a little pucker of anxiety in her forehead, and saw her care-stricken air reflected in a shadow that lay over Angela's beauty like a dim veil.

While the issue was in suspense she had no time to think upon Mrs. Mason's obsession. Mrs. Mason was always in and out the sick-room, propitiating the trained nurses by her silence, and the humility, which was a new thing in her. Once speaking to Anne of the young man she called him "Mr. Humphrey."

Anne raised her eyebrows in a gently rallying way.

"Mr. Humphrey," she repeated. "But if it is not Mr. Humphrey after all? My poor Mason, what will you do then?"

"He would always be Mr. Humphrey to me," the old woman answered obstinately. "Gentle folk may have their own reasons for keeping their names dark, but a Sachevarell couldn't hide himself from old Mason. I wish Mr. Bradbury were alive now! Dear, dear, I'm twice the woman I were since I know there's one of the old family alive after all."

(To be continued.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY MEMORIES.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

In the North of Ireland when I was a child St. Patrick's Day and the Twelfth of July stood out as two red letter days in the year's history. The earliest idea of politics I got was from hearing party differences argued on these great anniversaries. Sometimes they were argued with sticks and stones, but at any rate there was always music, of a sort, in the air from morning to night. The first chance one had of deciding between orange and green was by listening to the bands. Having a tolerably musical ear I was not long in throwing in my lot with the party that went at a quick march to the tune of "Let Erin Remember" and "St. Patrick's Day," and other martial airs that I could not then learn the names of. The banging of drums and the flute-tooting which was supposed to represent the "Protestant Boys" and "The Boyne Water" were absolutely unattractive. Then the words of these and other orange songs that I heard were vulgar, barbarous and bloodthirsty, there was talk of "slitting and slaughtering Papists" and rolling them up in the orange and blue. The drum-heads moreover were splashed with blood, from the knuckles of the players, but not knowing that one got an impression that the processionists were fresh from a scene of massacre such as their songs described.

One air, one only played by an orange band ever touched my imagination or stirred my sympathy. The tune was "Auld Lang Syne," but in Ulster it is called "Derry Walls," or the "Prentice Boys," and the song sung to it is a really passable ballad on the memorable siege and relief of the Maiden City. It begins:

"Lord Antrim's men came down the glen,
With pipes and trumpets gay."

If they had gone on playing that, nothing but that, I might have been on the Orange side till I came to years of discretion at least; but there was no standing "Slit and Slaughter," or "Kick the Pope."

At a very early age I was called upon to enact the part of King James in a nursery version of the battle of the Boyne, and my sympathies after I had been thoroughly beaten were irretrievably attached to the losing side. A couple of Jacobite tunes played by the local militia were added to my repertoire, and I learned to have a heartfelt sympathy for the person so touchingly alluded to in them as "Bonnie Charlie," though with the vaguest idea as to who he was or why one should feel desolate and sad when any one sang "Will he no come back again?"

There was another tune which we heard played by the Patrick's Day processionists, and which we were told was altogether a "rebelly song," "The Rising of the Moon"—that stirring variant of "The Wearing of the Green," which became so well known in the sixties. It told not of the struggle between William and James by Boyne Water and Derry Walls; but of something that had happened quite lately, not long before we ourselves were born. Our old nurse told us about it and about one Patrick's Day of fear and trembling that she and the people she had lived with had put through. There was to be a rising, and it was planned to come off, she said, on the night before or after the seventeenth of March. The soldiers were waiting for it, the police were waiting, and loyal Protestants sat up the whole night long in fear and trembling. She was housemaid then with a country family, all ladies,

with no man about the house except some out door worker, some Catholic Pat or Mike, as likely as not to be in league with the conspirators, and to unlock bolts and bars to admit them. So the old ladies and their maids sat clustered together in an upper room, without fire or light, talking only in undertones, and ready at any moment for flight to a hiding-place they had in view. This was a loft, which could be reached through a trap door in the ceiling, and to which a ladder stood leaning and ready. They had taken off their crinolines to enable them to squeeze through the trap door. Once there was a panic when a startled peeweet went crying round the house. They thought its note was some signal or summons and made ready to go up into the loft. Our nurse who was ample in girth was ordered to remain to the last, as there was a danger of her not being able to squeeze through the opening in the ceiling. So in all that terrified party she was the most terrified of all. Morning at last dawned, and lo! the hills were white with snow. There was no news of a rising, but rumors came that the heavy snowfall had scattered the insurgents. They had not risen on that eventful St. Patrick's Day, so it was thought they were not now to rise at all. "The snowfall," our nurse said, "was specially sent from heaven to save good loyalists from the wicked Fenians."

This was an entrancing tale and as I listened to it my sympathies were all with the people out on the cold hills. Our nurse was something of a tyrant, and the picture of her flight up the ladder and her struggle in the trap door was quite delightful to the youngsters whom she held in awe. It was sad that the Fenians had not really come and chased her, and that they were so easily upset by one fall of snow. Yet perhaps it was all a false alarm, they had not meant to come that night at all but were waiting until there were more of them, enough to fight all the soldiers and police and orangemen in the country. I lived in hope to hear more of them, and meantime listened with glowing heart when on Patrick's Day the band marched past behind a green banner, to the tune of "The Rising of the Moon."

Time passed on, I was no longer entirely dependent for the foundation of my political beliefs on party tunes, or old women's tales. I could read, was fond of history books, and was just beginning to try to understand why people wanted to read the newspaper. Horrid dry reading it was, largely incomprehensible to the youthful mind. But one day I caught sight of a bit of news that attracted my attention, "Release of Fenian Prisoners." There had been some in jail ever since that St. Patrick's Day of the snowstorm, without doubt, and perhaps there were some still left.

A window of the school I went to looked out across green fields and a winding river to the walls of the county prison, a gray, grim, castellated structure, ivy-clad and picturesque. Perhaps there were some rebel prisoners in it yet. This was something to occupy my thoughts when I ought to have been working out sums. The arithmetic master moreover was a link between the school and the prison, for he came straight from it, being a clerk or official of some sort, glad to teach in a ladies' school to augment his salary. Once a really exciting thing happened. He rushed in to say that he could not teach that day, a prisoner had escaped. Warders and officials were wanted to join in the chase. Of course I hoped he was one of the imprisoned rebels, and for some time the prison and the fugitive formed the subject of eager expectations. Our teacher told how he and a warder had gone about the country in disguise, entering the Catholic houses in districts where

the prisoner was supposed to lurk. I don't rightly remember what the end of it was. Either the fugitive escaped to America, or I found out that he was only a thief, and was disillusioned.

But a more important episode was to follow. Hitherto I had read of rebels and heard much of "papists," but I had scarcely ever spoken to one. I looked at them across that great gulf of separation, which in Ulster separates orange from green. And though I had chosen to wear a sprig of shamrock on Patrick's Day I was still on the orange side of the gulf.

I was big enough now to ride a pony, yet not to be trusted on one alone. A boy was hired by the day to look after the stable and cow-house, and to run along holding a rein when we went for rides. We had different boys. One had been in the militia, and an under-groom to some one. He tried to teach me to sit up and hold the reins properly, but he did not stay long, getting a better job. After him came one who in comparison looked shabby and disreputable, a rough plain youth with a large mouth and gray green eyes. He had no ideas about riding, further than to cut wattles from the hedge and make the pony gallop like the wind, while he ran beside it. But when we trotted, or went softly, he whistled to himself. He whistled a tune I did not know yet. It was called "O'Donnell Aboo." Also he knew "The Rising of the Moon," and others that he danced jig steps to when we paused for breath at the top of a hill. Sometimes he seemed to forget about the riding, and went on dancing. I did not mind. It was very interesting. His name was Roddy with another that was very Gaelic, but which I don't think I should mention. It is enough to call him "Rory of the Hills." He was my first political instructor.

One day we passed a wall on which some one had chalked a hand and the motto "Home Rule For Ireland." He told me of the Red Hand of Ulster and that people were striving to get us a parliament of our own. I looked at the newspapers and saw something about it. The name of Isaac Butt was mentioned, and Shaw and Parnell. It did not appear to be very interesting or romantic, and the words "Home Rule" sounded as quiet and humdrum as the Temperance Band of Hope. And those connected with it—Shaw, Butt, Parnell,—had not such names as one would fancy for Irish chiefs and leaders. One with better possibilities struck me, the O'Conor Don. Here was a real Irish clan chieftain. I tried to make out what he meant when he spoke in parliament, but to no end.

Meantime I rode every fine day and Rory of the Hills ran along beside me and whistled "O'Donnell Aboo." I asked him a question now and then as I had done about Home Rule and got some information, but not much. One thing was plain—the Fenians were not all dead and done with. Perhaps Roddy was one himself. Certainly he looked the part and sang the proper tunes, but he would not talk Irish, and that was a disappointment.

One day at the turn of a country road we met two men who knew Roddy and stopped to talk to him. They stood about twenty yards away from me and the conversation was prolonged and eager. When it was over and they passed on their way, Roddy danced and whistled more gaily than ever. My curiosity was excited and I ventured a direct question,—"Are those men Fenians?" In return he gave me a glimpse into the political outlook. "There's word come," he said, "that we're to support Home Rule. There's a new young chap called Parnell comin' up now, and we're to do all we can for him. They think he is fit to do a lot."

"And there will be no Fenians any more?"

"Well, I'm not exactly saying that. We're to keep quiet and let him, that's Parnell I mean, do all he can manage about Home Rule, and anything else he likes, and when he finishes up his job then we'll come back and go on again."

"You're quite sure that they'll come back and go on again?"

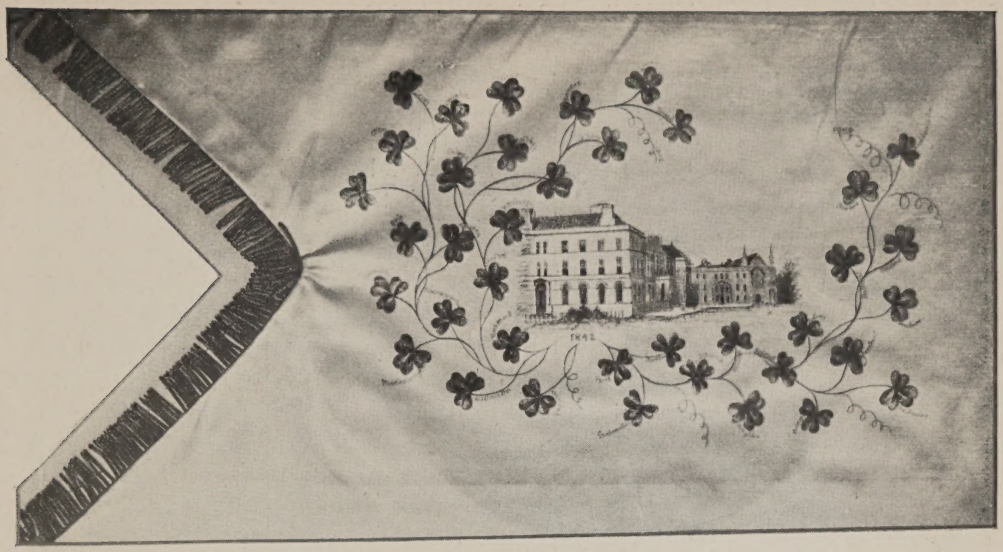
"Certain sure," and with that he made the pony trot on while he ran alongside, whistling valiantly the tune of "O'Donnell Aboo."

Looking back on the past I can now understand that the news my Rory of the Hills got from the two men on the road was of the new political era, introduced by what Mr. John O'Leary in his memoirs alludes to as "The New Departure."

My own political career was interrupted about this time by the removal of our family to the city of Belfast. In the schools and company I there mixed in the contest between orange and green was unknown, for the very good reason that such a thing as a champion of the Irish side was never seen or heard of. Rory of the Hills was left behind in "Tyrone among the Bushes." In all the studies that now absorbed my interest the history of Ireland was never heard of. From the only newspapers I ever saw I learned nothing of the Irish movement, more than that Parnell and his followers were encouraging murder and devastation. I don't think I had a scrap of pride left in Ireland, my rebel sympathies had turned into a sort of general democratic socialism and I had gone to London to finish my education. For the one St. Patrick's Day that I spent there a girl in Ireland sent me a sprig of shamrock. She sent it not in a box but in a book which she had picked up, and which she herself had not read. It was Part I of Charles Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland," and in it I was re-introduced to the Irish National movement, and I read of the work of Thomas Davis and his friends, Mitchell, Smith O'Brien and others.

My faith had now a foundation that could not be swept away, a more abiding basis than the emotion that had stirred at the old songs. I felt that for the first time I had a country, and on returning to it I devoted myself to the study of its history and language. In Dublin I found an Irish teacher, and a library which served me instead of a college. I read Madden's "United Irishmen," Wolfe Tone's Life, The History of Cromwell's Plantation and Owen Roe O'Neill's wars.

Through it all I have not forgotten that my first guiding light was "Rory of the Hills."



A JUBILEE SOUVENIR.

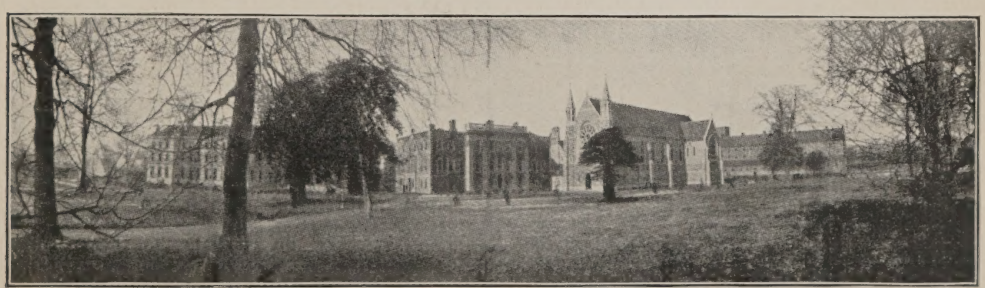
ALL HALLOWS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

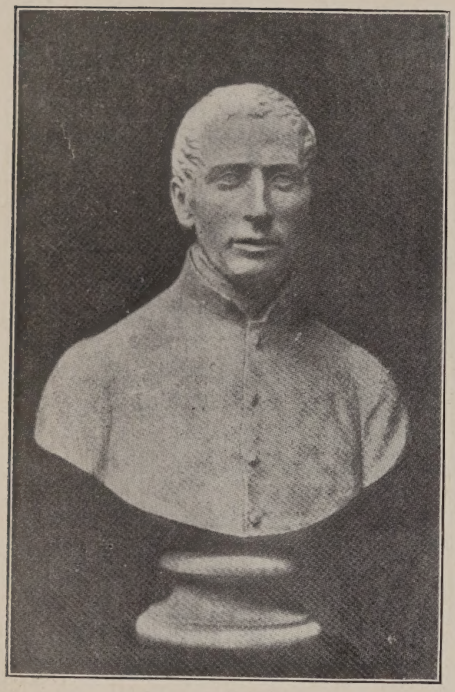
"Go ye forth and teach all nations."

"Possedant la langue de l'Angleterre sous être infectié de son hérésie, L'Irlande a une grande mission à remplir; nous vous supplions de nous aider a son accomplissement." —*Father Hand.*

One's first impression of All Hallows, on looking down upon it from the broad highroad lying to the north-west, on which the college gates formerly opened, is that of a grand old monastic structure with something almost mediaeval in the heavy stone masonry and the square stately tower which rises high above the greatest of many hundred trees. And yet, save for one exception, All Hallows is a comparatively modern building, or group of buildings, which had no existence sixty odd years back. The one exception is the old Manor House, built just one hundred and fifty-four years ago, which with its stables since demolished, formed the cradle bed of what is now the largest Foreign Missionary college in Ireland. Here on All Saint's Day, 1842, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was first offered up, in borrowed



ALL HALLOWS, 1902.



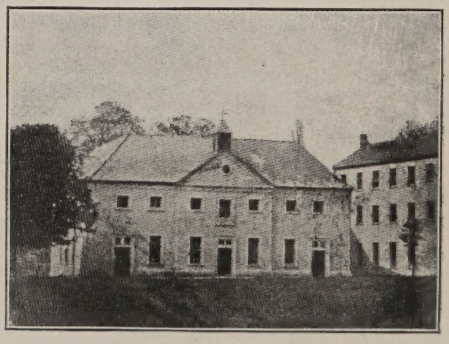
VERY REV. JOHN HAND, FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT, ALL HALLOWS.

vestments, by the Rev. Fathers Hand, Woodlock, and Murray; and the new college for Foreign Missions was formally opened as "All Hallows."

Many and great were the difficulties that had to be met and overcome by its pious founder, Father John Hand, before the advent of that joyful crowning of his unselfish labors. Born in 1807, at Oldcastle, Co. Meath, where his childhood was spent amongst scenes sanctified by association with the boyhood of the blessed Oliver Plunkett, Father Hand from the earliest age gave promise of great holiness and saintliness of life, and many are the stories told of his youthful and unusual piety, and of his charity and love for the poor. He was very talented and assiduous in his studies, which from the beginning had to be made under almost insurmountable difficulties. Being one of a large family, his father wished him to follow in his own footsteps and take up agricultural pursuits, and thus be a help to his parents in the bringing up of their other children. In vain did his loving mother, who understood better her son's tastes and aspirations, plead against this. For long years the father remained obdurate. Still, the boy continued his studies as best he could, and it is recorded that his brothers so loved him that they gladly did his share of the farm-work in addition to their own, in order that he might pursue his studies uninterruptedly and be spared the heavy labor of the fields.

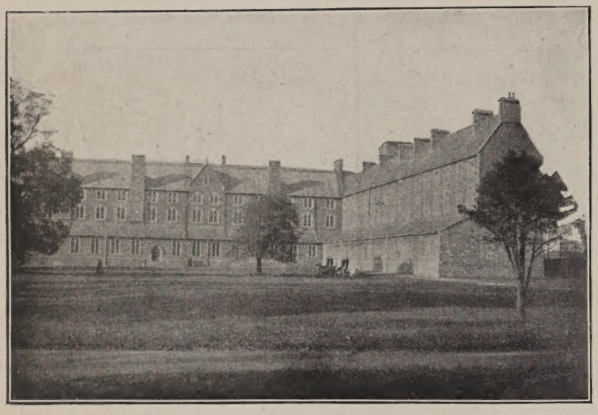
At length his father's obstinacy began to weaken. The advice and entreaties of the Rev. George Leonard, the pastor of Oldcastle—who from the beginning had taken a great interest in the boy's career—prevailed and he was allowed to attend a classical school at Oldcastle. Even then the father did not completely give up his own hopes, but insisted on his son doing a share of work on the farm each morning and evening, before and after the lad's long tramp to and from school. But borne down by the strength of his son's vocation, his obdurate determination at last gave in. It was finally arranged that the boy should go on a lengthened visit to an aunt at Kells, in order to attend the Seminary at Navan, eight miles from the former town.

Over these eight weary miles the lad



ALL HALLOWS IN FATHER HAND'S TIME.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN AT HIGH MASS IN ALL HALLOWS' CHAPEL.



THE SENIOR HOUSE.

tramped cheerfully each day for four long years, contented enough that he was deepening his studies and preparing himself for the life to which he aspired. At the end of that time, to his disappointment, he was not chosen, though he had always been first in his class, for the local concursus at Maynooth, owing probably to the fact that all along he had been an extern pupil. As a result he had to go home and remain there for a year under the humiliating stigma of apparent failure.

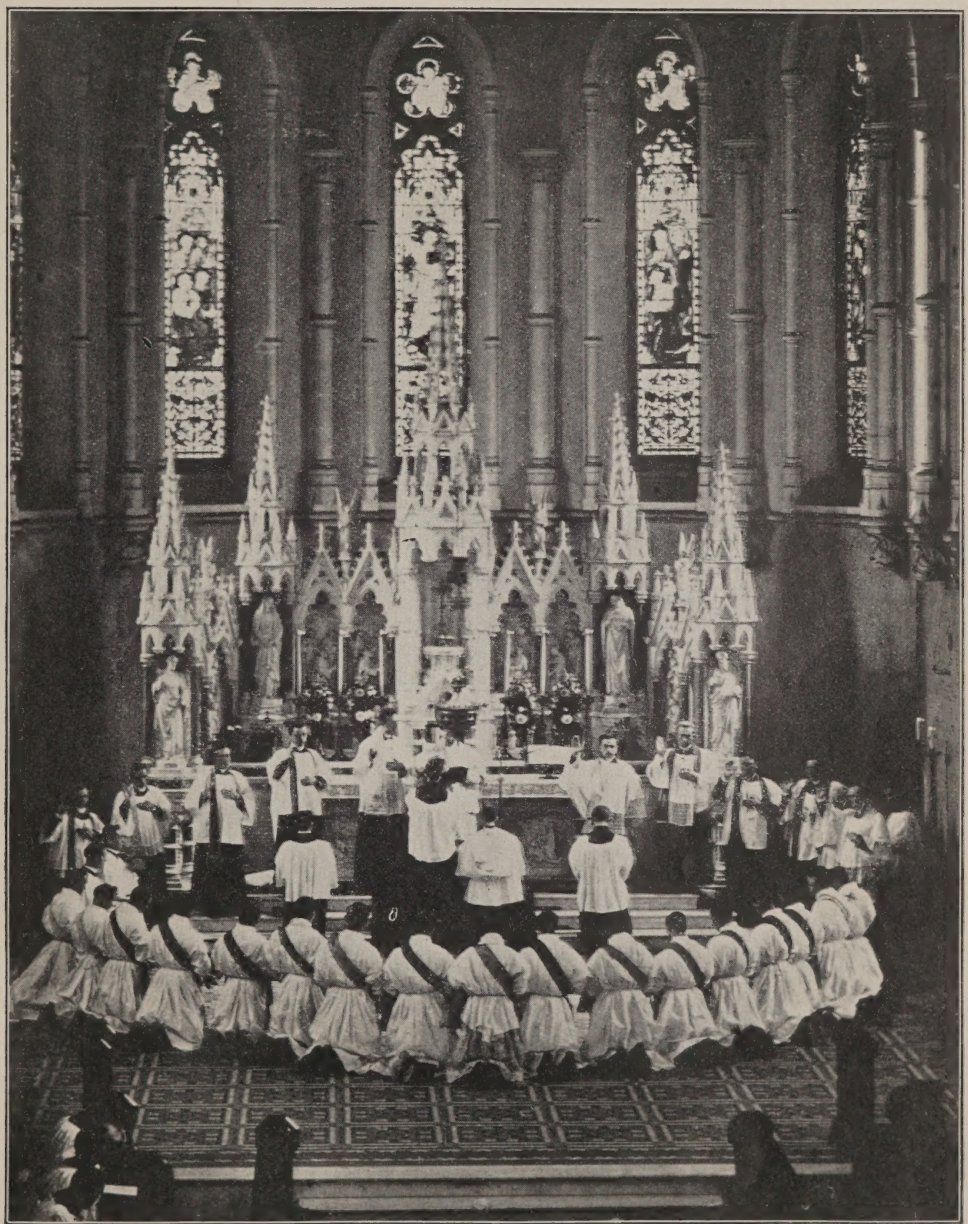
However, Providence was opening a way out of his difficulties. Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath, who had long noticed the talents of young Hand, obtained for him an appointment as assistant bursar at Maynooth. Here for four years he kept

THE MANSION HOUSE

the accounts and discharged the other duties of his office, at the same time passing through his theological course of studies with honorable distinction.

In 1835 he left Maynooth and joined a band of young priests who had formed themselves into a community at St. Vincent's, Castleknock, and who later founded a small church at Phibsboro' and a day-school at Ushe's Quay. They were the nucleus of the Irish Province of the Congregation of the Mission. Soon after his arrival at Castleknock, John Hand was ordained priest, and continued to live with the Vincentians for a period of seven years. During that time, in 1838, he was appointed by Rev. Dean Dowley to the care of their new church at Phibsboro', where he spent his days preaching and teaching, laboring and visiting amongst the poor, by whom he was greatly beloved, never losing a moment from four o'clock in the morning till late at night.

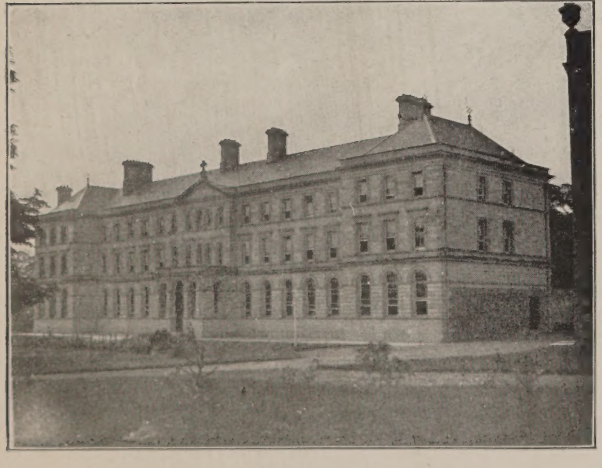
It was while at Phibsboro' that the noble idea first came to him of founding a college for Foreign Missions. One of the earliest branches of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith had been started at Phibsboro,' and entrusted to his care. He was deeply interested in the work of the Society, and soon became possessed by a desire to found a missionary college in Ireland, to carry the Catholic Faith to foreign countries, and to help the many exiled children of his own race, who appealed to him across the waters, as to St. Patrick, like "the voice of the Irish" calling.

But so humble was he, and so diffident of his own powers, that for a long time he feared to broach his project to any living soul. But when he at last took courage countless were the difficulties and objec-

THE RIGHT REV. DR. HIGGINS CONFERRING PRIESTHOOD.

THE CLASH OF THE "CAMAN."

tions that were pressed on him. One voice alone encouraged him, that of his own venerable archbishop, the Most Reverend Dr. Murray. Having obtained his approval and being encouraged later by more favorable opinions, as well as promises of support, from both clergy and laity, Father Hand took up his project now as a divinely appointed mission.

His first undertaking was to go to Rome to obtain the blessing and sanction of the Pope. On his way to Rome as well as on the return journey he spent some time at St. Sulpice, at Marseilles, and at Lyons, with a view to obtaining all information that would help him with his great undertaking. And so single-hearted and determined was he in promoting it that on his return to Ireland he had to confess that after his stay of four months in Rome he was still completely ignorant of all its treasures and antiquities. But for that he cared little, since on February 28th, 1842, a Rescript of Approbation was forwarded to Rev. Dr. Murray in which Father Hand is assured that "nothing could be better timed than the proposed establishment, and that the Holy Father Gregory XVI had himself most cordially given it his highest approbation." Cardinal Fransoni, Prefect of Propaganda, at the same time forwarded a first contribution of forty pounds.



THE JUNIOR HOUSE

Now began the weary and arduous task of collecting funds for the carrying out of his plans, a task which Father Hand fulfilled so thoroughly and unselfishly as to undoubtedly shorten the length of his own life. By every means in his power,—penny collections in the churches, personal trampings and begging expeditions through the cattle and other markets, many prolonged excursions into his own native diocese of Meath, which then as now, ever responded generously to that appeal,—he collected, between 1842 and 1846, a period of three and a half years, a sum of 7,500 pounds. His idea, which might in all probability have been realized had his life been prolonged by another few years, was to have made the college an altogether gratuitous place of education, with free places and burses; but this idea unfortunately is still far short of realization.

It would take up too much space here to tell of the many difficulties finally overcome, or of the care he displayed in the selection of the first professors of the college, all gifted men of great learning and no ordinary calibre. Amongst them, to mention only a few names, were Rev. Bartholomew Woodlock, Rev. James Ryan, Dr. Bennett, of the order of Mount Carmel, Dr. O'Brien, and Dr. David Moriarty, of Kerry, the last of whom was appointed by Father Hand, the Superior, as his successor at his death in 1846. Nor will we speak in detail of the men who came after them, save to say that Providence all along has seemed to endow the

STUDENTS PLAYING HURLEY IN SENIOR PLAY-GROUND.

college with directors and professors completely after the heart of its saintly founder.

Busy as Father Hand was with such preliminaries as the collection of funds and the selection of professors, he could not forget that a very important part of his project was the securing of a suitable site for his missionary college. Of the many places he cast his eyes on that which pleased him most was an old Manor House at Drumcondra, at the north side of the city, and almost overlooking the green banks of the historic river Jolka. This old manor, which stood on an elevation above the city and Dublin Bay, surrounded on all sides by pleasant lawns and gardens, and shaded by fine old trees, was situated sufficiently near to the city for convenience sake, while remaining at the same time sequestered enough for religious study and meditation. The Manor had passed through many strange visissitudes before being put to its present pious use. Built in 1750 by the Earl of Charleville, on the estate of his wife, the daughter and heiress of James Coqhill, whose family arms are still above the door "it is a stately building in Portland stone, and is surmounted by a handsome balus-

FATHER HAND'S GRAVE.

trade. The rooms on each of the three stories are paneled in oak, and open five en suite; the ceilings are good, and some of the chimney-pieces of beautiful design. In unusual proximity to the dwelling, but screened from it by a row of trees, stood the stables, a large remarkable block with groined roof on stone pillars*."

The new Junior House now stands on the site of the stables. These old stables were for many years "the very heart of the college. Within their walls wisdom was imparted, studies were pursued and sacred orders conferred." The upper stories were converted into dormitories, while the lower part was divided into three sections, the centre of which served as a chapel, and the others as class rooms. In the chapel, formerly a coach-house, Mass was offered daily and on one or two occasions Holy Orders was conferred by Rev. Dr. Murray.

To Drumcondra House, in the beginning of the last century, had retired, in a state of insolvency, John Claudius Beresford, one of Dublin's most famous, or infamous, citizens, well known for his cruel persecutions of the Catholics in 1798. He was captain of a yeomanry corps known as "Beresford's Bloodhounds," with which he tracked down the innocent victims of his hate, presiding afterwards at their torturings and hangings, pitch-cappings and burnings. Many an unfortunate "rebel" is said to have swung from the branches of a huge chestnut tree, known as "Pompey," in the grounds at Drumcondra House, where chestnut trees are plentiful and luxuriant. Afterwards the mansion was occupied by Sir Guy Campbell and his family. He was married to the younger Pamela, and so it came to pass that the same lawns which had been the scenes of so many horrors in Beresford's time, were afterwards a happy playground for the grandchildren of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Drumcondra House was the property of the Dublin Corporation, and it was to their mayor, Daniel O'Connell, that Father Hand went for advice and assistance as to the purchasing of the Manor. Daniel O'Connell had already contributed one hundred pounds to the fund for the proposed college, and he gladly gave Father Hand both help and encouragement. At the time many thousands of poor Catholics were emigrating. It was in the miserable days just preceding the Famine when many were already on the brink of starvation, and when the failure of the potato crop might mean death to millions. Those who fled in their thousands to America or other foreign lands did so unprepared and in poverty. It was for these poor banished refugees and their decendants that All Hallows and its priests were intended. Father Hand would send the soggarth with them to keep alive their faith and to sustain them in the troubles and temptations they must meet with. At this moment there are hundreds of Father Hand's missionary priests at work wherever the Irish are to be found, in the United States, in Canada, along the Pacific slope, in South Africa, in South America, in Australia. Seven of their number are bishops in Australia, and six others are among the consecrated prelates of the great Republic of the West.

The result of Father Hand's interview with the Liberator was that the Corporation gave him a lease for thirty one years of Drumcondra House, with its offices and grounds, containing about twenty-four Irish acres, at a yearly rent of £226 16s. od., sterling.

On All Saints' Day, 1842, as we have said, the new college was formally opened as "All Hallows." This name was taken by the direction of Archbishop Murray. The grounds in olden times, before the

*From "Houses Re-storied," by Sarah Atkinson.

plundering of the monasteries, and before Henry VIII. made a present of them to the Dublin Corporation, were the property of the Canons Regular of the Monastery of All Saints, which occupied the present site of Trinity College, and so it was like a partial restitution of stolen property to give back to the Manor its ancient name.

Father Hand had now to undertake the work of repairing and altering the place for the purposes of its new requirements. He rebuilt the dilapidated wall surrounding the grounds, the stables were transformed into useful and commodious apartments, and the Mansion House was given a large new wing of three stories, a plain unornamented building which still stands. It was from such humble quarters that All Hallows first sent out its ardent young apostles to the nations of the world. But the college thus established, amid so many difficulties, has fully justified its founder's faith and his confidence in Irish generosity. There are always zealous young students ready to devote themselves to the work of foreign missions, or to go in search of the lost sheep of Ireland. A year after its foundation the number of students was thirty-eight, in 1855 it had risen to a hundred, and in the sixties it grew to nearly two hundred, about the same number that the college at present holds, 185, or thereabouts.

Even still All Hallows is not equal to the needs and demands of foreign dioceses. These dioceses are very large, the Catholics are scattered, new stations and parishes have to be formed and supplied with priests, and gaps made by death or illness have to be filled up. In many cases the bishops are short of funds, and are unable to pay for students, so it comes that many anxious appeals are made to All Hallows for priests and burses that are still too scarce.

Father Hand was destined never to see the full measure of his success. In 1846, just as the shadow of the Famine began to darken the land, his health broke down. His many hardships and anxieties, his fastings, his weary tramp through the country on begging expeditions in all kinds of weather, all contributed to break down his constitution. His lungs were attacked. An effort to say Mass brought on a hemorrage and the end was not far off. On Ascension Eve, May 20th, 1846, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, the eleventh of his priesthood, and the fourth of his presidency, he passed to his rest. His children gather around his grave in prayer each anniversary of his death that they may be imbued with something of his apostolic fervor.

Who shall calculate the good that his missionary college has done amongst the Catholics of the world? In the poorer missions where Catholics are few and not wealthy enough to support a priest, and surrounded on all sides by a non-Catholic population, how great would be the danger to their faith if the bishops were not constantly opening new missions and widening the influence of Catholicity. Were it not for these missions many poor countrymen of our own, who had almost forgotten their religion, would never have returned to the ancient Faith. When questioned they will tell that they had not been able to go to Mass, that they hardly ever saw a priest, and so did not remember much about their religion. But "they had heard that their grandfather or father was a Catholic, and came from Ireland."

In Australia alone, where in 1835 there was but one rude shanty doing duty as a Catholic church, one bishop and three priests to attend to Catholic wants, there are now 1400 churches, twenty-nine prelates, and a thousand priests. Even among the aborigines, long considered hopelessly irreclaimable, the results of

Catholic missionary labors have been most remarkable.

The following testimony of the venerable Archbishop of Hobart to the work of All Hallows will be interesting:

"This diocese, in common with Australia, is under a deep debt to All Hallows College. It is hard to see how the Bishops of these new lands could have found priests for their wants, for the sudden emergencies of the past, were not All Hallows called into existence by Divine Providence at the opportune moment. And what the College did was more than seconded by the splendid spirit of the thousands who volunteered to enter its halls, in obedience to the call to leave home and kindred for ever in order to bear the strength and consolation of our holy religion to the pioneers of civilization in these southern lands. During the past fifty years more than two thousand priests have gone forth from the halls of All Hallows.

"Ireland's contribution in the choicest of her sons, and the immense sums of money she has poured into this greatest of God's enterprises, constitutes one of the most striking evidences of Catholic vitality. More than one-half of the annual outlay on the College comes from Ireland; the original purchase and the immense piles of buildings were supplied with only a small exception by Ireland. And then the outlay on the preparatory education of those who matriculate into All Hallows all comes from their parents in Ireland. Moreover, the outlay, which is very considerable again, right through their long course at All Hallows, comes from their parents. It is but a very moderate estimate to put the cost of each young priest to his parents at between £400 to £500."

And this, from Cardinal Gibbons, to select one more out of many:

"Whatever may be the unfortunate causes leading to the expatriation of the sons and daughters of Ireland from their soil, Almighty God has made exile subsidiary to higher, holier purposes, because He has made the Irish people the foremost among the missionaries the Church possesses throughout the world.

"Without any spirit of exaggeration I can say that, so far as the United States is concerned, there is not a town, city, or hamlet which has not been sanctified by the preaching of Irish Catholic priests, and has not been served by noble Catholic priests and women from Ireland. But for their labors and piety we could not today boast of the march of progress of religion in America."

All Hallows being founded exclusively for the education of young priests for the Foreign Mission, no students for the Home Mission can be received there, and here I may mention an interesting fact. It is one of the many difficulties that the directors have to face. When they have brought a student successfully through his course, and send him home to his parents a fully-fledged priest, it sometimes happens that the parents become possessed with a great desire to keep their new-found treasure at home in Ireland. This is very human and natural, but after all it is a difficulty easily overcome.

The yearly pension at All Hallows amounts to the very moderate sum of ten pounds. This amount does not include the cost of clothes, books, medicine, etc. For students of rhetoric the yearly pension is twenty-five pounds. Certain burses at the disposal of the directors are given to the students of most promise, provided they make a good examination in the various subjects. Candidates for admission to first year's philosophy have to undergo oral and written examinations in English, Latin, Greek, mathematics, Christian doctrine and music. Here we may mention that the Gregorian Chant and music of Palestrina and his school are most in favor in the little chapel at All Hallows. The subjects for admission to first year's theology are Latin composition, English composition, logic, metaphysics and ethics, algebra, geometry, plane trigonometry and natural philosophy. The course of theology extends over four years, and the study of Sacred Scripture, concurrently, over five. There are two years of mental philosophy, and one of those two years is also given to natural philosophy and chemistry. Among the languages Irish is not forgotten. There are also classes for sacred eloquence, elocution, etc.

For the present year the college officials are as follows:

President: Very Rev. James Moore, C.M; Vice-President: Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, C.M; Dean: Rev. Joseph Sheehy, C.M; Bursar: Rev. John Carr, C.M.

The list of professors includes the following names, many of them distinguished:

Very Rev. Timothy J. O'Mahony, D.D., D.C.L; Rev. Patrick Sexton, D.D; Very Rev. William Fortune, D.D; Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, C.M; Rev. John E. O'Flynn, C.M; Rev. Michael O'Brien, Rev. J. S. Sheehy, C.M; Rev. James Furlong, C.M; and Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell.

The new entrance to All Hallows is approached by a winding road, arched over by beautiful trees, and flanked on each side by high stone walls. This reminds the present writer of a remark once made by an old Irishman who spent most of his days in exile in Scotland. On returning to his native land he found fault with what he considered the selfish fashion in vogue about Dublin, and elsewhere, of surrounding demesne lands with high walls, so depriving passers-by of a view of the landscape and the beautiful grounds within. But in the case of All Hallows and other religious establishments, of which many abound in this veritable "Holy Land" of Drumcondra, there is surely every excuse for a fashion that makes for seclusion and freedom from worldly distraction. To some people at least those high demesne walls have a charm of mystery all their own, and it is a pleasant experience for a passer-by on a fine summer evening to hear across the wall the merry shouts and laughter of the students newly released from study and happily engaged in the very Irish games of hurley and hand ball.

On entering the lodge-gates one has a fine view of the many buildings which, from this side, present quite a modern appearance as compared with the view from the northern road. The handsome new Junior House, a great, oblong building in grey stone, stretches away to the left. In front of us stands the old Manor House, and a little to the right we see the newly-built, beautiful little church; and beyond that again another great pile of buildings, the Senior House, with one large wing stretching out at right angles to the rest.

On entering the Mansion House, where visitors are received, one is struck with its old world appearance; the great old-fashioned square hall, with its oaken paneling and wide open fireplace, the broad winding staircase, the lofty oak-paneled rooms on each floor, every one opening into one or two others. Each deep-set high window has a delightful window-seat below it, and the framings of doors and windows are all of carved oak. Here there is a little oratory where the Blessed Sacrament was kept in days gone by, and where Mass is still daily celebrated; here again, opening from the oratory, is a beautiful refectory for the use of the directors, with a long dining table set with austere neatness, the one touch of color, save for the pictures on the walls, being some beautiful Worcester plates which have probably been so long in the keeping of the college that their value is hardly remembered by its inmates. Passing from this we enter a library, a beautiful room with book-lined walls whose russet dullness is brightened by the thin line of gold making a framing here and there to the broad oaken panels.

All the rooms are hung with pictures, new and old. One little frame held some needlework of a unique design—"A Jubilee souvenir"—All Hallows itself, worked in silk, as the parent house, with a large spray of shamrock, each leaf of the shamrock, thirty-eight in all, representing

a branch house established in the various countries of the world. This interesting piece of embroidery was worked by the clever fingers of a nun in High Park Convent, Drumcondra, the grounds of which almost adjoin those of All Hallows. She is the daughter of a distinguished English statesman, a Protestant.

From the Mansion House one is led through an ancient passage underneath part of the old building till the handsome, lengthy new corridor connecting the Manor with the Senior House is reached. Here one must turn aside to visit the new big kitchen, a fine square apartment with white tiled walls and a red tiled floor, the centre of which is taken up with a snowy deal table of ample proportions. In the great caldrons huge joints of meat, suited to the healthy appetites of healthy young students who number themselves by the hundred, boil and bubble and send forth most appetizing odors. Then there are the immense ovens, and steamers where potatoes, beloved of all Irishmen, are steamed, never boiled, into tasty, delicious, veritable "balls of flour." Large doles of food, broken bread, meat, etc., which with the greatest economy in the world must otherwise largely go to loss in a place of such dimensions as All Hallows, where hundreds have to be catered for each day, are given away at the college gates and much appreciated by the many poor whom, especially in Ireland, "we have always with us."

Passing from the kitchen through many tiled passages we reach the large refectory devoted to the needs of the students. Here one is fairly dazzled by the number of little tables, little only as compared with the size of the room,—each to accommodate perhaps a dozen students,—with their plain snow-white cloths, their knives and forks and spoons innumerable, and the hugh water jugs of yellow delft flanking each end. Here too the walls are hung with beautiful pictures, some of them valuable old oil paintings. One especially, "Our Lord taken down from the Cross," by the Irish painter Barry, was pointed out to us as a splendid specimen of "foreshortening," but did not seem to us otherwise remarkable. More impressive, to the writer at least, was another large painting of almost the same subject by Mouchy, "The Taking down from the Cross," a fine picture, occupying almost the entire end wall, and in some measure a gift to the college from one of its directors and benefactors, Mr. Bedford.

Farther on we visited the Senior Library, then inspected the many class rooms before retracing our steps to visit the Junior House, and chapel. The Junior House is planned on much the same lines as the Senior, with a series of dormitories occupying the up-stairs portion, and the lower floor taken up with class rooms, an oratory, a library, and a school of physics, the latter being largely the gift of the generous Mr. Bedford. Here, it being midwinter, we noticed that the Junior House, less lucky than its elder brother, still lacks heating apparatus, the funds of the college being as yet unequal to coping with so much expense.

The church, replacing the old college chapel which was burnt down in 1895, was formally opened by His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, on the feast of All Saints, 1898. The celebrant of the High Mass was the Rev. Dr. O'Mahony, a brilliant professor who has been connected with the college for the past twenty-five years. Among those present were three other professors who have been long attached to the institution; the highly-cultured Henry Bedford, M.A Cantab,—formerly a distinguished English Protestant clergyman and one of Cardinal Newman's converts,—who has long been both a director and a benefactor of All Hallows; the gifted Dr. Fortune, who was president of the college for the long period of

twenty-five years, and the venerable Dr. Woodlock who in company with Father John Hand took so energetic a part in the founding of the college and in looking after its later welfare.

The new church is a beautiful cruciform structure, with high altar, semicircular in shape, raised, encaustic-tiled sanctuary, lofty ceiling and exquisite rose windows, carved stalls and chaste marbles, handsome organ and side altars. Seldom if ever has the writer visited a church which gave one an impression of such intense beauty in evey detail. The photographs given of the interior of the church give little idea of the reality, as apparently they were taken when the church was newly erected and as yet undecorated.

Outside, the green, well-kept lawns and playgrounds,—there are separate playgrounds, ball alleys, etc., for each house,—the handsome shrubs and the rich foliage of the trees, the leafy chestnut and copper beech, make a delightful setting for the church and its handsome suite of grey cut stone buildings. Altogether All Hallows is a most interesting and attractive place, and well repays a visit, a fact which is fully appreciated by the many bishops and priests, of its own nurture or otherwise, who annually cross the seas from all countries to visit or revisit.

The great event of the year at All Hallows is the visit of His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, who on the appropriate anniversary festival of All Saints, comes to preside at High Mass, and afterwards graciously remains to join the "festive board." Then in addition to the ordination of priests, distributions of prizes, etc. there are many interesting breaks in the tedium of the studious year, an occasional Shakespearan play performed by the students, or a lecture given by some learned and noteworthy divine, among them, Father M. Russell, S.J. (to mention a name well-known to readers of DONAHOE'S). Then there are literary and debating societies attached to each house. Of great interest also is the little publication "The All Hallows Annual," which contains not only an account of the yearly events and happenings such as the visit of some great prelate, the departure of a favorite professor, the appointment to some vacant see of one of their number; perhaps, alas! the untimely death of one but lately gone from among them—but a very great deal that is of more than average interest to many in the outside world as well. Of such are the many letters from past students, across seas, telling of their labors and experiences in the great wide world, trying to widen the influence of the Church, or to bring back some poor lost sheep of their own faith to the safety of the Catholic fold.

The missionary in some out of the way place has to be everything, adviser, secretary, law-giver, arbitrator, as well as priest, to the scattered exiles of his own country. Here for instance are some of the things that one All Hallows man was expected to do during the South African war. To find quarters for newly arrived Catholic refugees, to hunt up lost brothers or sons or husbands, to write home for them, to be their banker, to be, in a word, everything an Irish Catholic soldier expects a priest to be "when the guns begin to shoot," and death stares him in the face. The following is an extract from a letter written to the "All Hallows Annual" by the same missionary priest.

On Saturday I received a wire from Cape Town from the Bishop: "Expect transport. Many Catholics for sacraments." After considerable running about I found she was due on Sunday morning, and if I could catch the launch after Mass, a permit from the Base Commandant would be given to me to bring me out to the roadstead. I just caught the tug as she was leaving the wharf, and went out in her to the anchorage. There lay the "Kildonan" at anchor, with two thousand men on board—four hundred and fifty 3rd

Leinsters, all Catholics but one or two, and one hundred of the Dublin Fusiliers. They were to land early next morning, and entrain at once for the front, and all wanted to go to confession. A Protestant officer at once offered me his cabin on the upper deck, and I will never forget the sight of these men crowding round the cabin door, kneeling on the deck, with only the blue sky above them and the deep blue waters of the Indian Ocean around them and in the distance the sandy shores of Africa, where so many of them were to find a grave. I began the confessions at eleven in the morning, and finished a few minutes before midnight, with only a short break or two for a mouthful of food. I have been many years on the South African Mission, and never yet missed my Office, though, perhaps, there were occasions when I might have excused myself. I missed my Vespers and Compline that day; but I hope the Recording Angel blotted out the entry even while he made it. Three Catholics died on the way out, unconsoled by their religion, and the rest would probably never have met a priest, and have died without the sacraments away on the veldt had I missed the tug that morning.

And this, from his experience in the hospitals, where in addition to the sick and wounded from the war were others, attacked by an even more deadly enemy—enteric fever:

"It was hard work and pitiful, yet full of consolation. One could almost tell the Catholic by the longing eyes cast on you as you walked the line of beds, and often feverish hands had torn open the shirt, and the scapular—sometimes even a rosary—told the religion of the sufferer better even than the card at his bedside which gave the name, religion, and regiment of the sick man."

We will finish with the following more cheerful extract from the same letter, a humorously described incident indicating the necessity for All Hallows students to make the most of their opportunities of learning foreign languages.

"A Spanish muleteer came to my confessional one Saturday night, and blessed himself, and talked and struck his breast. I didn't quite know what to do, for my theology is a bit rusty, and, I fear, we have to do many things here that Gury makes no provision for. I did the wrong thing anyhow, for I found out that night that he was one of a number landed from a mule transport from South America, that he was penniless and hungry, and was really thumping his bread-basket when I thought he was thumping his breast. He had made the round of all the confessionals, so I discreetly said nothing about what I had done. The other priests were equally discreet. A little Spanish would have come in useful that night."

A CHANCE OF HAPPINESS.

BY MARGARET FRANCES CHADWICK.

A quarter of a century ago, when we who are middle-aged were young, a certain little circle of friends were familiar with a quaint, plain-looking, but most lovable, young fellow. He was ever a welcome guest at the houses of his friends, where he had a standing invitation to dinner every day in the week, if he chose to drop in; but a more especial one for Sundays, on which blessed day of rest, as *he* called it, the shackles of business thrown aside, he gave himself up to what he deemed earth's highest felicity, the quiet peace of the family circle.

The best of men, this Clement Dunne, richly endowed with all virtues that ensure a bright hereafter, gentle, pious, generous to a fault, his warmest admirer could not claim for him personal attractiveness. Nature had evidently framed him with a careless hand, and omitted the graces so often bountifully bestowed upon the undeserving.

He was undersized, meagre in figure and undeniably prim, with a nondescript complexion, and eyes of a stony gray; indeed, a good set of teeth, and a sleek, well-set, well-groomed head, alone redeemed him from positive ugliness.

Added to which deficiencies, this poor Clement was an anachronism, a stranded remnant of another time, utterly out of harmony with the up-to-date youths about him, to whom he was little more than a subject for merciless ridicule, especially in regard to his decidedly peculiar manner of dressing. For if ever man was born with an absolute genius for arraying himself strangely, Clement Dunne was certainly that individual; and it was a standard joke, even among his friends, that the only presentable hat he had ever been seen to wear was one left behind in a restaurant in place of Clement's singular headgear.

"Oh that rascal!" he would say, laughing gleefully, when referring to the victim of the exchange. "I tell you, he is one of the few people I ever found it hard to forgive. Knox! I don't care whether it was a *Knox*—or a *high cockalorum*, I didn't feel like buying a *new* hat; and yet, I tell you, I never felt as if my head was covered while I wore that thing."

What was to be done with such an incorrigible as this? Travel only seemed to confirm him in his oddities, as he seemed blessed with a talent for assimilating other people's eccentricities, in addition to his own, and returned from each of his frequent journeys with a fine, new stock of peculiarities.

But poor Clement! These trifles are only dwelt upon in an effort to show the man as he was, and also because trifles as they were, they had such a pathetic bearing upon his later life. His character and disposition were above reproach. Men might smile at him, but one and all respected him, and as with "Sentimental Tommy," forbore their so-called *piquant* jokes, until he had closed the door of the smoking room behind him.

Women trusted him implicitly, pitied him, asked his help in difficulties. Relatives sent for Clement in any dire trouble, whether it was death or sickness, or even disgrace—though they occasionally forgot to ask him to their very smartest parties. But children sincerely loved him, with a love requited by angelic patience.

"It is a pity," he would say, wistfully gazing after a noisy group, as they thronged reluctantly to bed—leaving their friend sadly damaged as to collar and hair, but serene as to temper—"Yes, it's a pity they should ever grow up; there's nothing so beautiful as an innocent child. *Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.* Somehow I can never read those words without a lump in my throat."

In those days of our old friendship Clement's business necessitated frequent journeys, from one city, old world and quiet, to another large and busy, and as he never remained any length of time in either he generally lived in lodgings, or stayed with friends, as the case might be.

It was while seeking a new boarding house in the former quiet place that he lighted on the oddest of obsolete mansions; yellow in color, dingy in tone, and built so as to have its front door open on a queer little green, about which a collection of fantastic-looking little cottages clustered as in a child's toy farm.

Recognizing in the architect of this strange house a kindred soul, addicted to the unusual, Clement Dunne had entered in, been smitten at once by the Rembrantesque appearance of a small nut-brown French-Canadian landlady, and had engaged there and then two sunny rooms, opening upon the green aforesaid and commanding a very perfect view of the little house over the narrow way.

And here he lived, tranquilly, quite unaware of the interest he soon began to excite in a mild little bosom opposite, behind a modest pair of spotless frilled curtains, or how a pair of eyes, brown in color and sweet in expression, watched his out-goings and in-comings with an intensity, which, like the little peach in Eu-

gene Field's song—grew, and grew, and grew.

Beginning with the early morning, the owner of the brown eyes, Helen Stanton by name, saw him at the daily Mass, in the church a block or so away, kneeling piously, upright, before Our Lady's statue, in that quiet corner where the stained window above often crowned him with a parti-colored halo; again at noon, when he marched blithely and briskly up the street to luncheon; and, last of all, in the evening, when, with work accomplished, work which nearly always included deeds of kindness, and oft-times renunciation, he returned, alert as ever, and with the never say die air strong upon him, with which he was wont, as his intimate friends knew, to cover up the failures and disappointments of the day.

All days, thus, this quiet unobtrusive man became interwoven with the life of his little neighbor opposite, and Clement would have been indeed astonished at this romance *about* him—and built on so slight a foundation. Astonished at first; then gradually accustomed to the idea, until he, in his turn, would have grown to watch the house opposite, and to *miss* the dainty little person who was always so solicitous about the canary on the balcony when Clement chanced to be due at his lodging.

But fate so managed it that he walked by in supreme unconsciousness day after day, opening the door with his latch-key, never lingering for a moment on the steps or giving himself any opportunity of studying neighborhood or neighbor. What was more cruel still, he emerged from time to time, bag in hand, equipped for a journey, and jumped blithely into a waiting cab, leaving the brown-eyed maiden to long days of depression, days in which her neglect of the canary must have given that songster a problem to solve.

Alas, poor child! She had even to reproach herself that she missed Clement at Mass, and tried to balance things with her own conscience by forbearing a glance at the multi-colored corner. As the days sped by the thought of his probable return revived her hope, and it seemed worth while again to practise simple little songs which he might some day hear or sing. Stranger things had happened.

What his destination, who his friends in the place to which he journeyed, she often wondered.

Just as well for her peace that she was left in ignorance, for oddly enough this quaint vis-a-vis of hers, who lived in this quiet out-of-the-way spot such a dull and uneventful life, no sooner arrived in the great distant city, whither business always and inclination sometimes called him, than he entered upon an altogether different existence.

Circumstances generally and a pleasant circle of relations threw him at once into a round of social gaiety, which though he would not seek, neither would he shun. This house in which he was accustomed to stay was the merriest of homes, the sort of house where people dropped in and were tempted to linger in the genial atmosphere, where clever talk and bright young people made the daily dinner a veritable "party" all the year round.

Clement was contented as was his pious wont with the hum-drum existence left behind, but he was something more than contented with the roseate life, which Duty, kind for once in a way, was allowing him to lead in this happy land of home.

So while brown-eyed Helen stitched memories of him into her embroidery and thought of him as she sang, Clement danced, primly and quaintly, it is true, but yet *danced* and joined in the choruses and bowed before bright eyes.

Ah yes! that was the trouble, most profoundly before *one* pair of bright eyes in particular.

Has it ever struck, and in so striking, appalled anyone else, the simply incom-

prehensible conceit, or blindness, self-satisfaction, or whatever it may be called, which distinguishes certain, plain, unattractive men, who take it for granted, or seem to, that the one thing necessary to a successful courtship is *his* inclination. His disappointment at a finale so often fatal to his hopes is apt to be disastrous to a man of this stamp. It is a thing he can never understand.

Thus Clement, only moderately well-off, such as we have described him as to appearance and manner, chose for some occult reason not only to fall in love with a decidedly bright particular star, but also to seek to wed it.

She, accustomed to unbounded attention and accepting it all unquestioningly as her royal due, smiled on Clement, as she smiled on dozens, occasionally graced his oft offered theatre parties, wore his violets now and then, and graciously allowed his roses to bloom upon her drawing-room table, singing to him as a recompense, when there was no one about who mattered, and sending him home always, well content.

"One can't go about making oneself detestable," she pleaded afterwards, when a reproving friend was giving her a lecture on her flirtations. "I was always taught to be nice to people, in the days of my youth; and I can hardly be blamed if men are stupid and absurd."

He had been reasoned with too, and had answered his wise-acre friend by an amused, confident smile. He knew her. Yes; that was the difference, and they didn't, that is, all the rest of the world. "How could they misjudge her so?"

"Yes, he had doubted," he would acknowledge, "whether she would care to live in Cornwall. It was quiet, there was no denying, for a girl like her. Yes, perhaps, even dull. But (the smile grew positively triumphant) "she had confided to him lately with such a sweet, serious look in her eyes that she was fearfully tired of society, and had literally taken a vow not to go out next winter. She had so often been really almost forced to go to things—great, tiresome dances and dinners, and those wearisome, dreary things when you know she was actually pining to sit at home by the fire with a book."

All this, and more, our guileless Clement confided in a letter to his friend and mentor, at the same time asking her to look at a certain house, picturesquely but unfashionably situated, which he considered would be an ideal home for this "queen of girls," should all turn out well. With which concession to the possibility of a refusal, he wound up his epistle, adding in a postscript his intention of "running up" for a day or two should business permit, when he could explain matters more thoroughly.

Accordingly a week later the deserted maiden on the balcony, listlessly watering her plants, suddenly brightened and dimpled at the sight of Clement Dunne, descending from a cab at quite an unwonted hour, mounting the steps of his lodging house, as usual, but with this difference, that on this occasion he had evidently forgotten his key and was obliged to await the opening of the door.

In this short space of time, as he stood looking smilingly around, his eyes fell upon the little tableau opposite.

Just the very sort of home picture he had so often expatiated upon—a gentle, simple girl, happy among her flowers and pets. What can be prettier and more attractive to a weary man?

Well! it is possible that if Clement had never seen that deluding will-o'-the-wisp, the "queen of girls," that swift, upward glance might have changed the whole tenor of his life. The sight of this fresh, modest daisy, blooming brightly enough in this somewhat arid neighborhood, might have had its charm, from very force of contrast.

As it was, Clement was pleased by the picture, and remembered it; but his door

was opened, and Helen Stanton went down to breakfast elated and happy, being of the easily satisfied, who, by the way, seldom get much out of life.

It seems incredible that for the weeks following this slightest of episodes, this poor deluded maiden walked on air, going about her manifold duties, singing somewhat sentimental songs to herself, and looking so cheerful, so alert, that her mother regarded her with a puzzled air, wondering if anything unusually pleasant had occurred at either of those two "little evenings," at the homes of two of their neighbors.

How intent Helen seemed, for instance, on finishing up her new gray dress which had been lying rather neglected in her cupboard, and in remodelling her last summer's best hat into a thing of beauty.

"She must expect something, or someone," pondered her mother, as she sat knitting at her window. "Strange she doesn't tell me what it is that interests her."

"Surely, I will meet him, somewhere," thought Helen, and waited, little guessing how close at hand such a meeting was.

Like many of the ex-pupils of a convent a few blocks away, she was in the habit of going to Benediction in the convent chapel on Sunday afternoons, and there was generally a pleasant little reunion in the salon after the service—of nuns, pupils and a few privileged outsiders, patrons of the school, who found a great charm in this peaceful atmosphere.

On the Sunday following Clement's return, Helen, clad in the new dress and rejuvenated hat, went to the convent and was sitting with her particular friend, Mother Angelique, in the pretty drawing room, when she was electrified by the sudden apparition of Clement himself, accompanied by the Mother Superior, with whom he seemed on the best of terms.

"Ah! there is dear Mr. Dunne," cried Mother Angelique, rising to greet him; "back again from New York. To stay, we hope, this time. No. Now that is too bad. You are forgetting poor Cornwall altogether, I fear."

"You know Miss Stanton, do you not, Mr. Dunne?" asked Mother Superior, leading him towards the bewildered Helen. "Yes, she is one of the very dearest of our ex-pupils, and, Mr. Dunne, Helen is so old a friend of our convent that I think you should know each other."

"It seems to me that I have already seen Miss Stanton," Clement said gallantly, with one of his obsolete bows. "Unless I am mistaken, you are the young lady who is so attentive to her flowers and bird on the balcony opposite my lodgings."

Helen said: "Yes, she thought she had seen Mr. Dunne in King street," then blushed to think how much and how often she had looked out for his coming, which blush Clement thought quite fitting and natural for a young girl meeting a young man for the first time.

Mother Angelique sighed. She always suspected her dear Helen of a vocation —and, Mother Superior, woman of the world, in its best sense, smiled. Helen had no vocation. Then what better fate than marriage with this paragon young man?

And she, for her part, was delighted to see the young people go quietly up the street together as they departed homewards. Clement, always a willing squire of dames, asked permission to pilot her to her door.

On the way thither they talked a good deal of Helen's invalid mother, about whom the nuns had been telling Clement.

"I should so like to come to see her," he said, as they parted at the tiny gate. "I always feel the better for a talk with such a sanctified soul as she must be. I am going away for a day or so, but I hope you will allow me to call on my return," with which, and a shake of the hand, cordial on Clement's part, timid on

Helen's, they parted. It was their first and last meeting.

Helen went upstairs, confident that her romance had begun, whereas it had ended.

"He seems a gentlemanlike young fellow," her mother said, as Helen explained the unexpected appearance of a cavalier on the scene.

"Oh yes, mother, he is a cousin of the Gregory Dunnes, who used to live in the gray house on Morton street."

"Indeed? He ought to be very nice, then, for they were a charming family. Everyone was sorry when they went away."

"And he has asked to come to see us? Well, me then, if you like. It is kind; so few young people remember the old. Oh, dear Helen, I often wish that you could go about a little more. Life has been so dreary for you, but I suppose God ordains that like all the rest. I will be very glad if this Mr. Dunne does come—I think we would like him."

Well! Clement's intimate friends remember all the rest with some bitterness; because, in spite of all his oddities, his like wasn't to be met with every day in this sordid world.

Of course he went back to New York, true as the moth to the enticing flame. Indeed, every moment seemed an hour—as he frankly confided to the friend who had done her best to save him—till he saw her again. But he had at last reached the brown-stone house, which contained his treasure, and had rung at the bell fearlessly, with no shadow of misgiving in his honest heart.

As it chanced, his adored one was drinking tea with one or two special cronies, and catching a glimpse of her odd admirer through the filmy screen of the curtains, she put a warning finger on her lip to silence the chatter and told the servant to say: "Not at home."

"I must see her," he reflected, as he walked away, quite unconscious that three pairs of amused eyes watched his departure. "Yes, a definite appointment will be better. I will go straight to the office and write to her."

How his hand trembled as he wrote the note and what innumerable sheets of paper he wasted; all this he told afterwards. But the note was closed at last and despatched by a messenger.

Then came the waiting. It wasn't pleasant, and left poor Clement somewhat drawn and tense and feeling as if he had been doing some very hard work which had worn him out. And then the boy came back, a "messenger of the gods," summoning our hero to an interview at five, at which hour she "hoped he would come and have a cup of tea," and she sincerely trusted his trip had benefited him, as she had not thought him looking at all fit when he went away, which was kindness itself, and in nowise prepared him for the fate awaiting him.

She was standing at the fire when he arrived, her arm resting on the mantel shelf—such a beautiful, unconscious, attitude, he said—and wore a long, trailing black robe. Clement was always in a state of mystification as to the name of woman's clothes. She came forward: "Really as if she was glad to see me," he said, "and made me sit near her by the fire.

"How could she?" he asked, when thinking it over. "Why I couldn't have acted in that way to any person whom I meant to hurt.

"But it was just her way, and I see now that what I thought was for me alone was for the others as well.

"Perhaps they were wiser; but, at any rate, she deceived me. Not intentionally, you know, but just because I was stupid and blind.

"I think they trained her to that sort of thing; made it seem the right thing to do—to make friends at any cost.

"Yes; it's hard, but it's a useful lesson. I'm done forever with all this," pointing

to a little heap of letters and trinkets nearby; "I shall, I think, put on the silver ring of the celibate, and as one good, old Irish woman says—'make my soul.'"

"As if you hadn't always been doing that," said the friend, huskily.

"It will leave time for other things," Clement said, gazing dreamily out of a moonlit window. "More work, more charity, more praying, lonely people one may go to see who are a little comforted by one's coming.

"No, I have no shadow of feeling against her. There is not one of us poor human beings who should dare to withhold forgiveness, and bless you, why should I grudge her happiness just because I missed it?

"But I'm done with earthly love. I laid that with all the rest of my burdens, before the Sacred Heart, the night I got back, and I seemed to get all the strength I need for the rest of the way—God knows best; oh God knows *best!*"

. . . . . .

"It was a real misfortune that luckless love affair of his," Clement's friend said sadly on a melancholy autumn day, some months later, as a little group of his friends, just returned from his funeral, stood talking of their lost friend.

Thoroughly run down and out of sorts he had fallen an easy victim to a cold contracted on one of his hurried railway journeys, and had died of pneumonia, in exile, so to speak, far from old associations and kindred.

"Singularly unfortunate in his case, indeed, for never was there man who rated home so highly and longed so for the settled peace of his own fireside. I had always hoped that he would meet some girl who could really care for him and make for him a home-life as happy as he deserved. Instead of which he was, as he used to say sometimes when his loneliness pressed heavily upon him, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

"A gentle, affectionate woman's love would have made an earthly paradise for him, but—it was not to be."

So ended Helen Stanton's pathetic little attempt at a romance. The dotted curtain hangs motionless over the window of her little sanctum. Why should she look out any more? The days go by with no outward difference, but always saddened by the memory of a far-off grave, on which quiet Helen scatters flowers of remembrance, as she kneels in the bright corner, near Our Lady's statue, and says her fervent prayers for the soul of Clement Dunne.

INCIDENTS OF PILOT LIFE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

It seems incredible, in recounting tales of peril at sea, to say that many of the pilots cannot swim; but such is the case. Among the number is a pilot in the New York harbor fleet, who has been in the service nearly fifty years. On twelve different occasions he has been overboard. Once, when he was capsized, he clung to the boat three-quarters of an hour before he was rescued, and about once in every five minutes the yawl rolled over, flinging him and the boatman from the slippery keel. When picked up he was unconscious. This pilot has been capsized many times in the yawl, he has fallen from the ladder, and more than once he has been washed overboard.

"Providence saved me," he says. "It

is a dog's life, but maybe, after all, I'll die in bed." His brother was one of the pilots lost with the Columbia.

In the old days, when liners were not particular about stopping to pick up a pilot, the Blunt was in charge of Captain Joe Henderson, now dead. He was an excitable fellow, but one of the best seamen that ever handled a wheel. When he found out that the steamers would not stop of their own accord, he made up his mind to change all that. He was at the mast-head, watching, one afternoon, when he sighted a big liner. In his excitement he threw up both hands, and naturally tumbled head over heels to the deck. He broke both his legs, and a few planks in a yawl boat; but after studying the situation two months on a hospital cot, he had his scheme arranged.

"Here, gimme that wheel," he cried the first time he was at sea. The incoming liner was a Frenchman out for a record. The Blunt had her signal set, but the big vessel kept on, ignoring the bobbing pilot boat.

"Stand by to go about!" roared Henderson, and with that he shot the Blunt into the wind, directly in the path of the oncoming steamer. At this manœuvre, there was wild excitement both on the Frenchman and the pilot boat, but Henderson stuck grimly at the wheel. The liner managed to sheer off in time to dodge the Blunt, but, as she went by, she helped herself to the schooner's main boom. Further on, she halted, and Henderson, jumping into the yawl, calmly boarded her. On another occasion he tried the same trick with the loss of his bowsprit; but after a while the steamship captains discovered his trick, and kept off when they saw him.

All sorts of ways were tried by some boats to attract the liners' attention, but the British steamship Maryland bears the distinction of being the only one to report a pilot for this cause. In May, 1895, the Maryland, bound from Swansea to Philadelphia, lost her bearings and wandered down the Long Island coast. In a dense fog she was moving along just eastward of the Hook, when boat No. 21 heard her.

"Guess she needs a pilot," said the boat-keeper calmly, and with that he touched off a life gun.

A moment later, the Maryland came clattering through the fog, and Pilot Devlin, in the yawl, went alongside.

"Want a pilot?" he asked.

Over the rail stared the purple face of the captain. He was spluttering with rage, and at the query he shot forth a bewildering storm of abuse, calling down upon the pilot's head all the calamities of the sea. Then he plowed away, and on arriving at Philadelphia reported the boat for firing a gun. He said he had been taken far out of his course, thinking that she was in distress.

RESCUES BY PILOTS.

But there have been times when deep sea masters have been very glad at the sight of pilots and their boat. There was the ill-starred Oregon, which sank off Fire Island in March, 1886. She was a fine steamer, only about two years old, and had broken the record across the Atlantic. Near the end of her last voyage, as she came up the Long Island coast before daybreak, she was struck amidships by an unknown coal schooner. Terribly injured, she made for the beach; but, finding herself sinking, she came to a stop and put out her boats. Three hundred and fifty of her passengers were taken aboard the Phantom—the same boat lost two years later in a blizzard. One of the proudest possessions of the New York Pilots' Club is an oil painting, drawn from an accurate description, that shows the Oregon's people huddled on her deck.

Another distinguished service was the rescue of the Thingvalla liner, Island, by the pilot boat Edward Cooper. The Cooper sighted the Island off the Banks, and she saw her fly a signal "not under

control." She had lost her rudder in a blow, and was helpless. After studying the situation the pilots suggested that the steamer should send out steel traces and tow the Cooper astern. So the Island sent aboard the hawsers, fastened them to the Cooper's bitts, port and starboard, and, by slacking and hauling on the lines, was able to steer to port.

A few years ago the David Carll sighted the German bark Erna in distress, fifty miles off the Hook. A heavy sea was piling across her decks, she was water-logged and helpless, and at any moment might founder. The pilots launched a yawl, got a line to the bark, and then for four hours they towed her towards the Hook. But just when they thought she was safe, a big sea turned her upside down. Ordinarily, every man might have been drowned, but the pilots, launching their yawls, went to the rescue, and not a soul was lost. Some time later, in a bewildering autumn blow, the Carll was driven on the Long Island beach, a wreck.

STRANGE MISHAPS OF PILOTS.

The great fear in the pilot's mind when he is cruising in one of the staunch little schooners is the proximity of the beach. If he has plenty of sea room, he usually snaps his fingers at a gale; but with the shore close at hand, he is always in peril. In January, 1893, the James Gordon Bennett went out on station duty, and was nipped in an ice field off the Jersey coast. Her men tried vainly to clear the ice, but in an incredibly short time she was shouldered on to the beach. Her men were rescued in the breeches buoy, one seriously injured by the ice. Later, the Bennett was hauled off.

During the same month, the Edward Cooper—the same boat that saved the Island—struck into a heavy squall. Before her crew could take in sail, she was thrown on her beam ends. Four men were below, pinned down by the cabin fittings, which fell on them when the boat keeled over. Every soul aboard had resigned himself to death, when the mainmast, a weakened stick, snapped off close to the deck, and the hull righted. As it rose to a perpendicular, the spring stay tore down the topmast, almost finishing the half-drowned men clinging to the weather rigging. Below there was chaos. The four men, rushing to the companion, were driven back by a torrent rushing through the hatch, and again gave themselves up for lost. But the sea passed, and they crawled out upon the wreck. After braving death from hunger, thirst, and drowning, they were eventually saved by a passing liner, the Marengo, of Hull.

Even aboard the big craft they pilot, the men are not relieved from peril. The death of John Canvin is a simple case. He lost his life tending the bark Edward Cushing. A heavy gale was on, the crew were half dead from exposure, and Canvin volunteered to take the wheel. He stood by all night, and was wearing the ship to reach in for the Hook, when the Cushing lurched, hurling him across the icy deck and over the rail. The master heard his cry as he went, but it was impossible to save him. A sad feature of the tragedy was that the dead man's name was unknown aboard the bark, and when the boat keeper reported at the pilot office, pilots with kin at sea clung about with white faces till he had described the missing man. Canvin's boy was among them.

And death comes in still another form. In the mere exertion of boarding ships, two pilots, at least, have lost their lives. One dropped dead on the bridge of a Wilson liner; another at the rail of a White Star boat. When it is understood that it is a sheer climb of sixty feet from the water line to the bridge of a big Atlantic steamship, the extent of the exertion may be realized. But pilots take all this into consideration, and as a class they are a quiet, clear-headed, healthy and wholesome lot of men.

In their club-room they sit smoking and at ease, and but for the sea yarns and the

flavor of salt that one finds on every side, it might be suspected that they were interested only in affairs ashore. Here and there, of course, one sees an unmistakable sea dog, but as a rule neither their dress nor bearing bespeaks the ocean. The pilot's ordinary costume is a derby hat, a short, serviceable overcoat, and white linen, with a rather fanciful necktie. In heavy weather, of course, they don oilskins, but when the wind and sea are favorable, they are likely to wear the best. Men have even climbed up the ladder in high silk hats, although fashion leans more favorably towards the derby. It isn't so prone to blow overboard. But a yachting cap—never! Of course there are exceptions, but most pilots think that no self-respecting man would wear one.

WHAT A PILOT EARNS.

For this occupation of piloting, the pay is by no means excessive, although it may seem so at a first glance. Year in and year out, a good pilot, active and industrious, may average something under three thousand dollars for his winter and summer work. But this average is falling. Ships are growing bigger, and in proportion to the cargo carried, there are not nearly so many of them as a few years ago.

The rate of pay is gauged by a fixed scale. For instance, during the months from April to November, a hull drawing six feet pays $2.78 a foot, or $16.68, inward; outward, she pays $12.12. If she picks up a pilot offshore, she pays $4.17 extra. As the draft increases—and with it the responsibility—the rate per foot goes up. Thus, a ship drawing twenty feet pays $103.25 inward, and $63.14 outward. A ship of twenty-eight feet draft pays a summer charge of $178.80 inward, and $99.68 outward. From November 1 to April 1, the charge is four dollars additional.

It will be seen from this that a pilot's income is problematical. But, curiously enough, the thing evens itself out during the year, and all pilots earn about the same amount. Hard luck, however, plays a part in the business. For instance, a pilot boarded a British clipper off the Hook, was almost instantly blown offshore, and for four weeks was blown about between Gedney Channel and Cape Hatteras. Scurvy broke out in the crew, the men were hardly able to work the ship, and in the end he was so frost-bitten and exhausted that he was compelled to abandon the bark for a West Indian steamer. Thus he wasted a month's work, and nearly lost his life into the bargain.

YELLOW-HAIRED BRIGID MACSHANE.

AN IRISH PEASANT SKETCH.

BY CAHIR HEALY.

The itinerant violin player took up his stand in the centre of the main street of an old-fashioned Tir-Connail village. To the easy-going folks of the hamlet the sight was common enough,—cornet players, fiddlers, and performers on German concertinas passed that way every day of the week. They were usually a drunken riotous lot. In the daytime they loitered by the doors of the shebeen houses in the intervals between the songs and solos, and slept away the hours of dark under the friendly shade of the farmers' cornstacks. But the violin player in the centre of the street was unlike any of these. The bearded face was almost perfect in its lineaments, the skin was white and fair as a mountain cailin's, and when the first

THE MILLER'S HOME.

faint notes went out upon the air the villagers ceased their prattle and listened, and finally rushed through the doorways into the street.

It was the homeliest and moreover the greatest place in the wide world was Ardnaree. A man would give the shirt off his back or the brogues off his feet to oblige a neighbor; and the puniest gorsoon rolling about in the dust of the June day could tell you that it was upon the mound overlooking the village that the kings of Erin were enthroned in the olden time. So Ardnaree was in sooth a great village, and the man playing in the street was a great musician, as the listeners well knew.

The people stood in front of the straight line of thatched houses that constituted the village, and watched the player. He was a comely fellow, with blue eyes, and hair that seemed bright golden in the sunshine. To be sure his coat was a trifle frayed in places, and his boots and caubeen might have seen better days. But he was a great man for all that, the carping critic amongst them admitted as much. Nobody had ever played like that before—the sweetness, the melody, and the pathos were things only to be heard in dreams.

Poor old Brigid O'Donnell, that hadn't crossed the threshold of her cabin for more than a year and a day, had to be carried into the street. Little pale-faced Norah Keeney that was dying of consumption, and the cripple of the Desmond family, had to be fetched outside, and many more that hadn't put a foot upon the threshold for a week of Sundays. And such playing as it was! A lone woman, whose husband and children were in Heaven, could have sworn that it was the voice of the dear dead calling her home. To Phelimy Meehan, whose son Denis had fallen in the great war, it was the mournful sigh of the caoiners. To the sunburnt sailor lad, reclining against the yellow cottage eve of his father's home, it sounded like the ripple of the breeze in the maintop sail and the

A MOUNTAIN CAILIN.

lonely soughing of the deep sea. To the dreamer it was a dream, to the poet it was a song, and to the man of action it was a glorious call to the conflict. Many an honestly-earned penny piece did the simple villagers drop into the minstrel's faded caubeen, little dreaming the while of the strange love story that was his.

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Over the western country, and nestling closely to the base of the Mayo hills, stood the snow-white home of Seumas MacShane, the miller. The old mill stood near by in the course of a rapid stream that commenced its journey higher up in the hills than any one cared to venture. In winter weather the river tumbled and roared over its steep, rocky bed, and the mill wheel went whirring merrily round, but in the summer months, when the great flood dwindled into a tiny rivulet, the iron-bound wheel lazily reclined in the sunshine, and, like old age, lamented the days of its activity and joy. At such intervals the old miller had to adapt himself to farming—to the planting of potatoes, the sowing of oats, and the making of hay and turf. To Seumas the latter was an uncongenial occupation. The click, click, of the rickety wooden hopper, and the dull rumble of the clumsy grinding stones sounded far more musical to his ears than the pipings of the thrush and blackbird, or the incomparable singing of the feathered choir in the oaken grove near at hand.

Life might have seemed dull enough at the mill but for the presence and companionship of little Brigid, —yellow-haired Brigid MacShane, as the seanachies loved to call her.

The miller and the girsagh sat in the porch outside, and whilst the old man smoked by the open window she sang bewitching Gaelic songs. If a man ever had a Heaven on earth it was he; that is, in the days when the cailin was young, and before others strolled up the hills, unasked, to share her pleasures and bask in her smiles.

Alec Leonard was the son of a prosperous shopkeeper in the village, and Owen MacSweeny was heir to the best kept farm in the barony. Both were possessed of good looks, and were alike earnest in their protestations of love. Alec promised her silks and satins, a pretty home, and a family jaunting car. Owen told her of the wonders of Knockmore, and the quaint beauty of the old farmhouse up in the mountains, and of his fame as a fiddler. It must not be supposed that Brigid was a flirt. As yet she cared little for either of them, but with each daily pro-

claiming his love it was doubly hard for her to decide between them.

Seumas could not help her much in the matter. Truth to tell, he had no great failthe for either, for he wanted the cailin all to himself. To choose between the suitors was no easy matter for him.

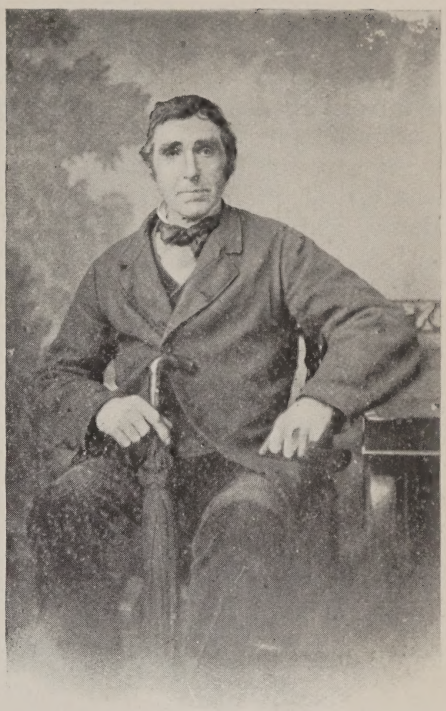
"There's the Leonards," he said, "an' by my faith, shopkeepin's a money-making business. The Parish Priest himself would stand at the chapel door to discoorse with Mistress Leonard, an' when the Bishop comes on his Easter rounds he never forgets to call on the master. An', as for the MacSweenys, where could one meet their equal? Loads of corn an' hay an' stock, an' Condy Boyle, the cattle jobber, was only tellin' me last evenin' that the price of cattle was risin' like the tide. It's a cosy home the Knockmore farm would make for Brigid."

When the old man had thus reasoned affairs from every point of view he just said that he would leave it all to the girleen.

So yellow haired Brigid MacShane said to herself one day, when the mill wheel whirred and sang its droning song, that she would find a way.

She invited the two boys to the mill for the evening. Alec came attired in the finest broadcloth, and with his boots so finely polished that one might have seen their shadow in them. Owen, on the other hand, was dressed in his work-a-day clothes, and he appeared as untidy as his rival was immaculate.

"Now, Alec Leonard and Owen MacSweeny," she said when they were seated together by the little mound behind the mill, "I cannot make up my mind which of ye it is to be. Both of ye say ye love me." She paused, and th n went on. "What would ye do for me, Alec Leonard?"



SEUMAS MacSHANE.

"Me," he repeated, smoothing a crease out of his broadcloth. He hardly expected such a query, and he paused before he made answer. "I would go anywhere, an' brave anythin' for ye, an' if ye axed me, I would willin'ly walk to th' gallows, mo cailin bawn."

"Well spoken, Alec Leonard." And turning to the other, she asked. "What would ye do for me, Owen MacSweeny?"

"Anythin'," he replied shortly, for he was but a poor hand at love making.

She smiled and hung her head. "Alec Leonard, ye have boasted to me of yer song, an' Owen MacSweeny, ye have praised yer playin'."

They replied simultaneously that they had.

Then she commenced and told them that the one who would claim her hand must go into the black north country and maintain himself for three long years with his music and song.

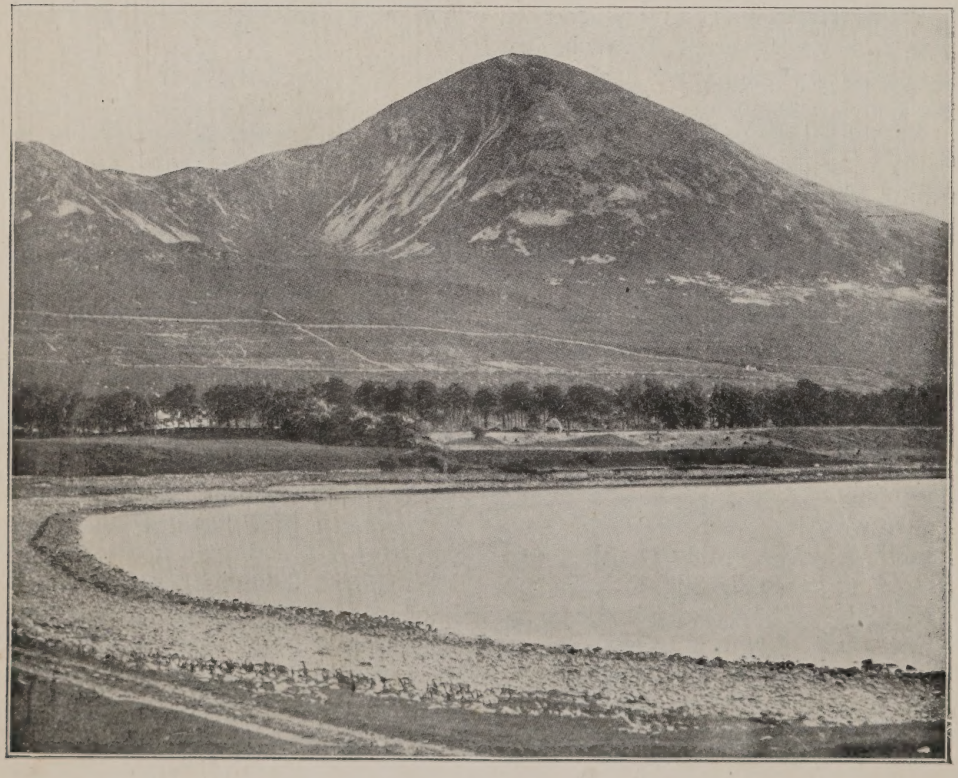
She gave them her hand to kiss in turn, and they forthwith forsook their kindred and their home, and traveled on before them till they came to the borders of Tir Connail. Then Alec commenced his song, and Owen his music, and for many a long day they sang and fiddled, and endured much toil and hardship as they passed from one place to another.

But when the sun was on Carnaween one evening, and when the mill wheel was lazily drowsing in the sunlight, Alec Leonard returned to the village in Mayo, disheartened and weary of the test. The neighbors ran to bid him a welcome home, and they greatly marvelled that he had never once spoken of the love of his life—yellow-haired Brigid MacShane.

. . . . . .

And the curly-haired vagabond that played the violin in the Tir-Connail village was the other. In the length and breadth of the province his equal could nowhere be found, and wherever he went old and young alike came under the spell of his music. His greatest achievement, however, was on that June evening when the villagers crowded to the doorways and listened to the magic numbers. No wonder, for tomorrow was to be the end of the three years' fiddling. When he went back to the old mill and the fair-haired cailin that lived under the Mayo hills, he carried something beside his love.

For fiddling had made a rich man of him.



MISS WALKER.
Principal actress in the Irish Literary Theatre

THE IRISH NATIONAL LITERARY THEATRE.

BY MARY E. L. BUTLER.

When the Irish National Literary Theatre was first opened, four years ago, in Dublin, the reform of the stage in Ireland was a herculean task. The existing commercial theatres—in which none but plays imported from England were performed, by English actors, plays too which for the most part were a crime against art, and often against morality, for it was seldom that high class drama was produced—were like the Augean Stables. To cleanse them and to educate the public taste depraved by a long course of inane and sometimes vicious productions, and to introduce a high tone from the artistic, the moral and national points of view,—this was indeed an uphill task. But it is being slowly and surely accomplished, thanks to the strenu-

ous exertions of some of our principal literary men and women, and to the co-operation of our rapidly growing Irish-Ireland public.

We are getting accustomed now to Irish plays, often in the Irish language, being produced in the Irish capital. The Irish Literary Theatre, the Gaelic League, Cumann na n Gaedheal and Inighinidhe na h' Eireann have all worked to bring

W. G. FAY.

Stage Manager and Principal Actor in the National Literary Theatre, Dublin.

about the much needed reform, and each of these bodies has during the past four years produced various admirable plays.

The most virulent anti-Irish person in existence could not fail to be impressed by the extraordinary amount of talent displayed by the authors and actors responsible for this new school of Irish drama. Mr. Lecky, the late historian of world-wide fame, acknowledged, strong Unionist as he was, that the Nationalists of Ireland have always had the genius of the country. The Irish-Ireland Revival is affording a striking illustration of this truth. Anglicized Ireland is barren of originality. It has paid the penalty of living in an imitative atmosphere, and has lost all capacity to originate and initiate. Our young dramatists, poets, novelists, and essayists come from the voluntarily taught Gaelic League and Cumann na n Gaedheal, and from the national literary societies. One alone comes from Trinity College, and he is heart and soul with the people in their national aspirations, and is one of the most vehement and brilliant opponents of the cult of Anglicization taught within Trinity.

A wonderful change has come over Dublin within the past few years. One of our Irish writers, who also takes a prominent part in public life, remarked recently: "I remember the time when Dublin was insufferably dull. No one of any intelligence could care to live in such an uninteresting place. Now Dublin is full of intellectual activity, and it bids fair to become one of the most progressive and interesting capitals in Europe." When the day dawns to which we are all looking forward and for which we are all working in our separate ways, the day of the re-establishment of a native government, it will be found that the Irish-Irelanders have rescued the perishing elements of our nationality, our language, history, music, customs, and have re-created a drama and literature racy of the soil, and that they will be able to hand over to the guardians of the national honor these precious heirlooms of the past. The work of the poet and the politician, of the author and statesman, will then be combined in one great whole, and native genius will adorn the state administered by and for freemen. This is what the Irish-Irelanders are working for, that when the day of national independence dawns we may not

find ourselves merely a self-governing English colony.

It seems curious now to look back on the sensation created by the first venture of the Irish Literary Theatre. "In a little wayside house," as Mr. W. B. Yeats described the "Ancient Concert Rooms," one of our smaller public halls, the first performances were given. Mr. Yeats' "Countess Cathleen," and Mr. Edward Martyn's "Heatherfield"—two plays of great interest—were performed before audiences which were on the whole appreciative. The following year, the promoters a delightful little Irish comedy, were given. The latter was enthusiastically received. This was the first occasion on which a play in Irish was produced in a Dublin theatre. Previous to this Inighinidhe na h' Eireann produced an Irish play by Mr. P. T. MacGinley at the Ancient Concert Rooms. Mr. George Moore, commenting on this fact, wrote in "Samhain," the magazine occasionally issued by the Literary Theatre:

"In a way it would have pleased our vanity to have been the first in Dublin with an Irish play, but this would have been

SCENE FROM "A POT OF BROTH," SHOWING MR. W. G. FAY, MISS MARIE WALKER AND MR. P. J. REILLY.

of the enterprise ventured to take the Gaiety Theatre, a large theatre, and here were produced "Maeve," by Mr. Martyn, his best work; "The Last Feast of the Fianna," by Miss Alice Milligan, a poetical legendary piece; "The Bending of the Bough," by George Moore, a scathing satire on Irish present day life. The next year in the same theatre, "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grania" written by Mr Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration, and "Causadh ant-sufain" by Douglas Hyde, a base vanity and unworthy a Gaelic Leaguer."

After the performances given in 1901, the first promoters of the Literary Theatre handed over the work so well begun by them to a company of Irish actors. The work was then placed on a broader and more democratic footing. Said Mr. Yeats in 1902: "A dramatic society with guarantors and patrons can never have more than a passing use, because it can never be free." A company of Irish actors was

therefore formed last year under the stage management of Mr. Fay, with Mr. Fred Ryan for its very capable secretary, and this company has since given numerous performances of Irish plays.

Among the authors whose plays have been produced are A. E., (George Russell,) W. B. Yeats, Seamus MacManus, Fred Ryan, Mr. Cousins, Mr. Synge, Lady Gregory, Mr. MacGinley, Mr. P. McCormac Colm and others. During the present winter season, the company, they will acquire at the latter must gradually wean them from the former. Thus the masses of the people are freeing themselves rapidly from the shackles of foreign thought and are developing a sound taste in matters literary and dramatic.

It is a notable proof of the advance made by the Irish Literary propaganda that the two performances given already this winter by the Literary Theatre have been well supported, when one takes into account the fact that two other organizations have

P. J. KELLY

A Prominent Actor in the Irish Literary Theatre Company.

emboldened by the success which has hitherto attended their efforts, are giving performances once a month. These performances are all being followed with close interest by Dubliners and are well attended. It is true the foreign and commercial theatres are still crowded, and the "rank and fashion" and the moneyed section of the community still frequent these houses, but they are also beginning to go to the National Literary Theatre and the style been lately in the field producing Irish plays. The Gaelic League has within the last two months put on the boards several plays in the Irish language, and Cumann na n Gaedheal at its Samhain festival in November produced no less than six admirable Irish plays by Irish authors.

The performances of this season opened with "The King's Threshold," by Mr. W. B. Yeats and "In the Shadow of the Glen" by J. M. Synge. An animated controversy

raged around the production of the last play, which told the sordid story of a mercenary marriage and of a faithless wife. Many Nationalists were of the opinion that it was not a suitable subject to treat on an Irish reformed stage, and as the faithless wife is a very exceptional subject in Ireland it was not fair to represent her in drama which is intended to reflect the national life and national characteristics. Mr. Yeats defended the play on the plea of "art for art's sake," and The United Irishman, the organ of independent nationality retorted that if the theatre's sole propaganda was art, it ought to drop its titles of Irish and National, but if it claimed to help in the work of regenerating Ireland then it should only produce plays of an elevating kind and national and native in tone. The controversy has now amicably closed, and there seems little fear that a jarring note will be again struck, or that plays out of harmony with Irish sentiment will be produced by the Literary Theatre.

The plays given in December were "The Hour Glass" by W. B. Yeats, "A Pot of Broth" by the same author, and "Broken Soil" by Padraic McCormac Colm.

"The Hour Glass" is a morality play. "The Wise Man" denies the existence of God, and spends his life instilling this doctrine of denial into the minds of his pupils and followers. Suddenly an angel appears to him, sent as a messenger from the Most High to warn him that he has but one hour to live, and that if before this time expires he does not succeed in finding some one who believes in God he will be doomed to everlasting woe in hell, "the place of those who deny." In despair and anguish of mind the repentant, and now enlightened, man implores all those he meets to assure him that they believe. But they have learned from him their lesson too well. Neither wife nor children, neither pupils or friends, can be induced to abandon the scepticism which he has inculcated. The sands of the hour glass are running low when to his intense relief and joy he finds one whom he had hitherto despised as a fool, who believes in God and the life to come. He had held converse with the angels, who revealed to him the existence of the "three fires,"—the first which punishes, the fire which purifies, and the fire in which the blessed spirits live for ever in triumphant light and glory. The Wise Man blessing God then dies and his former pupils see his soul departing as a white light to the Heaven to which his lately enkindled belief and repentance have gained him entrance. The pupils too bend their knees and acknowledge the existence of the supernatural world they have hitherto denied.

Like almost all Mr. Yeats' work "The Hour Glass" contains some beautiful ideas, beautifully expressed, though as a morality play it suffers by comparison with the Catholic classic of "Everyman." But it is a work of art, and interesting owing to the fact that it is the first morality play which the Irish Literary movement has produced.

"A Pot of Broth" is a very laughable little sketch, and Mr. W. G. Fay in the rôle of the beggarman has made a name for himself as a comedian of the first order.

"Broken Soil" is the work of a very young and extremely promising writer. Mr. McCormac Colm is the youngest of our rising school of Irish dramatists and a notable career is prophesied for him. Another play of his "The Saxon Shilling" was performed last season in Dublin and made a strong impression both from the artistic and national point of view. It is an anti-recruiting work. Expectations were high when "Broken Soil" was announced and on the whole the audience was not disappointed, though signs of immaturity and inexperience were not wholly absent from the writing and construction of the piece. These failings will

mend with time, and the undoubted talent of the author is bound to develop.

The interest of the play centres round the development of a young girl's character. Maire Hourican, the daughter of a wandering fiddler who has at length settled down in a cottage of his own, sees that the comparatively easy and idle life is demoralizing him. He gets into bad company and takes to drink, and Maire who has a strong affection for him, as well as an antipathy to sordid surroundings, and a longing for higher things, urges him to save himself by taking to the road again. She is prepared to go with her father and Brian MacConnell, her lover, tries to defeat this project in order to keep the girl near him. In the end Maire succeeds in gaining sufficient influence over her father to persuade him to do as she asks. But when the time comes to leave home she finds that she must sacrifice herself for the sake of her father, for a newly-awakened love for Brian makes itself felt. She does her duty by her father. They both take to the road, leaving Brian unhappy but with a sister to comfort him from whom he had been previously estranged, and who has become reconciled to him owing to Maire's good influence. We are left in doubt as to the ultimate destiny of the characters, but one hopes that when Maire's weary journeying on the road is over, she returns to Brian who loves her with the passionate and unchanging love of a strong nature.

Mr. F. J. Fay was excellent as the Fiddler, Mr. P. J. Kelly gave an admirable and life-like interpretation of the part of Brian MacConnell. The Misses Sara Allgood and Honor Lavelle were very successful in their portrayal in the parts of Brighid, (Brian MacConnell's sister,) and of Anne Kilbride—a neighbor. Miss Maire Walker, whose charming appearance won all hearts, has striking ability as an actress. She gave a beautiful interpretation of the complex but always attractive character of Maire Hourican.

In January, 1904, the following plays were produced by the Literary Theatre. "The Shadowy Waters" by W. B. Yeats, "Twenty-Five" by Lady Gregory, and "The Townland of Tamney" by Seamus MacManus.

The supporters of the Literary Theatre will be glad to welcome on its stage Mr. MacManus' work, which has hosts of admirers at home as well as abroad.

The secretary, Mr. Fred Ryan, deserves much praise for the energy, with which he has worked the Literary Theatre. His own play, "Laying the Foundations" was a very clever piece of work and its revival would be welcomed by Dublinites. In the opinion of the present writer the promoters of the Literary Theatre would be well advised if they devoted themselves in the near future to bringing forward the dramatic works of our rising band of young and lesser known writers, several of whose plays have appeared in "The United Irishman" and other Irish publications. A number of Mr. Yeats' plays have been produced since the inception of the enterprise, and beautiful as they are it would be very well to have variety in the programme and also to give a chance to some of our less known dramatists to show their work to the Irish public. There is no lack of talent among our national writers, and it would be well that the Irish people were afforded an opportunity by means of the stage, as well as through literature and the press, of coming in contact with and being influenced by the best thought of all the best minds in the country.

REFLECTIONS AWAKENED BY ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

The festival of St. Patrick is associated with that first, faint promise of spring, that evanescent charm, that tenderness of early green, that rise of the sap in the boughs of trees, that melody of building birds; all that is freshest and most beautiful in the world of Nature. It brings the mind back likewise to the dawning of Irish, Christian lore, real and legendary, when Patrick preached his heaven-sent message on the verdant slopes of Tara and the Swan-Children of Lir heard the bells proclaiming the new worship, and with one unspeakable harmony of sweet sounds broke the magic spell of centuries, were baptized, and buried in the soil that was henceforth holy.

The celebration of this national feast is likewise symbolical of the Irish temperament, ever looking forward to the better times, in their aspirations, political, patriotic, or religious, ever seeing "the sunburst" through darkest clouds. It is emblematic, too, of the Irish hillsides clothed in living green, brightened by the gushing of a hundred streamlets. No doubt, St. Patrick's Day is seen in all its glory in that fair land of Eir, where spring is early and clad in a garb of wondrous beauty. But the feast has come to be of world-wide popularity; Irishmen from the Andes to the Himalayas, from Queensland to South Africa, from Alaska to Brazil, celebrate the name's day of the Apostle of Erin, and the celebration varies necessarily, as to character, extent, and variety, with local circumstances, and the number and influence of resident Irishmen. Sometimes, a prominent feature of the day's commemoration will have its rise in some particular happening, as in New York, I have heard it stated on excellent authority that the St. Patrick's procession had its origin in the "Know-Nothing" demonstrations which marked and marred the early part of the last century. An Irishman had been burned in effigy and, as it chanced, a number of Irishmen were employed in various capacities on the Harlem railroad, then in process of construction; one amongst them, a stalwart Tipperary boy, taking the initiative, enjoined upon his fellows to array themselves in their best upon the next "Patrick's Day" and turn out. They did so in sufficient numbers and with so manly and determined an aspect as to prevent the burning of any more Irishmen in effigy. The spirit of the "Know-Nothing" times regarding Hibernians, has happily passed away, in its worst features, at least. The brilliant record of Irishmen in the Revolutionary, no less than the Civil War, which has come to be more and more fully recognized, and upon which pages might be written; the distinguished career of so many Irishmen in church and state, in the halls of jurisprudence, in the medical faculty, in the Senate and the Council-chamber, have in great measure dispelled that crude and vulgar prejudice against the Irish race, which was fostered in a variety of ways.

But traces of this unfair discrimination against Irishmen, and a disposition, more or less malicious, to turn them into ridicule have survived even the passing of a century, and still disfigure the boards of the contemporary stage, no less than the pages of current literature. Even magazines of the highest class condescend to the grotesque vulgarity which represents an Irishman brimming over with half-idiotic "witticisms" expressed in an uncouth jargon, which has neither rhyme nor reason, and very often engaged in vile election squabbles, in disreputable political coteries, in drunken orgies, or in pur-

suits, degrading, unconventional and undignified—to use no stronger terms. As on the stage a conspicuous bit of green, a battered hat or an utterly contemptible imitation of what is known as "the brogue" serve to mark the Irishman, so on the magazine page, the Irishman is known by an unintelligible array of sounds, a plentiful use of misplaced vowels and of terms utterly extravagant and unnatural.

There is no attempt usually to locate the brogue; it matters not in the least to the magazinist whether the hero hails from the North, where accent, if such exists, is closely akin to the Scotch, or to the middle counties, where "the brogue" is scarcely perceptible; or if his wandering steps have brought him from Dublin, where the Irish voice is full and round and resonant, with a touch of the brogue, indeed, mellow and sweet to hear; or whether the emigrant ship has borne him from the South, where dialect is more pronounced, or from those remoter and wilder parts of the country where the speech is ruder and the accent harsher. Nor do the Irish of the magazines differ in degree; the lord speaks as the serf, the lady of high refinement and culture as the peasant-maid, the traveled, book-learned student as the hind, whose book is nature, the priest as the humblest of his flock, despite a learning which is almost traditional. If any distinction as to the matter of speech be made between these various orders of humanity it is too slight to permit of observation. As they sink in the social scale, it is true, these mythical Irish folk become more idiotic, more prolific of extraordinary epithets and of an amazing phraseology, and jumble together the doctrines of their faith and the superstitions of their race with a kaleidoscopic readiness and ingenuity. It is often a matter of astonishment to the educated reader that such inane and untruthful and unrefined caricaturing could possibly find place in print. Not an attempt even to catch the real "brogue," in its varied intonations, which gives individuality to the scattered children of the Gael. Not the faintest effort to reproduce the blended humor and pathos, wit and daring, the high-souled courage, the manly endurance, the deep sensibility, spiritualized by faith, which are in the very elements of Irish character, and are rarely altogether absent even in the most degenerate specimens of the race.

In this species of writing, whether it be, as has been said, in periodical literature or in a popular style of "book-making," no distinction is drawn between that vein of poetic superstition, which gives life to every hill and dale, which puts a language in stones and in the murmur of the running brook, and the solid sub-strata of the faith "once delivered to the saints, Catholic, Roman and Apostolic, which ever remains untouched." The "fairy wind," it is true, may in popular belief bring sounds of woe and the fairy cairn mark the spot where moonlight revel was held, the witch-hazel, graceful and erect in the shimmering moon-beams, may give promise of death to the hapless bride who passes in its shadow, the banshee may sing her death-song about the house of mourning, and the fairy company ride over the hill, with menace in their jingling steeds, to the luckless wight who hears them; but over and above all these fancies of perfervid imagination is the unchanged and unchangeable belief forever expressed in the great mysteries of faith, with the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality, and a ready submission to the workings here below of an over-ruling Providence. And, instead of the senseless and uncouth phraseology attributed to the fictitious "Irish," is that marvelous imagery; that delicate touch of the poetic and spiritual in which the lower orders surpass almost

any other of like degree. The beloved dead are described as seated above in glory, or as having "their bed of rest in heaven"; a blind person is alluded to as "dark"; an idiot as a "natural"; the sudden streaming of light into an apartment causes the ejaculation: "God give us the light of heaven!" two persons meeting, "God be with you!" to which is responded, "God and Mary be with you"; a person departing, "God have you in His holy keeping, asthore," the words in the original Irish, when properly applied being of extreme beauty.

Undoubtedly, their phraseology, their turns of speech show marked characteristics and it would be absurd to represent an Irishman or woman, especially in country places or of the peasant class, expressing himself or herself precisely like others; and just as certainly there is that intonation of voice, almost impossible to express, however, by written sounds, which is called "the brogue"; but there are so many "shades of accent," modes of expression are so various, according to different times, localities, and conditions, that it requires a most delicate discrimination and a most careful observation to give anything like a correct or artistic representation of what is distinctively Irish, on the stage or in fiction. It will not do to make "illigant," a word which, by the way, does not seem to commend itself to the "real" Irishman at all—"loike," "praste," and such counterfeit coin, pass for the true metal. When whole pages are devoted to unintelligible maunderings of this sort, they become simply nauseating, and still more so when the events they chronicle are false, misleading, untrue to Irish character in general and calculated to bring discredit thereupon.

The course of these reflections may properly lead to a glance at Ireland as she is, at her people as they really are, to her record—past and present. Ireland has indisputably scenery as beautiful as any country in the world. It seems indeed to have been set apart and sanctified, a very sanctuary of beauty, upon which the Lord looked and said it was good. The hills of Wicklow, in the glory of their golden spurs, catch rare lights on their burnished peaks and throw shadows full of a mysterious and soul-haunting loveliness into their wooded glens and deep ravines; the stern Galtees, the Giant's Causeway, the verdant mountains of "dark Donegal" display a stern grandeur in their lofty peaks and gloomy gorges, while the melancholy Mourne winds its chain through scenes as beauteous as ever delighted tourist on the fairest of foreign shores. The Avon and the Blackwater, the Suir and the Shannon, undulate amid scenes of touching beauty, of wild grandeur or of romantic interest, and long ago the poet Spenser sang of the Mulla and the Alla flowing through "a most daintie Paradise." The Castle of San Angelo, angel-pinnacled dominates the approach to Rome, the Church of the Ara Coeli crowns the Capitoline Hill, Cologne stands with its hundred legends, and San Marco, clothed with pathetic interest, recalls the mind of the pilgrim to the glories and the tragedies of an elder day, but Glendalough of the "Seven Churches" is to the full as legend-haunted; Cormac's ruined fane upon the Rock of Cashel has its own infinite pathos, and its tale to tell of bygone centuries; and the Cathedral of Limerick is adorned for all time by that simple, beautiful tradition of the Bell-Founder finding his lost bells and hearing to his innermost soul the message they ring out from the lofty turrets. The old "Campanar," who has sought the chime through most distant lands, dies of very joy, when he hears it sound over "the pleasant waters of the River Lee" and finds, at last, his rest.

Killarney is in itself a realm of enchant-

ment, too often described to need description here, a very garden of the gods, with the fair and tranquil shores of those translucent lakes, a place of dreams, thronged by pale shades of departed kings, princely warriors, and holy anchorites.

There is, in truth, traveling through the length and breadth of Ireland, not only a profusion of charms, not only the deep green of the Irish grass, through which peep crocuses and primroses, wild eglantine and violets, and the daffodil "that comes before the swallow dares," not only the many blossoming hedges which in springtime offer sweets to the honey-bee, not only the silvery trilling of the blackbird and the thrush, soaring with the lark to "heaven's high gate," not only the balmy softness of the air, misty with the showers that, arising from the coasts, extract the sweetness of many flowers, not only the soft melancholy of the sea, blending with the joy of fertile Nature, but there is a legend, a poetic superstition, a breath of poetry touching every tree and hillock, dwelling in the deep gorges, in embowered glens, in remote dales, in the lane and the boreen, haunting the very bog-lands, mingling with the gold of the gorse, sighing in the tall reeds by the streamlets, shining in the very stars that look down upon the hilly slopes and ruined donjons. It is essentially a poetic country and something of the artistic and the romantic lingers in the most commonplace of Irish characters, side by side with that quality of humor, sometimes showing itself in a wit that sparkles, in a dry and caustic sarcasm, or in a subtle and keenly-pointed drollery; side by side with that courage, that improvidence, which looks no farther than the morrow, that reverence, that disposition to hero worship, that loyalty to old ideals, which are among the highest traits of this Celtic people; side by side, too, with that deep spirituality, that insight into an invisible world which has fitted them for their peculiar mission, and sent them forth forever as missionaries, as apostles—often very humble ones, with no peculiar ministry save the practice of domestic virtues—to the very ends of the earth.

Ireland has, moreover, its historic pages—little space even to hint at them here—its castles, peopled by the phantoms of noblest heroes, princes, warriors, around which traditions gather thick as leaves in an October forest.

Ireland has its record for learning, too. Irish monks kept alive the torch of learning, a beacon-light when Western Christendom was shrouded in darkness; her abbeys, Clonmacnoise, Sligo, Muckross and Bangor, can proudly raise their heads in rivalry with Bologna, or Padua, Oxford or Valladolid.

Ireland is conspicuous, moreover, for the faith-illumined purity of its womanhood, its childhood rising white as the snow-drop, often amidst squalor, and its manhood, bowing under crushing ordeals in submission and virile endurance, but arising in noblest effort when occasion offered and pouring out its heart's blood, even upon futile battlefields. Never was purer, wiser or more trusted leader than Owen Roe, or more gallant gentlemen than his Confederate chieftains, graphically brought to life by my late mother in her five historical novels, all of whom gave signal instance of heroism upon the plains of Benburb. And these men had their successors in that valiant band, the men of '98, the Emmets and the Russells and the O'Byrnes, the McCrackens and the Bonds, and that brilliant young noble, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, beloved scion of that high born race, the Geraldines. He has become the very symbol of a people's hope:

"For still it is the peasant's hope, upon the Curragh's mere,
They live who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward here."

Just as Robert Emmet has given the watchword to those who toil and wait in patience, desiring no epitaph until his country should be free.

This band of heroes was in turn succeeded by that new order, which following upon the peaceful victories of the immortal O'Connell, sprang up once more sword in hand, in the brave, if ill-fated, rising of '48, wherein were concerned that wise and statesmanlike and chivalric Irishman, lately deceased, of the broad views and the far, sagacious sight, Charles Gavan Duffy, the early lost and divinely-gifted Davis, McGee, occasionally rash, but ever brilliant, ever lovable and ever devotedly loving Ireland, in some respects, as Duffy records, "the ablest of them all," with Meagher of the Sword, with Mitchell, with Smith O'Brien, descendants of the lords of Inchiquin, with a score, at least, of others too numerous to mention. Ireland's soldiers, indeed, have fought besides the battles of all other nations. Ask of the graves—those of them which are recorded—marking the fallen heroes of Gettysburg, of Five Forks, of Antietam, ask of the torn banners, which the Irish regiments conspicuous in the Civil War bear through the streets of the reconstructed Union; ask of the British chroniclers themselves, whose war-cry led the van on many a hard fought field, ask of the Spanish legion, ask of Ramilies or of Jeda, ask of the annals of "the Irish Brigade in France":

"On far, foreign fields from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

Ireland, then, in its every aspect is a fatherland worthy of the love, the veneration, the tenderness not only of its sons, but of their children's children down to the farthest generation. Why is it, therefore, that a tendency is seen to degrade and belittle Ireland and the Irish by the grotesque caricatures to which reference has been made? They disfigure not only the daily press and the boards of the theatre, but the pages of the novel and the magazine. And why is this practice condoned, if not sometimes imitated, by those of Irish birth or parentage? Is this abuse to be attributed to Ireland's failure in the past to assert her national and political independence, that she has remained a conquered country, her people a down-trodden people? Were this so, it should but make sacred, at least to her own children, the sorrows of that Erin, forlorn mother of so many sons; her tears, should be as exquisite jewels, rendering her value beyond that of rubies. For this very reason, as the late distinguished Thomas D'Arcy McGee used to observe, with his accustomed acumen, "an Irishman, less than any other, should permit himself or his country to be made ridiculous." And this triple-gifted orator, poet, and statesman, on more than one public occasion took the opportunity, in his own forcible and dignified way, to stigmatize these vulgar caricatures, in whatever form they appeared. He often lamented, in conversation with my late mother, Mrs. James Sadlier, who was strongly of his opinion, that this form of libel had not sooner been suppressed.

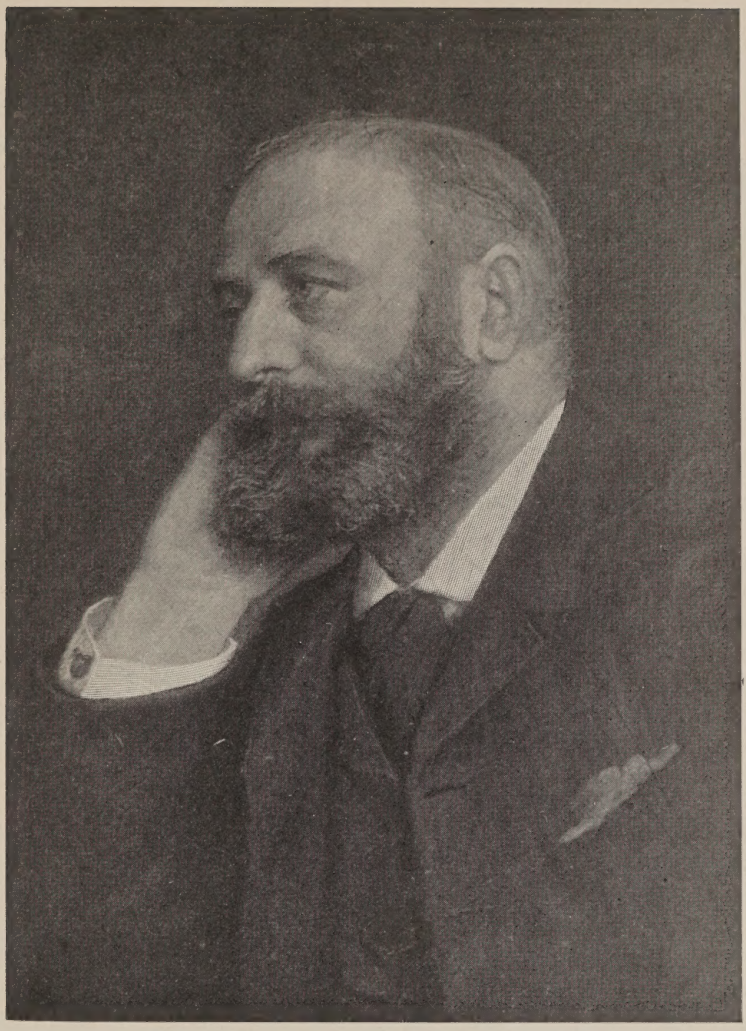
Ireland should, then, be venerable as her own ruins and the love and honor of her sons should clothe her misfortunes as the ivy wreaths the monuments of departed days. The rising generation should early learn this lesson of veneration for the cradle of their race, the gem of Western waters. So far from derogating from their loyalty to the land of their own birth or adoption, it will but serve to emphasize that spirit of true patriotism. Now the Scot carries with him forever the traditions of the land of the heather, and the German the longing for the Fatherland.

but where can better citizens of any country be found than they. Their proverbial love of the race from which they sprang makes them respected and respectable everywhere; nor is this a light or trifling matter. National aspirations and hopes for the future of Ireland are highly commendable as they are highly important, but this fundamental spirit of true patriotism spread abroad universally must exercise a potent influence and form a powerful solidarity of Irish opinion.

Another cause for the continuance of this particular form of vulgar prejudice has been the malice of political enemies. The race of the Castlereaghs and other base intriguers against the dignity and independence of Ireland has passed away in great measure, but not without influencing profoundly the succeeding generations. It was the interest of this brood of vipers to malign what it was their purpose to crush, and what weapon so powerful as ridicule? What barb so poisoned as sarcasm, what missile so deadly as the jibe? The story of many a shameless cabal against Hibernia and her children is told in authentic chronicles or cynical autobiographies, and affords prolific subject of thought to the Irishman, who maybe supposed carelessly to laugh at some witless witticism, or to continue purchasing those sheets, wherein his country and his race are openly and vulgarly derided.

Perhaps the strongest, if oftentimes unconscious, reason for belittling the Irish is to be sought in their staunch and manly and sublime adherence to the principles of the Catholic faith, through ages of wrong and of sorrow. Despite the efforts of those who literally fulfilled the Scriptures, by "going forth with a handful of barley and a piece of bread to catch souls," the Irish were true to their faith till the name of Irishman and Catholic became almost synonymous. Granted that the stage buffoon and the "funny" character in periodical fiction, who is known to be Irish by speaking an uncouth jargon, may be, in some instances, but catch-penny attempts to please popular taste, or a crude effort in the line of humor, yet deeper influences are often at work than appear on the surface, and latent, at least, in many minds is a more or less defined hatred for that ever-faithful race, which retained the light brought by Patrick from Rome, when clouds were darkest and tempests gathered thickest.

So should Catholics of all origins remember and bend their heads before that faithful nation, which never bowed before strange gods, but forever beheld over the fairest landscapes, the glory of the Lord God of Israel. So remembering it should be incumbent upon all to condemn whereever opportunity offers, and practically to show condemnation of the ridiculous and senseless Irish dialect, and where a representation of Celtic character is to be drawn, let the novelist or the dramatist seek for the terms actually employed even by the Irish of the lower orders, which are for the most tender, expressive and touching, and by no means, either vulgar or unmeaning. There have been manly and dignified protests against the stage Irishman. Let us have the same measure of disapproval meted out to the besotted imitations, the "Irishisms" which are unfit for educated readers and insulting to a whole people. With the disappearance of this "vernacular" will disappear, perchance, from the pages of literature, the two familiar "Mickeys" and "Denises and Paddies," who keep disreputable taverns or figure in shindies, or traffic in votes. Away with the tribe! There has been a surfeit of them. Instead recall the glorious services rendered by Irishmen in this great Republic of the West alone and remember that the noblest and the truest and the best of them loved with a passionate love the green land over the waters.



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The universal interest excited by the report of the illness of Charles Warren Stoddard indicates his place in the hearts of the great body of readers to whom he has given so generously of his experiences in many lands. More than a quarter of a century ago he went from California to Egypt and from Egypt to the Holy Land, where he visited Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, the river Jordan, Damascus, and other historic places. His graphic pen faithfully described his observations and experiences in the east for California readers. His sketches were republished in book form, entitled "A Flight into Egypt."

In 1864 he went to Hawaii, and spent some months among the orange groves of those beautiful tropic isles.

In 1873 he sailed from the Golden Gate

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

to Tahiti and enjoyed a four-years' cruise among the islands of the south seas. He wrote sketches of his explorations in the archipelagoes along the path of the sun, opening fascinating vistas into the strange life and novel scenes below the Equator, and giving glimpses into a fairy world that had hitherto been veiled in the shroud of distance and mystery.

He returned to California in 1878, but was soon again seeking new experiences in Europe, Asia, and Africa, enjoying himself in his own way, seeing the world at his leisure. During his sojourn abroad he had the happiness of being received into the Church.

Few men have had a wider knowledge of the true joys of travel, and few indeed have imparted their pleasure in such large measure to their less fortunate fellow men.

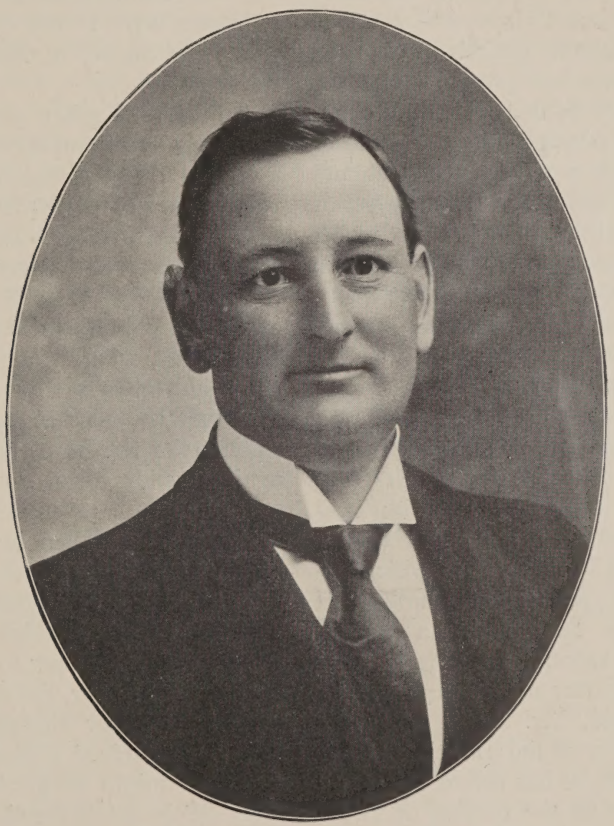
The marriage of the Duke of Norfolk to the Hon. Gwendolen Mary Constable-Maxwell, elder daughter of Lord Herries, took place in February. Lord Herries is one of the most influential and richest Roman Catholic peers, and upon the accession of King Edward VII. sought to modify the coronation oath.

The venerable Oblate, Rev. L. C. P. Fox gives us the following interesting account of the recognition of the dormant title of Herries. Father Fox says:

"The father of the present lord peti-

JAPANESE STUDENTS.

tioned the House of Lords for the restoration of the title of Herries, together with that of the earldom of Nithsdale, but as this latter dignity had been conferred by King James upon an ancestor of his, Parliament refused to grant the claim to the earldom, as it was asserted that it had been bestowed upon the Lord Herries of that



JOHN R. BURKE.

day, after the abdication of King James. The Earl of Nithsdale of James' time was concerned in the rebellion for which the Earl of Derwentwater was executed. He was captured also and was imprisoned, and his countess obtained permission to visit him after he was condemned to be beheaded. She was admitted to his cell, and after much difficulty persuaded her husband to change clothes with her. When the interview was over, he left his cell, leaning upon the shoulder of her maid, and sobbing audibly, whilst concealing his face from the prison wardens. He escaped to France, and lived there in comparative poverty for some years. His courageous and devoted wife was subsequently pardoned for what she had done, and joined her husband in his exile. I know this to be true, for I heard it confirmed by the family, who are justly proud of their descent."

In the Question Box will be found some interesting information on Catholicity in Japan. The students shown in the group

picture here given form one of the most promising classes of young men studying for the priesthood in the East.

John R. Burke was born of Tipperary parentage in the city of Augusta, Ga., and reared there. His paternal grandfather was among the first members of a Catholic-Irish colony of emigrant farmers, who settled at Locust Grove and founded the first rural Catholic church in Georgia. This congregation has grown, and prospered, until today in the quiet little country hamlet, that now goes by the name of Sharon, there are a church, convent and school, all well-supported. The subject of this sketch is truly an olive branch for his father was a Confederate soldier for two years and his mother's people were members of the Union army. His parents met shortly after the war and were married several years thereafter.

Mr. Burke was educated at the Jesuit college at Spring Hill, Ala. Since his return from school he has for eleven years devoted himself to the newspaper business and is now a member of the editorial staff of the Augusta Chronicle, with which paper Col. James R. Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," a devout Catholic, is also associated.

One of the charter members of the K. of C. in Augusta, Mr. Burke holds the position of lecturer of the council. During the last few years he has delivered several notable speeches on the subject of Irishmen and Catholics in United States history. One of these addresses, delivered at a memorial service of the K. of C., was published in the Knights of Columbus papers, and attracted widespread interest.

Following the opening of the war between Russia and Japan comes the message, "The Sisters of Mercy are preparing to leave for the front." The Catholic Mirror, commenting on this cablegram, says: "And over there also? It is always thus with these noble women. We presume they are Catholic nuns. The orthodox church of Russia has religious orders, but Catholic Sisters are in that land also and evidently willing to yield their lives in the cause of God and humanity, as during our Spanish-American war. Remembering their heroic deeds all round the world, it brings tears to the eyes again to read that 'The Sisters of Mercy are going to the front.'"

An idea of what one of these noble workers has accomplished may be gleaned from the life of Mother Mary Austin Carroll, whose golden jubilee in the order was recently celebrated. Mother Carroll entered the Mercy Convent, St. Marie's of the Isle, December 8, 1853, and the record of her fifty years includes service in the Civil War, where she worked on both sides, and always with a deep sympathy for the conquered, battling not only against the results of battle wounds, but against yellow fever, epidemics of smallpox, cholera, etc.,—passing through them all unscathed. Then came long stretches of calm,—teaching in schools of all grades, and devoting spare hours to literary and devotional works, having ever in mind St. Alphonsus' vow never to waste a moment of time. The poor, the sick, the prisoners, were always her charges; the works of mercy had indeed a charm for her, and that there might always be willing ones to carry on the work she also devoted herself assiduously to building up the order. Mother Carroll received hundreds into her houses, going to Europe for subjects when they could not be found in America. In 1893, the bishops of Mobile and Alabama—Bishops O'Sullivan and Becker—engaged her to receive seventy Sisters, in Georgia, who belonged to a congregation established by Bishop England, into the widespread order of Mercy. They were admitted after a short novitiate, and the

Mother humbly said: "I can say I never had better religious; they taught me more virtue than I could teach them." Mother Carroll was given great encouragement by Popes Pius IX. and Leo XIII. and had the distinction of receiving autograph letters from them. But the great inspiration of her work was that it was begun and continued under the shadow of the Cross. Many were the struggles, crosses, and humiliations through which success was achieved; trials came when aid was expected, depression when encouragement was looked for, desertion where promises had been relied on, persecution from the vicious, misunderstandings with the good, indifference or rather coldness from those whose enthusiasm was to have been a support; many a time those whose position might be supposed to mean protection turned coldly aside when the smallest favor was asked, yet little by little the noble work progressed, and though the devoted Mother had all the disagreeable experiences in an unusual degree, she had also friends of the purest, rarest type, always ready to aid, console, encourage, and bless. In addition to her labors for the order Mother Mary Austin Carroll has given to the world a large number of books of the highest type of literature. The names of some are as follow: Life of Catherine McAuley; Life of St. Alfonso; Life of Blessed Clement Hofbauer; Essays, Glimpses of Pleasant Homes, Angel Dreams, Happy Hours of Childhood, By the Seaside; Historical Dramas (4 vols.); Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy (4 vols.); Blessed Margaret Mary, translated from the French; Knowledge and Love of God (5 vols.); Spiritual Man (2 vols.); Spirit of St. Ignatius; Spiritual Retreats (4 vols.); The Passion, from the Spanish of Luis of Granada; several minor devotional works, and thirty-five published articles in various publications. Her latest work, "In Many Lands," will be published in Easter week.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

In course of time first one and then another Father was sent to Inchicore. The first died within a year and was buried near the wooden chapel in a cemetery which was blessed for the purpose. The people erected a large Irish cross over his remains, for although they knew him for but a short time, they respected him much and regarded him as a saint. But every good work done for the glory of God and the salvation of souls must expect to meet with opposition, and those who are but the instruments must expect to suffer persecution. Our head opponent, and I think I may almost add, our only one of any importance, was the zealous parish priest of St. James', our parish. He drove out to Inchicore on the day on which I had sung the first Mass there. He was very indignant at all he heard and saw. He first wrote a long letter to me as the acting perpetrator of all the mischief, which I sent to Father Cooke as soon as he had returned to England from France. I simply wrote to the P. P. to acknowledge the receipt of his letter, and to tell him that I was acting under orders from my Superior. He then wrote a similar letter to Father Cooke, who referred him to the Archbishop. He then wrote his third let-

ter to that prelate, who immediately summoned him to his presence. Dr. Cullen reminded the P. P. that he had threatened to have a chapel opened by himself, if the Catholics at Inchicore continued to be neglected, and closed the interview by assuring him that everything that had been done by the Oblate Fathers in that locality met with his sanction and merited his benediction. The ire of the P. P. was not to be appeased, and for several successive Sundays he continued to warn his parishioners that they did not obey the commandments of the Church if they did not come to the parish church to hear Mass on Sundays. When the Archbishop heard of this he wrote at once to Father S. and forbade him to repeat such untheological statements, and telling him that the only law of the Church with regard to such a subject was that which obliged every Catholic to make his Paschal Communion in his own parish church, but that he might assist at Mass on Sundays or holydays in any church or chapel which was duly authorized in the diocese. In concluding my remarks on this unpleasant topic I must admit that though the P. P. was bitterly opposed to us, and to me in particular, he was in all other respects a good and zealous pastor of souls, and that about two years after our first settlement at Inchicore he was summoned by the Chief Pastor, while in the faithful discharge of his duties, for he died suddenly while absolving a penitent in the confessional.

At the first Christmas after my settlement at Inchicore I made a Christmas crib. It was the pioneer of a series of cribs which contributed more than anything else to make our mission in that place celebrated throughout all Ireland. It was a very humble affair, the figures being of wax. They were arranged on the floor, and had a low railing around them for protection. There was a poor lunatic woman who used to kneel in front of them by the hour. Her name was Nancy Cunningham; she used to dress in white with a sheet or an old muslin curtain over her head and body, and she wore at least a dozen scapulars, of all sizes and colors, accompanied by a due proportion of crosses, medals, and Agnus Deis, and two or three rosaries, of all of which she was very proud. She was considered to be harmless, but the children were dreadfully afraid of her, for, seeing that they feared her, she would run after them. I was in my confessional one day when I noticed that Nancy had been upwards of an hour kneeling before the Crib, and as I saw she was in an unusual state of excitement, and was tossing about her scapulars and other religious paraphernalia in a strange manner I determined to keep an eye on her. Suddenly she rose to her feet, strode across the railing, and grabbing the figure of the ass, she cried out in a loud voice, "You nasty brute, how dar ye look into the face of that Divine Child." She instantly crushed the waxen figure into a hundred pieces, but seeing that I was then rushing towards her to prevent further mischief, she darted out of the chapel and I was not troubled with her again for a considerable time.

The following year my Crib was a much more ambitious one. The figures were much larger and were raised on a platform. My greatest difficulty was to procure something that would resemble snow. One year I tried salt, which soon melted into water; then I shook flour over my figures, but I had to clear it all away on the following day, for I found the devout worshipers laughing heartily at seeing scores of mice scampering over the Divine Child, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph, no doubt thinking that I had provided a hearty meal for them in the house of God. It was not until some years later on that I succeeded in manufacturing

a mixture of varied materials which defied the scrutiny of all who saw it, as it was such a perfect representation of snow and sleet combined. As within a few years my example with regard to the Crib was followed in nearly all the Dublin churches and in all the convent chapels I was often appealed to by those who wished to know what my snow was made of, but I had to keep this as a secret, as one of the ingredients was so difficult to procure that I had to begin collecting it before one year's Crib was removed in order to have a sufficient quantity for the following Christmas. Meanwhile our Inchicore Crib increased year by year in size and in splendor. The figures, nearly life-size, included, besides the Holy Family and the angels, the three shepherds, and a female with their humble offerings, the three Magi or Wise men from the East with their pages, an elephant, a camel, a horse, some sheep, a dog, and a pair of doves. The figures of the Holy Family were from Munich and were very beautiful. Those of the animals were made of wood, and to give an idea of their solidity I will mention that it took three men to lift the elephant. The locale of the Crib and its surroundings in course of time had to be so much enlarged that a separate building was erected, like a transept to a church.

In my essay on Conversions I have taken notice of some which were wrought by means of the Crib, but I will here mention an incident which I think must afford some amusement. I was busily engaged one afternoon superintending the rearrangement of all the figures save those of the Holy Family, as the shepherds had to be going home, and the kings to be brought in front of the manger for their adoration at the Epiphany. All the statues as well as the animals had to be removed outside the precincts, and three or four strong men were kindly helping me for this purpose. The camel, which was on its knees, was exactly opposite the door leading into the church. A woman who was walking along the high road on her way to Lucan, her home, saw several people going into and out of the church, and was tempted rather by curiosity than by piety to see for herself what was going on. When she caught sight of the camel, and imagined it was looking at her reproachfully, she stood still for some minutes, and then entering into the church she went straight to the altar-rails, and kneeling down she prayed for a while. Then coming towards me she said, "Father, you are a priest, are you not?" "Yes," I replied, "I am." "Oh, then," said she, "for the love of God hear my confession, for I am a great sinner, and have not knelt to a priest for many years." The following conversation then took place. "But can't you wait till by and by? Don't you see that I am very busy." "Oh, Father, don't put me off. I live a long way from this and may never have grace to come again." "But what put it into your head to come to me now?" "Well, Father, I'll tell you. I have a son and he's a sailor. He finished his month's furlough today and I have just been to see him off to his ship. He's a good boy, God bless him, much better than his poor mother, God forgive me. Yesterday he took me to the Zoo in the Phœnix Park and showed me all the animals that are there, and when I came to the door here to see what was going on, there I saw that camel, and he on his knees, too. So I said to myself 'look at that now, there's that ignorant camel that has no sense a-praying on his knees, and here am I that calls myself a Christian, and never goes to my knees at all.'" I could not resist her pleadings, so begging my helpers to excuse me I took her to my confessional and helped her to bare her penitent soul to me. Several times she would stop for a moment and pensively, yet gratefully, exclaim, "Oh! that camel!" Before

leaving the church to go to her home, she knelt for a while before the instrument of her conversion, and then she arose and kissed the camel's nose a dozen times. At the door she turned round and said in a loud voice, while the tears were trickling down her cheeks, "Oh that camel, that blessed camel!" I had made her promise to return to me on the following Saturday to finish her confession, a promise which she faithfully kept. On that occasion I had to take her again within the Crib to let her kiss the nose of her friend, the camel. To prove that her conversion was not ephemeral, I often had the pleasure of seeing her in my confessional on subsequent occasions. Whenever she received a letter from her son she always brought it to me to read, and still continued to say that "he was a much better boy than his mother."

Many conversions from Protestantism took place from year to year at my famous Crib, but for a recital of these I must refer my reader to my "History of Conversions in General." The processions in the month of Mary, and on the first Sunday of every month, proved as great an attraction to Inchicore, during the summer time as the Crib was at Christmas. Three or four of our Dublin confraternities were invited for each Sunday, and used to enliven the scene by their quaint and picturesque dresses and beautiful banners. There were always at least a couple of bands playing sacred music as they marched around the grounds. Children of Mary carried the statue of the Blessed Virgin, but I usually succeeded in obtaining sergeants from whatever regiment might be quartered in the barracks to hold up one of the six brass poles of the canopy for the Blessed Sacrament. The line of procession was defined by about sixty little bannerets or poles, each being painted with an invocation from the Litany of Loretto. As no one was allowed to remain a mere spectator, those who were not singing the hymns were reciting the rosary. I had no difficulty in obtaining faculties for all these processions, etc., from a dear old Vicar General, Monsignor Yore, a constant friend of mine, who used to say whenever I asked for any special privilege, "Yes, my dear, do all you can, it will keep the poor people from going to Donnybrook and the Strawberry Gardens on Sunday. "These notorious places were fruitful causes of much sinful license, and it is to be devoutly hoped that our humble efforts to stay the current of such iniquity proved successful with many who would otherwise have been led astray. People used to ask me how I always managed to have fine weather for these occasions, and I would tell them to get the old women and the little children to pray for this purpose from the beginning of the week, and that thus they were sure to obtain what they wanted for the glory of God and the honor of His Blessed Mother. I don't know whether their petitions were always granted or not, but I can safely assert that ours were simply infallible. During all the years in which I presided over our May processions, I never knew an instance in which we had to confine our devotions within the walls of the church. As soon as all had returned to the precincts of the sacred building an open air sermon was preached, as no church in Ireland would have contained a moiety of those who were thus assembled to render honor to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and His Immaculate Mother.

(To be Continued.)

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE TURK IN EUROPE.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXVI.

The edict of Justinian on the three chapters caused great disunion in the Church. The Eutychians boasted that the Council of Chalcedon was partially condemned. Many Catholics shared this opinion, and the result was another schism. Pope Vigilius, who was at Constantinople, issued a condemnation of those documents in a letter called "Judicatum." He also excommunicated Theodora and broke off all communication with Mennas. This served only to increase the schism. Vigilius then proposed to assemble a council for the examination of the chapters; and pressed on all sides he issued another decree styled the "Constitutum" which superseded the "Judicatum," in which the same errors were condemned under another formula. The emperor and his officers ill-treated the Pope; he was imprisoned to force him to act against his conscience, and he was kept in custody, which nullified his acts.

In the year 553 there was an assembly of bishops held, at which very few from the West attended. The Council was opened in the private apartments of the cathedral of Constantinople; and after the bishops had proceeded some time in their deliberations, the Pope had the "Constitutum" read, and protested against the irregularity of the proceedings. However, the session continued and the errors of the three chapters were condemned; and in the last session the prelates recognized, received, and confirmed the acts of the Council of Nice, Constantinople, and Chalcedon and declared their faith to be the same as that which was defined in those four councils, and excommunicated those who would not receive all their decisions. Eutychius, the patriarch of Constantinople, Appollinaris of Alexandria, and the bishops, signed the acts of the council.

The emperor still detained Pope Vigilius in the Imperial City, but having succeeded in forcing him to confirm the acts of this council, he allowed him to return to Italy. Still the troubles caused by the tyrannical interference of Justinian were not settled. Although the several documents which came from Pope Vigilius and the acts of the synod contained nothing but the true doctrine of the Church, yet the irregularity of the proceedings threw the whole transaction into discredit, and the misconstruction given by the various sects rendered doubtful the exact doctrines which were held. The council therefore was not generally received. Pope Vigilius died shortly after his return to Rome.

Justinian built, or rescued from decay, in Constantinople, thirty-one churches, at his own expense. Among these was the great church of St. Sophia, which today is a splendid mosque. He also built many churches, monasteries, and hospitals in other portions of his empire; but he made an inglorious peace with Chosroes, the king of Persia, preferring to embroil himself and his empire in theological controversy rather than discharge his duties by protecting his people from the ravages of enemies, and by securing peace and justice for them in their temporal concerns which had been intrusted to his care. This disturber of the peace of the Church in his latter years fell into heresy, and after having been a persecutor for doctrine, a torment to the Church, a defender of faith, and a violater of discipline, he died out of the pale of that Church, in the year 566, having latterly begun to persecute those who held the Catholic faith, for not following him in his errors, among whom was Eutychius, the patriarch of the Imperial City.

His successor was Justin II., who held the Catholic faith and recalled all the Catholic prelates who had been banished by his uncle, with the exception of Eutychius. But though his doctrine was orthodox, his morality was corrupt. He died in 578 and was succeeded by Tiberius Constantine, who recalled the patriarch from Pontus, where he had spent twelve years in exile. St. Gregory the Great was at this time nuncio from Pope Pelagius II., in the Imperial City, and was on most intimate terms with the emperor and his successor. Through the efforts of the prelates, who were now free in their actions, heresy and schism were rooted out in many places.

After a reign of four years, Tiberius died, and was succeeded by Maurice in 582. Gregory was soon afterwards recalled to Rome, and in 590 succeeded Pelagius in the pontificate. At the close of this century John, the Faster,—a man of extraordinary austerity of life and stern manners,—was in the See of Constantinople. He advanced a step farther in his assumption of power than any of his predecessors, and took the title of "Universal Bishop." Gregory wrote to reprove him for his presumption, requiring him to desist from issuing so equivocal a phrase which had never been used by any bishop. Gregory knew well the history of Constantinople aggressions and the ambition of the emperors to elevate the authority of that See, and answered that he could not give sanction to such a principle of usurpation. John replied that he did not assume the title as claiming jurisdiction over all the churches, but over a large number. Gregory, however, insisted upon the disuse of the title, and John for a time complied.

The emperor Maurice was extremely avaricious. This unfortunate passion caused him to refuse the payment of a small ransom demanded by the khan of the Avari for the release of ten thousand prisoners whom he had taken. The barbarian put them to death, and Maurice, looking upon himself as a murderer, was overwhelmed with grief. But this lesson seems not to have been heeded by the emperor. He ordered his troops into winter quarters beyond the Danube that he might support them at less expense in an enemy's country. This displeased the troops and they revolted at their hard treatment and chose Phocas as their leader, and crossed the Danube and proclaimed him emperor. Maurice fled from the city with his wife and children. They were followed and murdered by the emperor's own body guard. Phocas was elevated upon a blood-stained throne. He was crowned by Cyriacus, the patriarch, who still assumed the title of "Universal Bishop." St. Gregory the Great died in 604 and was succeeded by Sabinianus, whose successor was Boniface III., who, during his short pontificate procured an order from Phocas to the bishops of the Imperial City forbidding them to use the obnoxious title which John the Faster had attempted to establish, and Cyriacus had assumed.

Phocas was deposed and put to death by Heraclius in 610 during the occupation of the See of Constantinople by Sergius. In the year 625 Chosroes, the king of Persia, who still ravaged the Holy Land, required as a condition of peace, the apostacy of the empire from Christianity, and the adoption of the religion of the Persians. Heraclius rejected the proposal and prepared for vigorous operations. It was upon this occasion that the Turks, who were a savage tribe in the Northwest of Asia, were brought down by Heraclius into Thrace, and about this time also, Mahomet began his progress in Arabia. Here we have the opening page in the bloody history of the Turks in Europe.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. Translated from the Italian of an Unknown Fourteenth Century Writer. By Valentina Hawtrey. With an Introduction by Vernon Lee. New York, John Lane. 1904.

The authorship of this touching little story is shrouded in mystery. The work is printed in the original in some editions of St. Jerome's "Lives of the Saints" as translated by Frate Domenico Cavalca, an Italian ascetical writer contemporary with Dante. It is supposed to be the work of some pious gentleman who devoted the last years of a busy life to the service of God in the Franciscan order.

He who takes up the good old Franciscan's book need not expect to find a Magdalen true in every respect to the accepted traditions. For what warm-blooded son of Tuscany, that mother of noble spirits, who has lived his calm and beautiful life up among her vine-clad hills, and towering groves, where Nature revels in all her glory, telling of beauty in everything, could bear to think of Magdalen as anything but beautiful and good?

And so he portrays her. Here we have all her love and tenderness, all her better life, without the wickedness attributed to the Magdalen in early life. She may be vain, frivolous and fond of admiration. Yet not a word about the wild pleasures upon which many writers dwell with emphatic bitterness. She may make mistakes and go to some excess in her round of pleasure, but her faults are not very serious, and they only serve to throw into bolder relief the beautiful traits of her character. In a word we have all the loveliness that the warm heart of the Southerner could suggest, all that pious legends have woven about the penitent with the veil of silent sympathy drawn over her early career.

Such is the Magdalen that this enthusiastic heart from sunny Italy has painted for us, a picture that must dwell in the reader's mind forever, a beautiful memory and an incentive to all that is high. The character of Mary Magdalen has always been a solace and an inspiration to man, and under this treatment it has lost none of its power, while, if such a thing were possible, it has gained in attractiveness. The translator gave a treasure to our literature when he put this story into its rich English dress and, we are sure, the reading public will not be slow to recognize the fact.

Divine Grace. A series of Instructions arranged according to the Baltimore catechism. Edited by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph.D., D.D. New York. Benziger Bros. Price, $1.50.

The doctrine of grace, though difficult, is one of the most important in the whole range of Catholic teaching. Its difficulty springs from the fact that the workings of this supernatural help or force do not fall within the sphere of sense-activity. Its importance is evident, since without grace no work for eternal life can be wrought. Dr. Wirth has based his instructions upon a valuable treatise in German by Nepefny, *Das Uebernaturliche Leben.* The author aims to give in simple language as full an exposition of the doctrine of grace as possible under the circumstances. In this, his work differs from Scheeben's deep treatise upon Divine Grace, which really appeals more to the theologian than to the ordinary Catholic. The need of discussing this subject cannot be over-estimated, and we are profoundly convinced that colleges and academies do not, as a rule, treat this matter at sufficient length. We are also inclined to believe that the majority of congregations could receive with profit a great many more sermons upon grace than are usually given them. Why could not this book be made the basis of a series of Advent or Lenten conferences? A deeper knowledge of the supernatural life will necessarily lead to a quickening of spiritual activities in any parish. There is one point in particular which we are delighted to see noticed in detail by the learned writer, and that is the distribution of grace among pagans. Do they receive grace in sufficient measure so that they are enabled to know the truth and to reach eternal salvation? Most assuredly. (1) "God has given man a natural love for the truth, and, if man follows this impulse to the best of his ability, he will be given the means of showing his fidelity to the voice of God speaking through his conscience and so find eternal life. This inclination, implanted in the human heart, may be regarded as a grace which God gives to man to draw him to Himself. * * * If (the pagans) comply with this first call of grace, they will receive more grace, and will finally be led to justification. * * * (2) Besides this inner desire for truth, God may also use *visible nature* to give men grace. * * * (3) *The voice of conscience* is another means which

God uses to call the heathens to Himself. * * * (4) There remain also among all peoples portions of the *original revelation* which God made to man in paradise. (5) God often brought men to salvation through a direct interposition by *miracles*." These are certainly comforting reflections. We cannot help regretting that Dr. Wirth did not, in connection with this point, take up the question of the articles of faith which are to be *explicitly* believed.

Jesus Christ, the Word Incarnate. Considerations gathered from the works of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas. By Roger Freddi, S.J. Translated from the Italian by F. J. Sullivan, S.J. St. Louis, Herder, 1904. Price, $1.25.

Since our Lord and Saviour is the centre of all Christian thought and of all Christian devotion, the great advantages to be drawn from a book like the present are beyond description. Our loyalty to the Christian cause depends almost entirely upon our personal attachment to our Redeemer, and this must necessarily be built upon our knowledge of His transcendent dignity, power and attributes. The constant cry of St. Ignatius in his golden book of the Exercises is for a deeper knowledge of the world's Ransomer, in order that He may be loved more intensely and followed more closely. Father Freddi's thoughtful book will, if we judge aright, contribute efficaciously towards the object so eagerly sought by the soldier-saint of Christendom. The fact that the substance of the considerations is drawn from the writings of the Angelic Doctor is a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of the doctrine, while the warm southern nature of the author lends vigor and grace to the expressions. A few considerations such as that upon the "infused knowledge of Christ" would have gained in usefulness, if the translator had not kept so rigidly to the Aristotelian technicalities of the original. In their present form they will not be readily grasped by the average American mind.

The Right to Life of the Unborn Child. A Controversy between Professor Hector Trent, M.D., Rev. R. Van Oppenraay, D.D., S.J., and Professor Th. M. Vlaming, M.D. New York, Joseph F. Wagner. Price $1.00.

The awful contempt with which in many places the rights of the unborn innocents are treated will make this work valuable to parents, physicians and to priests. Horrible as was the infanticide practised in Sparta of old, still more revolting is the wholesale defiance of the fundamental law of race-continuity, as seen among many modern nations. The subject, both from a therapeutic and a legal standpoint, needs delicate handling, and for this we can recommend this discussion.

Via Dolorosa. By a North Country Curate. St. Louis, Herder. 1904.

There is nothing like good example in literature as well as in the moral life. And so the recent success of some of our clergy in fiction-writing has apparently emboldened yet another to try his hand at the difficult task of providing a popular novel. Need it be said that we welcome him and wish him all the success his efforts have deserved?

The scene of the story is laid at St. Sulpice, whither Henri de St. Pierre, the hero of the story, has been sent to prepare for the priesthood. The friends and acquaintances formed at the great Parisian seminary are the characters around whom the plot centres—a plot that never for a moment lacks either interest or tragic movement.

Many readers would prefer a little more humane disposal of the characters. As it is, there seems to be a determination on the part of the North Country curate to favor violent deaths. The villain is drowned, the best of the female characters killed by a frightful accident, and the really prominent male character falls dead in the pulpit. Indeed, virtue seems to triumph only as a faint flicker before a final catastrophe. If the author ventures again into the field of novel-writing, we trust that he will give us bright sunsets even though the days be stormy.

The picture painted of the clergy and of the seminarians is rather out of the common, and we much doubt whether it can be said to represent the inmates of the normal seminary. It would be difficult to find any training establishment for priests where the students are so original, so strenuous, and where they use language so slangy, as we have them in "Via Dolorosa."

However, above all things, the story is one with a purpose, and under its dramatic and humorous incidents and scenes lies the constant desire to instill a great religious lesson.

Conquering Success. By William Mathews. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $1.50.

No one can view life reflectively without being struck at the great number of failures among young men. How many there are who

drift along in life without definite aim, without ambition, without energy, leaning upon others and content to receive from others the support which they themselves ought to earn. Take the graduates of our high schools, colleges, universities—how deplorably helpless many of them are! We cannot place the blame always upon vicious traits, for a large number of these incompetents are good young men, apparently devout, yet somehow there is a strange obliquity in their mental vision and an appalling lack of certain natural moral qualities, without which success, in a business or professional career, cannot be achieved. In face of this depressing fact, would it not be well to have frequent addresses made to our young men upon the absolute need of developing an energetic, thorough, decided, courageous, strong, reliable character? Should they not also be urged to read books upon these important topics? For this purpose Mr. Mathews' book is admirably suited. It is terse, vigorous, clear, enthusiastic, replete with wise suggestions and equipped with rich treasures of anecdote and of example. We should like to place a copy of this book in the hand of every young man, whether he has not yet started to grapple with the thorny problem of "getting on" or has failed to realize the rosy hopes of early youth.

The City of the King. By Mrs. Lew Wallace. With illustrations. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

This is a portrayal in vivid language, aided by numerous illustrations, of the scenes amid which the Holy Child lived and grew to manhood. The descriptions are exquisitely written, the illustrations exceedingly clear and well-defined, and over all there hangs a spirit of genuine reverence which has its own unspeakable charm. We miss, however, that grasp of dogmatic truth found in a work like Liddon's Divinity of Christ, and which would have given a more abiding value to the book.

The Louisiana Purchase and the Exploration, Early History and Building of the West. By Ripley Hitchcock. Boston, Ginn & Co., 1903. Price $1.25.

Little did our forefathers dream when they bought from France for fifteen million dollars the territory now embracing Louisiana, Arkansas, Colorado, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Wyoming, that the money thus invested would yield so marvellous a return. For that relatively trifling sum we gained an empire larger than Great Britain, Germany, France, Spain, Italy and Portugal combined, a territory which now supports in comfort fifteen million people and which can boast of a wealth four hundred times the amount of the purchase-money. The record of the upbuilding of this magnificent Western Empire is replete with vivid interest and with heroic daring, while the Centenary of the Purchase invests the subject with the halo of romance. It is of prime importance to us all that the youth of the country should know and realize the sacrifices made to accomplish this wonderful result. We urge upon all a careful perusal of Mr. Hitchcock's book in which a succinct account is given of the genesis and development of the West in a manner original and solid. In its external dress the work has the finish and the attractiveness which mark the publications of Ginn & Co.

Sketches for Sermons. By Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S.J. New York, Joseph F. Wagner. Price $1.25.

The enterprising Wagner firm of New York is supplying us with a constant stream of sermons. The present sketches are marked by simple moral teachings and by clear denunciations of vice. Here there are no bewildering discussions upon the Higher Criticism or upon the essence of personality, but plain heart-to-heart talks upon the solemnity of life and the weighty duties of the Christian. There is surely a wide field for these appropriate sermon-outlines; and we trust that the author will add many a volume to the one just published.

Kind Words from Your Pastor. By Rev. Jno. F. Noll. Published by the author at New Haven, Indiana.

This is a clear exposition of the duties of a Catholic. The following subjects are treated calmly, interestingly and earnestly: "Our Calling—What Your Church is to You—Who the Loser?—Church Support—Unity and Peace Necessary in the Parish—The Parochial School—Mixed Marriages—The Catholic Marriage—To the Non-Catholic in a Mixed Marriage. To the Fallen-Away Catholic—Secret Societies—Sunday Observance." The judicial tone of the author greatly enhances the value of the booklet and it would be well if a copy were placed within reach of every member of the Church in the United States.

The Real St. Francis of Assisi. By the Rev. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. New York, Messenger Office. Price 25 cents.

The growing favor with which the generous-

hearted St. Francis is regarded by non-Catholics is very consoling. But, unfortunately, there is one drawback to this popularity. Attempts have been made, especially by M. Sabatier in France, to represent this devoted Son of the Church as a forerunner of Protestantism and out of harmony with the spiritual rulers of his day. This atrocious calumny has been industriously spread far and wide by the sowers of prejudice. Father Robinson has, consequently, done real service to religion by revealing to us the gentle St. Francis as he actually was in life, and it is incumbent upon the vast army of Franciscan Tertiaries to spread this sketch as much as possible.

Wanted—A Situation, and other Stories. By Isabel Nixon Whiteley. St. Louis, Herder, 1904. Price 60 cents.

A collection of cheery stories, cleverly conceived, pleasantly written, though in a distinctly feminine style, with enough good advice sandwiched between the lines to point a useful moral.

Pontifical Ceremonies. By P. Francis Mershman, O.S.B. St. Louis, Herder, 1904. Price 90 cents.

This is an extremely handy manual, containing the ceremonies for the leading functions in the Church, such as those for ordination, for Holy Week, for the consecration and reception of a bishop, for the benediction and consecration of a church, and for other important services. The author has with great skill managed to compress into a small space a large amount of information, and we feel sure that not only the clergy, but the educated laity will find the manual very useful.

The Three Holy Kings. An Historical Drama in Five Acts. By Frederic Ebersweiler, S.J. St. Louis, Herder, 1904. Price 50 cents.

The author of this spirited drama is a missionary in the Rocky Mountains who devotes the few free moments he can snatch from his arduous labors to literary composition. "The Three Holy Kings" shows a deep appreciation of dramatic strength and a skilful manipulation of stirring incidents. The play should find favor in convents, Sunday schools and in sodality circles.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the origin of dreams? Why are we forbidden to believe in dreams? Are not dreams mentioned in the Holy Scriptures as means of communication between God and men?

Dreams are mental processes which take place during sleep. They are in some respects akin to states of *reverie* which occur during waking life. "In dreaming," says Maher, "the imagination assumes the part played in waking life by the external senses. During sleep the activity of these latter falls into almost complete abeyance; volitional control over the course of thought ceases; the power of reflection and comparison is suspended; and the fancy of the dreamer moves along automatically under the guidance of association. Consideration of these circumstances will help us partially to account for the peculiar features of the dream. Its chief characteristics are: (1) its verisimilitude, (2) its incoherence and extravagance, (3) its possession of a certain coherence amid this inconsistency, and (4) the exaggeration of actual impressions.

(1) The apparent reality of a dream is, in great part, a consequence of the cessation of the action of the external senses. In sleep the images of the fancy which may arise within us are not subject to the correction which the presentation of the senses are ever furnishing during waking life. The objects which we dimly see around us, the tactual and auditory impressions of which we are vaguely conscious, all conspire to keep us in constant collision with reality; and when we imagine ourselves at the head of an army, or in the jaws of a tiger, the obscurely apprended table and chairs of our room exert a silent check upon the credence we are inclined to give to all vivid ideas. In sleep this corrective is entirely cut off.

(2) The inconsistency of the dream seems to be due to its course being left entirely to the guidance of fortuitous associations modi-

fied by the interference of accidental sensations at the moment.

(3) The consistency of the dream, in so far as it occasionally exists, probably results in part from an orderly succession of previously associated ideas, in part from a faint power of selection exerted by a dominant tone of consciousness at the time, which rejects striking eccentricities.

(4) The exaggeration of occasional real impressions is accounted for by the fact that while the great majority of external sensations are excluded, those which do find entrance are thereby in a peculiarly favorable position.

Now it cannot be denied that dreams may be from God. We know that Abraham was frequently visited by God in sleep. Joseph had dreams. Pharaoh had dreams. As to the New Testament, it will be sufficient to enumerate the several cases of St. Joseph. In the lives of the saints, we occasionally read of dreams which have a future and prophetic meaning; and these even the Roman Breviary, with its staid and rigid exclusiveness, does not hesitate to put before its readers. In the main, nevertheless, dreams proceed from natural causes. Although the predisposing causes of dreams may be sought for in more than one direction, they are generally referable to some peculiar condition of the body and are often called into action through the agency of external senses. Hence, while we are not forbidden to give credit to dreams when they come from God, nevertheless we are forbidden so to do when they proceed from natural causes. For, as has been shown above, and, as every sane man must admit, dreams and the idle fancies which come into our heads in sleep, proceed from the physical constitution of our bodies—from the humors, indigestion and the like by which the body is afflicted—from the fumes of what we have been eating and drinking, or from the thoughts which engaged our minds on our retiring to sleep? And such being the case, is it not absurd to take them as pointing out what is about to happen to us or to consider them as a rule by which we regulate our acts? This is it that made the wise man say: "Dreams lift up fools. The man that giveth heed to lying visions is like to him that catcheth at the shadow and followeth it after the wind. * * * What truth can come from that which is false? Deceitful divinations and lying omens, and the dreams of evil doers are vanity, * * * for dreams have deceived many." Eccles. xxxiv, 1.

Are there many Catholics in Japan?

The church in Japan consists of one archdiocese with three suffragan dioceses. The archdiocese is that of Tokio, erected in 1891, which is presided over by the Most Rev. Pierre-Marie Osouf, D.D. In this archdiocese there are not more than nine or ten thousand Catholics. The diocese of Nagasaki, in charge of the Rt. Rev. Jules Alphonse Cousin, D.D., has about thirty-six thousand Catholics; the diocese of Osaka, under the care of the Rt. Rev. Jules-Auguste Chatron, cares for about five thousand Catholics, and that of Hakodate, entrusted to the Rt. Rev. Alexander Berlioz, D.D., has about four thousand Catholic subjects. There are, consequently, not sixty thousand Catholics in the whole Empire.

It will be remembered that St. Francis Xavier first in 1549 bore the light of the Gospel to this wonderful people. For twenty-seven months this illustrious man preached in the principal cities, and converted many to the faith. In 1596, when Taico-Sama began the era of persecution, there were more than two hundred thousand devout Catholics in Japan. Persecution after persecution laid waste this fair field until this once flourishing church was almost utterly ruined. The sufferings inflicted upon the martyrs were barbarous beyond description, but the Catholics in every walk of life displayed intrepid courage. The brave bands of Christians were stimulated to these heroic deeds by zealous missionaries belonging to the religious orders of St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Augustine and to the Society of Jesus. Many of these devoted men were put to death by hitherto unheard of kinds of torments. Their persecutors tore with pincers the skin, limbs and nerves of their victims; they cut off the flesh morsel by morsel with dull knives; they dipped some naked in icy waters, and burned others by slow fires, while they plunged not a few into boiling sulphur springs, which made the flesh a vast ulcerous mass of fetid sores.

The last known entrance of a missionary was that of Padre Sidotti, a Sicilian priest, who landed in October, 1709. He was soon arrested and sent to prison, where he was walled up in a close cell, four or five feet deep. He was occasionally fed through a small aperture; but the rigors of his imprisonment killed him.

In 1846 Gregory XVI erected Japan into a vicariate-apostolic and several attempts were made by courageous missionaries to carry out the plans of the Holy Father. But it was not until 1858 that the field was opened and the Rev. Fr. Mermet was granted entrance under the protection of Baron Gros, the minister-plenipotentiary of France. The opening of the country to foreigners inspired

several zealous priests to devote themselves to the task of winning the Japanese over to Christianity. Among these noble men was the energetic Fr. Petitjean, who built a beautiful church at Nagasaki. It was not long before they were visited by several bands of Christians, descendants of those who had been converted by St. Francis Xavier and his successors. So successful were the efforts of the missionaries that the first plan of ecclesiastical organization was adopted in 1877. This was carried out in detail in 1891, when the country was divided into four sees and measures were adopted for the future spiritual welfare of the intelligent and energetic inhabitants of these islands.

What is the general religious belief of the Japanese?

Two great systems of religious belief flourish in Japan, *Buddhism and Shintoism*. Buddhism for many centuries had the ascendancy and was the formal state-religion, but it was virtually disestablished in 1874. *Shintoism* can scarcely be called a religion, for it teaches no definite moral code, and it does not strive to explain the riddles of life and death. The lessons it does inculcate lead practically to a blind following of natural impulses; while its worship is largely a form of ancestral and hero-worship. It is intensely patriotic and its chief deity is Amaterasu, goddess of the sun, from whom the Mikado is reported to trace his descent.

Where can the law of fasting be found in the Holy Scriptures?

Although fasting is not formally and in specific terms enjoined upon all in the Bible, nevertheless, it is certainly urged *implicitly*—Our Lord, whose example we are to follow, fasted for forty days before beginning His public ministry. He takes it for granted that His disciples will fast, because He warns them (St. Matthew vi., 16) not to do so ostentatiously. We are not to flaunt abroad our devotional practices, for such a manner of action ministers to personal vanity and not to that lowliness of spirit which is the outgrowth and the mark of all true virtue. That the Apostles fasted is evident from Acts xiii., 2, xiv., 22, 2 Cor., xi., 27, and St. Paul speaks definitely of fasting as a means by which one is rendered acceptable to God.

What were the *Trivium* and the *Quadrivium?*

The *trivium* comprised the three elementary subjects of education in the middle ages, namely, Grammar, Rhetoric and Logic. The *quadrivium* embraced the subjects of higher education, namely, music, arithmetic, geometry and astronomy. The *trivium* was the *three-fold way* to elementary knowledge, the *quadrivium* the four-fold way to higher knowledge.

What is the meaning of the expression A1?

It means the very best. It is supposed to trace its origin to marine circles in which the character of the ship's hull is designated by *letters* and that of the anchors, cables and stores by *figures*. A1 means hull, excellent, anchors, etc., in first-class condition; A2 means hull in perfect condition, but equipment not in the best state.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 847 *Powers' Block*, *Rochester, N. Y.*

CHRIST BLESSING THE CHARITABLE.

THE RISEN CHRIST WITH THE TOILERS.

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LI. APRIL, 1904 No. 4

OFFERING UP THE FIRST-BORN.

THE MISSION OF THE RISEN CHRIST.

INTERPRETED IN MODERN ART.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

Christ hath risen! Alleluia! But had the risen Lord not promised to be with us "even unto the consummation of the world," Easter could not bring to us its fulness of joy. Because we know that He Who died upon the cross to redeem mankind has not forgotten us in the day of His victory, Easter is the most glorious of all our festivals.

It is this thought that Paul Albert

CHRIST WITH THE SINNERS AND OPPRESSED.

Besnard has expressed in his marvelous symbolic paintings for the Franciscan Hospital in Berck-sur-mer. Christ is here present in our daily labors, upon His cross when we are overwhelmed by sorrow, by sin, and in His glorious resurrection robes when our souls are uplifted by the exercise of good deeds. He is the inspiration of the surgeon who operates to relieve pain, of the laborer in the field, of the scientist who spends himself for humanity. When I saw Monsieur Besnard last fall he told me that he had painted these frescoes as an offering of gratitude to the good Sisters for their tender care of his little son. "I have divided my work into two parts. Christ upon the cross is our highest symbol of patient suffering, and the risen Christ of joy and hope. The first part therefore treats of suffering, disease, and death; the second of resignation, hope, and happiness." How exquisitely he has depicted, in the first fresco, the mingled pain and joy of the young mother whose soul is upheld by hope and love. Her eyes follow her first-born as the father offers him to Christ "Who upon His cross is our highest symbol of patient suffering. In my second fresco I have endeavored to depict humanity bestialized by sin, especially by the vice of drunkenness which I regard as the most terrible of all human weaknesses, because it leads to every crime—murder, the exploiting of child labor, the deformity of infants, the excessive toil of women—all are

THE DIVINE OFFERING.

brought about through the curse of drunkenness." We see a woman whose reason has been destroyed, men fighting, killing each other, children and women condemned to labor which deforms them; a crippled boy pleading with his drunken father to return to his home; in the background the smoke of the factories, where men, women and children are enslaved through excessive mechanical labor, mingles with that ascending from the culpably over-crowded city. Yet Christ upon His cross is in the midst of the criminal, the down-trodden, the suffering; agonizing for them, interceding for mercy. This is one of the most realistic of Besnard's symbolic paintings, a powerful sermon portraying the iniquities of modern life. It proves that art is still a great teaching force in the moral world. The painters of the early Renaissance employed their art as a medium which should reveal to the people spiritual truths, today a great philanthropist makes use of his art to bring before our minds the sufferings of humanity and the ever present love and sympathy of Christ.

In the third picture we find the desolation of those whom death has robbed of their beloved. The father is overcome, prostrated by his grief, and sinks beneath the weight of his affliction, while the mother, more brave, remembers the child who is left; and notwithstanding her overwhelming sorrow she has the strength to go forth and labor for his food and raiment. The

CHRIST WITH THE RESIGNED MOTHER.

grandmother supports and encourages her saying "Courage daughter—remember that you are not alone in your suffering, death comes to all—think of her who stood at the foot of the cross." And Christ Who loves a strong, noble heart, follows the women to support and uplift them, leaving the man to his despair.

The fourth fresco is resignation, the acceptance of a higher will—symbolized by the Mother of Christ who holds in her arms the body of her beloved Son. Broken, crushed for our sins, she offers Him to the Eternal Father as the Supreme Sacrifice. The three Marys, typifying humanity, share, not only her agony, but her acceptance of God's will.

In the fifth picture, Christ though risen in glory, is still our intercessor before the throne of His Father. The mother holds her dying son in the form of a cross, pleading "as Thou didst die upon the cross that my child might be redeemed do not desert him in the hour of his agony, but grant that he may rise with Thee to everlasting life."

The sixth fresco reminds us that Christ is indeed our brother, that He is by our side in every walk of life—participating in our every action. Here He watches over the operating table where science battles with disease. While the surgeon performs his noble work, assisted by the Franciscan Sister, the loving Saviour is pleading with them for the life of the child.

The seventh picture shows us charity—

CHRIST WITH THE SUFFERING CHILD.

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of these My little ones, ye have done it unto Me." While the second fresco represents the unnatural conditions of life produced by sin, the eighth depicts the peace and joy that life brings when we follow Nature's laws. The crucified Saviour must still bear the sins of the world and remain with those who daily renew the anguish of His death, but the risen Lord is with those who keep His commandments and to them the labor of life is no longer a curse but an exceeding joy. Peace and happiness come to the man who ploughs the field, to the mother who nourishes her child, to the students who seek the knowledge of God's works, to the men who sail the seas and cast their nets. "And He hath given His angels charge over thee."

Many other symbolic truths may be read in this noble work which reveals the imperious need of the human soul for some higher ideal than earthly philosophy can supply. The personal experiences of this artist forced upon him the realization of this great need. The history of his life is most interesting as it explains the psychological transformation which has taken place in his work. When a young student he gained the Prix de Rome in the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts. Five years of study in Italy left their impress upon his art. Not that he attempted to copy the painters of the Renaissance, he is too intensely modern and understands too well that

CHRIST WITH THE SURGEON.

artists must express the thought of their age; but he was influenced by these mural decorators to find here the true outlet for his genius. In the Ecole de Pharmacie his painting is a language through which he expresses his philosophy of evolution and the final supremacy of man's intellect over all matter. In his later decoration for the Sorbonne he develops this theory more fully; showing the evolving of the earth from chaos, the gradual evolution of plant and animal life, which under the influence of the sun's rays, culminates in the creation of man; then the return by death to inanimate nature whence again life germinates. All this he reveals through the vision of an artist, a poet, while he paints it with the vivid brush of an impressionist.

Happy in his home life, successful in his chosen profession, famous as the painter of beautiful women, of light and life and joy, Besnard's work, up to this time, reveals only the man of science, the thoughtful philosopher, the passionate lover of sensuous color, the human being who is satisfied with the things of this life. Suddenly sorrow laid its heavy hand upon his heart. The little son whom he adored was stricken with coxalgie. Besnard and his wife left their work, their friends, the gay life of Paris and carried the child to the renowned hospital of Berck-sur-mer where they remained three years. Hundreds of little children, rich and poor, were here tenderly cared for by the good Franciscan Sisters. All that science has discovered, all that

the most advanced surgery could accomplish was brought to their aid, yet day by day death claimed these little ones. This artist now experienced in his own life the tragedy he had so ably depicted in the Ecole de Pharmacie where science and love fight against disease and death. He listened to the cry of suffering humanity, the appeal of the children of God for something above and beyond the cold philosophy which he had painted in such glorious colors on the walls of the Sorbonne. Through the valley of the shadow of death his soul was led toward the risen Christ Who alone can bring us consolation and victory. During the lonely hours of the night, as he paced beside the restless sea, waiting, longing for the recovery of his child, he developed his conception of the Divine Compassion. Upon this stupendous work he has concentrated all his knowledge, all his prodigious talent and given us, says Jules Bois, "the song of a prophet announcing the victory of humanity." Camille Mauclair in L'Art en Silence writes: "He has painted a modern fresco filled with the spirit of Christ . . . the serious dream of a man profoundly intelligent reading the Scriptures in the light of modernity and bowing before the sublime charity of One Who will forever symbolize the elevation of man's being toward the Infinite . . . I do not hesitate to say that this is the most profound, the most searching and the most sincere expression of belief in our time . . . Nothing so great has been accomplished since the St. Genevieve of Puvis de Chavannes."

When in the salon of 1901 I saw the first studies for these frescoes the deep religious impression which they produced made me realize the greatness of Besnard's genius. No other artist has so completely interpreted modern life and brought into the very heart of that life, with its varying lights and shadows, the presence of the Man of God. The importance of this work can scarcely be overestimated. In an age when religious painting is said to belong to the past, and science is supposed to be the deadly enemy of art, it comes as a revelation of that higher truth—all the forces of nature, moral and physical, *must* work in harmony, therefore science and art can serve side by side as the handmaids of religion.

The Catholic Church has ever recognized the power of art as a teacher, but since the time of the great Italian Masters few men have possessed the ability to interpret through painting the higher spiritual laws.

The genius of Besnard has long been recognized by the French, and in the Exposition at St. Louis Americans will be given an opportunity of estimating the value of his work. He has been given an entire room for the exhibition of his paintings, an honor, I am told, accorded no other French artist. "I have been asked to send the original studies for my Berck frescoes, Mademoiselle. Do you think that your people will be interested in them?" I assured him that he would find an intelligent public who would deeply appreciate his symbolic work. While the religious paintings of Besnard must appeal to all thinking people, Catholics especially will rejoice in the great message which they carry to the world—the message of man's redemption through the crucified Christ—the message of peace and hope and gladness that His triumphant conquest of sin and death carries to every heart on this glorious festival of the Resurrection.

THE PRIMROSE TIME.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD. (SLIAV-NA-MON.)

When blustering winds of March have swept o'er the Irish hills,
And chirp of nestling linnet the truant school-boy thrills;
Oh! then from a mossy bank where shelt'ring hawthorns sprout
The pale-gold eyes of the primrose, to gladden your heart, look out.

Full soon in valley and glen their starry clusters greet;
Glad children, blithe to cull them, hurry with eager feet;
The peasant looks to heaven;—he blesses the works of God,
And breathes a prayer for his loved ones that lie beneath the sod.

But the wind, the world-old wind, that wafts o'er the hills away.
It kisses the gold-rimmed petals tirelessly all the day!
It whispers of fairy bowers, and of haunted lands afar,
Where blossoms of rapture bloom—no winter cometh to mar.

And the sweet-faced, happy children, with eyes more fair than the flowers,
They hear the wind's weird story,—the throbbing breath of the hours,
Their hearts unsoiled by sin are bathed in flood serene—
God's love, like the blessed sunlight that shimmers the clouds between

Like spirits in hush of heaven the snow-white butterflies pass,
When the dreamy haze of noon o'er-burdens the drooping grass.
Faint presage of fragrance flung by God's great thurifer,
The exquisite primrose perfume that fades on the drowsy air.

Rapt choirs of radiant cherubs that hover around the Throne;—
Oh primroses pallid and pure! their faces are like to your own;
Ye too are angels of light that look with unwavering eyes
(Symbols of wordless prayer) to God in His lambent skies.

THE SOULS IN PRISON.

BY S. L. EMERY.

"Because Christ also died once for our sins, the just for the unjust: that He might offer us to God, being put to death indeed in the flesh, but enlivened in the spirit, in which also coming He preached to those spirits that were in prison."—1 St. Peter, III, 18, 19.

It is all finished. All the pain is ended.
Thy worn-out, tortured Body lies at rest.
Far down, Thy holy Soul has now descended,
Where wait the longing spirits of the Blest.

They throng to meet Thee, falling low before Thee,
The spirits of the dead for ages past.
Adam and Eve, Abel and Noe, adore Thee,
Their Saviour, so long promised, come at last.

There Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, gaze in gladness
On the bright Star from their old line arisen;
And the twelve tribes of Israel, freed from sadness,
List to Thy preaching to the souls in prison.

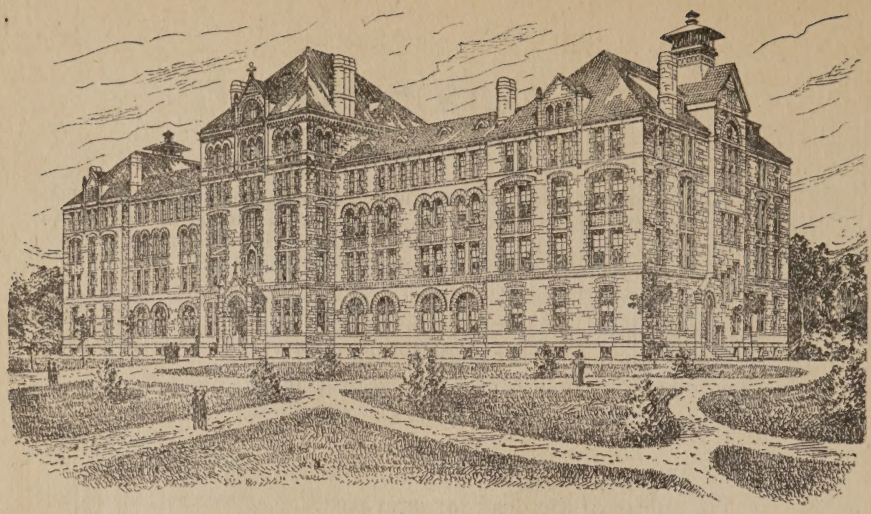
Lion of Juda's tribe,—High Priest betokened
By strange Melchisedech with bread and wine,—
Thou greater Solomon,—true son of David,—
Prefigured by how many a Scriptural sign!

How Thou dost greet, Thou Lord of life, death's Warden!
Greet with great joy those thronging spirits blest;
Yet oh! what bliss to know, in Joseph's garden
Thy tortured Body lies a while at rest.

Yes, there It lieth in the Godhead's keeping,
While angels It adore in ecstasy.
Not from the waking Soul, nor Body sleeping,
Parteth one moment the Divinity.*

On Easter morn, in bliss beyond our telling,
Body and Soul unite forevermore.
Yea, Christ our King! in Thy fair kingdom dwelling,
We the God-Man forever shall adore.

*Faber's "Bethlehem," foot of page 284.



DIVINITY COLLEGE OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

THE CHAIR OF AMERICAN HISTORY IN THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

BY RT. REV. PHILIP J. GARRIGAN, D. D.

The endowment of a Chair of American History in the Catholic University, by the Knights of Columbus, is an event of great significance, both for the Knights and for the University. It means the contribution of $50,000.00 towards stimulating historical research and study of our own continent, from the youngest lay organization in the Church of this country. And it is an affidavit that the children of the people are demanding the highest educational advantages for themselves, as well as in acknowledgment that the Catholic University should and can offer these advantages to our American youth. Such interest and generosity towards higher education is without a precedent in the history of universities, at least in our country. It is not the King, nor the Prince, nor the Government, nor the millionaire, who build and endow this university. No, it is the people in this instance; the children of an enlightened faith, the chivalric sons of the Catholic Church. This endowment is the voluntary offering of one hundred thousand men, who realize that an appeal is being made to the monuments and records of the past, by skeptic and scientist, and that these men hope, by original research and criticism, as keys in their hands, to be able to reveal the fictions of religion and the falsity of past history. The Knights of Columbus wish to establish a fortress of historical truth, a centre of historical knowledge, from which would come the arguments that would silence our enemies, correct prevailing historical errors, and defend the position of the Catholic people. As intelligent men, they appreciate the value of historical study in our day; they observe that the intellectual world is turning back to history and that history is being rewritten and presented in a more criti-

cal form to the world today than it ever was before.

The followers of the great discoverer have a special field of history to guard, in the records of this continent since the landing of Columbus in 1492. This discovery in itself is one of the most providential acts of God, and the developments that have followed the opening up of this new world to religion and civilization are the most stupendous in the history of the world. There are five hundred years of Catholic history scattered over this continent, every century of which is fertile in fruits of Catholic discovery, of Catholic colonization, of Catholic teaching and of Catholic effort in every line of human activity. This field has been occupied and gleaned by Protestant historians, who have tried to cull the fruits of our planting, and who offer these fruits to us without their natural foliage or flavor, without the aroma of Christianity, without the sweet fragrance of the heroic deeds, of the pure simple lives of the first explorers, of the first missioners and pioneers of our great Republic.

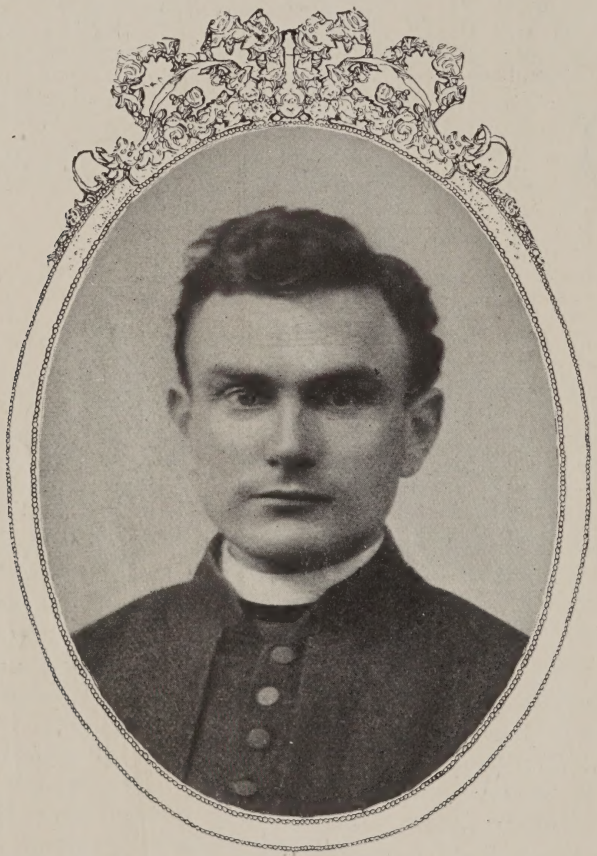
JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.
Chancellor of the University.

We have fragments of this history collected by the late John Gilmary Shea, who accomplished great results in this field during his short and useful span of life. He had the true historical genius, but his

means were scanty and his opportunities for research small, his efforts fragmentary; and notwithstanding his laudable ambition to leave a monument of American Catholic history behind him, his severe struggles against adversity brought him to an early grave with his lifework unfinished and no one to succeed him.

tions of the men of whom they wrote. I do not impute voluntary unfairness to these distinguished historians, but I maintain, because of their viewpoint, that we should not expect them to be fair and just to men, and facts, and institutions, whose principal springs of action they did not understand.

Catholics have compiled text books of



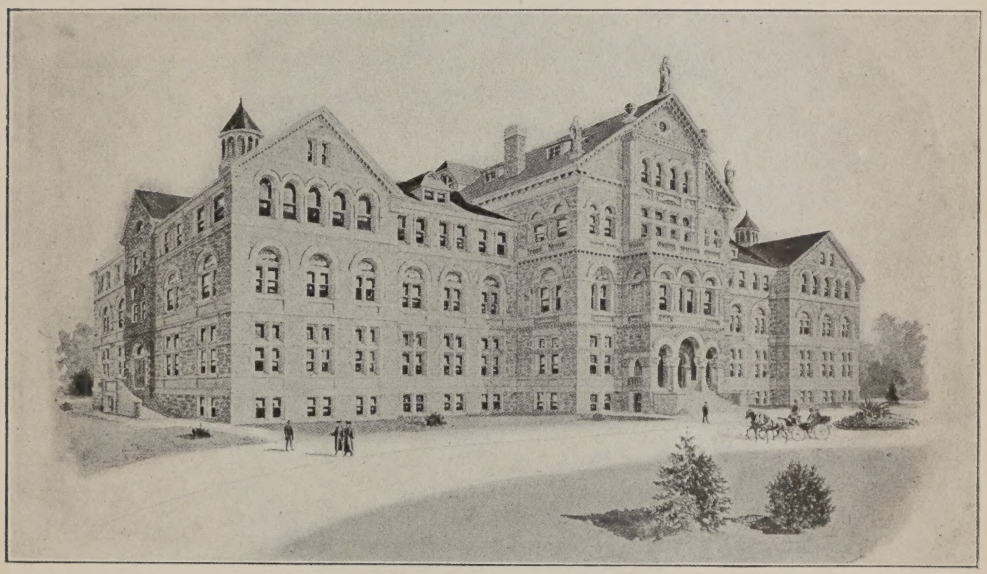
VERY REV. DENIS O'CONNELL,
Rector of the University

All our American histories for school, and college, and library, so far, have come to us mainly through the pens of Prescott, Bancroft, Kipp, Justin Winsor, John Fiske, and a few authors of lesser note; from men who did not understand the philosophy of Catholic history and could not fairly estimate the character and ac-

American history for our schools, and Catholic publishing houses have sold them as Catholic works, but the compilers, for lack of time and means, must needs have had recourse to some one or other of the above-mentioned authors; and although they may have toned down and modified the matter of their compendiums, they could not give

the true story, nor entirely purify what they gave, from the color and taste of the original sources.

During these five hundred years of American Catholic history there have been great social and political developments in our land; there has been a phenomenal religious growth; there has been unexampled intellectual and material progress, and in all these movements, and through all our national trials, the Catholic Church has been a living factor, the most powerful and conservative moral force in leveling public



THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

opinion, in balancing opposite contentions, and in directing on safest lines the progressive course of the commonwealth. And yet because of the omissions, or commissions of history, the loyalty of the Catholic Church to the Republic is from time to time questioned, and the Catholic body is, here and there, under suspicion, as if we were strangers in the land and aliens to the soil. In many sections of our country and among thousands of our fellow citizens there is a lurking suspicion that the Church of Columbus, of Carroll, of Marquette, of De Soto, of Jack Barry, and of Phil Sheridan, is a menace to our Government and antagonistic to our Republican institutions.

This unfair attitude is based, it is alleged, upon the parts she has taken in the history of the past. We must therefore appeal to her noble and unselfish influence upon the progress and developments of public affairs on our own Continent, just as the late lamented Leo XIII, of revered memory, threw open the archives of the Vatican to the scrutiny of the world, in order that from incontrovertible facts we may convict and put to shame the bigots and falsifiers of modern history. But it is necessary that American history in all its truth and coloring be written by a competent Catholic historian, and drawn from original sources. It is necessary that the records be spread out before the eyes of an intelligent world, and defended by deep and broad historical erudition. Catholics are not afraid of the truth, but they loathe the vilifier and the falsifier.

The teacher who will occupy this chair of American history in the Catholic University, be he layman or cleric, the former

I hope, must, therefore be thoroughly equipped for his work. He should be a man of mature years and of mature scholarship. He should consecrate his energies and his life to this noble cause of historical truth. He should be versed in the various European languages in which our earliest history was written. He should be able to grasp the many political movements that have led up to our present development and proud position as a nation He will need a knowledge of the best methods in his line of work, and of the highest critical skill in research and study. In the person of such a professor we will have a knight of truth and justice, modeled on the inspiring life of the great Columbus himself, and worthy to occupy the chair of American history in the Catholic University of America.

The writer of this brief essay recalls with pleasure the strong unanimity with which the proposal of this endowment was received in the biennial conclave of the Knights of Columbus, held in New Haven in early March of 1899. It was his privilege to bring the message of the University to the assembled Knights, and to address them on this important subject, both as an officer of the great school, and as a

RT. REV. PHILIP J. GARRIGAN, D. D.

Bishop of Sioux Falls, Iowa, Former Vice-Rector of University.

brother Knight of the order of Columbus. After an exposé of the urgent need of a chair of American history in our great head-centre of learning, and a plea for the intrinsic value of such a project, a member of the convention, in few but eloquent and fervent words, offered a resolve that the Knights of Columbus assume the endowment of a chair of history to be established in the Catholic University. If I mistake not, that resolution was seconded by every member present, and it was, as a matter of course passed unanimously. The full carrying out of that resolve will be executed on April 13th next, when the complete endowment of the chair, $50,000, will be presented to the first executive officer of the Board of Trustees, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. It will be a notable event, the annual meeting of the highest Board of Control in the University, and the largest and most representative assemblage of Knights that has so far come together on any occasion. The accomplishment of this great and praiseworthy undertaking is the most enduring monument to the memory of the great Christian discoverer of our Continent, and a permanent claim to the gratitude of the church and of the nation for the Knights of Columbus.

EDWARD L. HEARN.

Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus.

MONSIGNOR FARLEY AT FORTY.

ARCHBISHOP JOHN FARLEY.

BY HERBERT YOUNG.

Praise no man till he is dead is an ironical proverb which at first sight seems to fit the uncertainty of human virtue. Yet it is only the expression of excessive caution, and reads very badly when its full meaning is put into proper English; praise only the dead. That would be absurd, and the practice of it would force poets and millionaires to buy before death the praise which serves to keep their memory green a year after their exit. Even if the rule should prevail, however, it would

RT. REV. JOHN M. FARLEY, D.D.
Auxiliary Bishop of New York, 1898.

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY TO-DAY.

have to admit of exceptions; and what more honorable exception could be found than an archbishop? And an archbishop of New York, probably the greatest see in the world? And again an archbishop at the beginning of his career, with his glory undimmed by criticism? Robert Ingersoll in the heydey of his eloquence loved to taunt a prelate; he would remind his hearers or readers that the youthful Mozart ate with the scullions of an archbishop, whose name no one could remember now; his aim being to show how worthless is the purple beside true genius. The poor juggler in words, for that phrase measures Ingersoll precisely, had never met a real archbishop like Dr. Corrigan, or he would have perceived that a prelate is as human as Mozart, and that the splendor of his rank does not save him from the ills of his mortality. If this introduction be kept in mind, nothing in this description of Archbishop Farley need be obscure.

His photographs show him to be a man of distinction, and provoke the interest of the cultured. The pictures flatter him a trifle in some details, in his height for example, as he is a short man, but well built, graceful in movement and manner, and careful in dress. He was a rather handsome young man, and his age, he is now sixty-two, perhaps, has preserved the form and color of his youth remarkably well. His temper is affable and sociable, which means that he treats everybody well, never is in a hurry, knows that every soul who approaches him has something to say, and gives him large opportunity to say it. This temperament has its drawbacks, but it gives one great experience of men, and is far more instructive as to prevailing conditions than reading the newspapers. He is a charming conversationalist, with a fine sense of humor, and a fondness for the humorous side of things; his voice is of the oratorical quality, and he preaches a clear, positive, feeling sermon. His long experience of all sorts and conditions of men makes him very approachable and easy to get along with. There is nothing academic in his business methods, no foregone conclusions; he can get at the hinge of a question at short notice; and in dealing with misfortune he possesses kindliness, tact and patience. Briefly, he is entirely the gentleman in his dealings with others, without affectation, simple in his tastes and methods, and free from any suspicion of autocracy. He belongs to a school of clerics whose traditions included the points just mentioned. He is therefore a personal success, and his present eminence, as will be seen presently, is due in great part to his personality.

The great question about him among all classes is: What kind of a leader is he to be? It can be answered only by time. In forecasting what time's answer will be one can depend only on his past history and the measurement of the shadows cast by coming events. Naturally he comes into contrast with the three archbishops who have preceded him, and with whose general characteristics the public is fairly acquainted. John Hughes, the pioneer, was a man of force, who lifted the Church out of a rut and placed it in the broad light of day; John McCloskey was the reaper of the harvest, cultured, tactful, placid, but persistent and firm, who respected every man, and relied largely upon his priests to develop things; Archbishop Corrigan depended upon system rather than men for great results, and occasionally system failed him and men too; John Farley saw the conclusion of Hughes' administration, had his share of responsibility under McCloskey and Corrigan, and will know how to profit by his varied experience; and if his administration takes on a likeness to any of his predecessors it will be to the smooth and efficient course of Cardinal McCloskey. It was under the first American cardinal Archbishop Farley began his official career as secretary to His Eminence.

He was then a handsome, good-humored young priest, with the charming manners of an Abbé of the salon, and a bright future ahead of him. To be young and to have a brilliant future in full view make a man interesting to his friends, but do not always develop his character. In those days the position of secretary to a cardinal meant elevation to the episcopate in due time; but in this case the rule found an exception. Towards the close of the Cardinal's life the young secretary was placed in charge of the parish of St. Gabriel's and honored with the rank of domestic prelate to the Pope; he was sent out as it were to make his own career, and to others it was given to reap where he had sown. Nothing better could have happened to a real man, with the qualities of a man, and the heart of a true missionary. He came in touch with the people, learned practical conditions, and received the best and most necessary training of an American bishop among priests and people, seeing with his own eyes and hearing with his own ears. A training like that gives a man distaste for *a priori* judgments and academic reasonings in dealing with human conditions.

Archbishop Farley made a sensible and successful parish priest of the modern school. He made his church buildings handsome and comfortable, gathered a good corps of assistant priests about him, and showed the power of his personality by becoming the representative of the old régime, a position which came to him unconsciously, but was none the less important. Dr. Corrigan naturally gathered about him a new set of men, suited to his ideas and tastes, and in sympathy with his policy; and it happened that they were of a somewhat different temper from the men of the old régime. It came about that Monsignor Farley took the position of mediator for the two. He had a supreme devotion to authority, which was characteristic of Cardinal McCloskey, and he was always ready to place his services at the disposal of the Archbishop. At first there was little demand for them, but in the troublous times that came to Archbishop Corrigan in his dispute with Rev. Edward McGlynn, he was happy to avail himself of every assistance. It was learned about that time that Monsignor Farley enjoyed the esteem of large numbers of the clergy, that they would do much at his request, and do very little without it. Quite naturally the Monsignor then rose to the rank of a representative man.

An evidence of his influence was his appointment to the position of Vicar-General upon the death of Monsignor Preston. This position oftener represents the personal likings of a prelate than regard for the general opinion of a diocese. In this case the choice certainly had the good will of the diocese, and in a measure the approval of the Archbishop who made it. The upward progress of Monsignor Farley, however, owed very little to the favors of the authorities at any time; and this fact must not be overlooked, if one wishes to know Monsignor Farley's character clearly. When he was made auxiliary bishop the general expectation was not disappointed, but to those who know the course of men and affairs the appointment was more or less astonishing. In his new position he at once displayed new qualities, the most remarkable being the enterprise which cleared Dunwoodie seminary of its debt, a quarter of a million dollars, in a single season. The occasion of the Archbishop's silver jubilee was taken advantage of to start the movement for wiping out the debt. New York has many Catholic millionaires, with as little interest in works of charity as Carnegie himself. They had been accustomed to small contributions, and hardly five of them ever did more than an ordinary lawyer or merchant with an income of ten thousand a year. Perhaps they were never asked; for it may be observed that in the last ten

years we read oftener of churches being built and charities endowed, in the generous fashion of the Iselin and Drexel and Kelly families, than ever before. Monsignor Farley began his debt crusade with the wealthiest Catholics; he was assisted by the leading clergy of the diocese, for it is his wise characteristic to co-operate easily and well with others, and at the jubilee celebration he had the honor and pleasure to hand Archbishop Corrigan a check for a quarter of a million.

His official positions brought him into contact with the leaders of the Church at home and abroad; and it is interesting to see how the same principles of conduct which won him success locally gave him the respect and the friendship of churchmen everywhere. Strained relations were the order of the day between New York and the rest of the world for several years after the appointment of Cardinal Satolli as Delegate to the Church in the United States. Monsignor Farley could never see any sound reason for these strained relations, and he acted accordingly, although his position became very difficult in consequence. As a practical man of affairs he believed that authorities could differ on questions of procedure, and yet remain friendly and charitable. Cardinal Satolli as the representative of the Holy See deserved respect and attention, and he took pains to give his share of both. Archbishop Ireland was an able and representative prelate, from whose opinions one might differ without losing respect for his rank and good intentions, and Monsignor Farley treated him accordingly. In the case of the Catholic University at Washington, struggling against many kinds of misfortune, Monsignor Farley, as trustee, gave it steady and valuable support, casting his vote and his influence for the best measures, at a time when he might have had to pay a dear price for his disinterestedness.

The quality best displayed in a period of real trouble was a sane and fruitful moderation; and this was supported by a sincerity that disarmed malice, if it did not entirely prevent ill consequences to himself. When the contest of opposing forces was over, one result appeared with great distinctness to the ordinary observer. Monsignor Farley had won a reputation for tact, sanity and generosity among all classes of men. His course approved itself as masculine to business men. When he sailed for a long trip in Europe and the Holy Land in the autumn of 1901, his place in the diocese ranked second, and he had won the rank in spite of odds, slowly developing with the circumstances of each decade, always appearing strongest at the moments selected by Fate to turn him down; in other words, the inevitable man. Men sometimes call this quality of the inevitable luck; on the contrary it is hardy growth. It is the exact phrase in which to describe his career. Archbishop Farley with relation to New York is the inevitable man.

All that has been said and hinted herein was focussed in his nomination to the position of Archbishop by priests and bishops in the summer of 1902. He received a majority vote for the first place on the list, and this was made unanimous by way of compliment. It would be interesting to describe the different factors which produced this unanimity; still more interesting to show how the matter was considered by the Roman authorities, and how they arrived at their decision; and most interesting of all to describe what opposing powers came to grief in striking against the inevitable; but these matters are beside the purpose. It may be said that priests and people of the diocese slept better after his elevation became a certainty, and the prelates of the country felt the leading diocese of the land was in safe hands. New York has certainly been for-

tunate in her bishops. Dr. Hughes brought form out of confusion, the Cardinal introduced smoothness and refinement, and developed the clergy, Dr. Corrigan systematized everything, and it remains for Archbishop Farley to show what sensible use of the perfected machinery can produce in a conservative administration.

One quality has been always prominent in his character, readiness to hear every man's plea and argument. It has helped to make him a many-sided mind. There will be no dissensions, no disputes, no misunderstandings in the history that he is going to make, unless they are absolutely unavoidable. He will probably demand more of the priests than has ever before been asked in the way of parochial activity. This means that he will insist on the adoption of the newest and best methods in every kind of work. The church school system will be brought to the highest perfection consistent with the circumstances; the teaching of Christian doctrine will be raised to the level of the best system; the organization of parochial societies for all good ends will be encouraged; the more intimate acquaintance of the clergy with general social conditions will be urged. These activities have already begun, for example, in the formation of the work for the society known as The Propagation of the Faith, in the building of church schools and bettering their condition, and in the question of public charity.

The education of the clergy, upon which he has clear ideas, will occupy a large share of his attention. Already he has opened the Cathedral College, in which boys intending to be priests may receive sound clerical training from an early age. Undoubtedly he will take a larger part than any of his predecessors, excepting Archbishop Hughes, in the public life of his time, and his knowledge of conditions together with his suave and discreet temper will win for him in this matter alone great honor and success. Best of all perhaps his rich experience and kindly disposition will make him the father of his clergy and people, approachable and sympathetic, capable and willing to understand all needs and to minister to them. This forecast is made up strictly from the indications provided by his past history, and by the qualities, which he has manifested. His people can hardly fail to be pleased with that career and those qualities; his strong voice, fine presence, charming manners and clear ideas on vital topics enable him to represent them well on public occasions. It would indeed be a remarkable, an inexplicable phenomenon, if his administration failed to be a harmonious and brilliant part of his so far successful, devoted and honorable career.

"THAT WE MAY SEE."

BY GRACE KEON.

There was great excitement in the parish, due to Father Laurence, of course, who deemed it necessary to make such a fuss over his young people—and whose boyish enthusiasm at times rather startled some of the "pillars" and "good right hands," as he called them, humorously, the men and women who had grown old and white-haired since he had first come to labor among them. The reception of some twenty new members into the Marian Sodality—that was all—but to Father Laurence enough.

There was something different about the Sodality in the Church of Our Lady of the Angels. They had social evenings every Wednesday, and they were actually "social." So much so that none of the girls liked to miss them. There were singing and dancing and much talk and more laughter, and a great many lessons were learned that are indeed set forth in the catechism; but those who learned them here did not recognize the fact that they were being taught, although the teaching bore fruit in their daily lives.

Father Laurence paid them his usual ten-minute visit one Wednesday evening shortly before the reception. He came into the hall, and those of the girls who were seated stood up to welcome him.

"I wonder," he began, as soon as the first greetings were over, "why Dick Sartoris and Phil Bradley are always near the door when I come in? Every Wednesday, too, I notice." There was a merry twinkle in his eye. "This is the night they call beau night in New York, isn't it?"

"But we're not home," said Helen Lakewood, impulsively. Then she blushed.

"Oh, aren't we?" The twinkle in Father Laurence's eye deepened, and his form shook with silent laughter. "That accounts for Phil Bradley—I'm not quite dense, you see, am I, Helen?—but to whom does Dick belong?"

No answer.

"Well, now. Not a girl to claim Dick Sartoris?" said Father Laurence, and he sighed. "I always thought him a likely chap, too. However young ladies are so much wiser than a poor old pastor."

"I don't know, Father," said a cheerful little voice. "Dick is a nice fellow."

"I thought so," said Father Laurence. "I thought so. But I never suspected Susie Bering of having that same idea. Very good. They're both sensible young men and a credit to the parish—and I wish more followed their example."

Father Laurence was never afraid to handle the marriage topic with his girls, and to handle it pretty roughly sometimes. He knew they had their own thoughts on the subject, anyhow—and what one better able to give those thoughts a sensible trend than the shepherd to whom God had entrusted their souls?

"They do, Father," said Helen Lakewood, now. "Only they don't come down to the school-house door—until later."

"Oh!" said Father Laurence. "They do and they don't. That is it."

He was suddenly grave and thoughtful. The President, Ruth Carstairs, moved uneasily.

"I'd like to say something—between ourselves, Father," she said. The other girls looked relieved. They knew Ruth. So did Father Laurence. Knew her capabilities, as well as her directness and simplicity.

"When you spoke about these Wednesday evenings," she went on, "you will remember that I was not enthusiastic?"

"And you will remember my surprise

at your unusual lack of enthusiasm?" retorted Father Laurence.

"I suggested that we make it some other evening of the week," she went on, in her steady voice. "I thought I knew our girls very well, and that it would be difficult to get them together. I was agreeably mistaken. After all, girls are girls, Father, and if you look around you, you'll observe that your Senior Sodality has more than its share of attractiveness."

Father Laurence did look around him, nodding his head gravely. His eyes traveled rapidly over each smiling face ere they came back to the President's.

"I don't allow any exception," he said. "Every good girl is attractive—and where are there better than my own good girls?"

Some people, indeed, condemn praise, but to Catholics I think that a priest's thoughtful words of praise are like a mother's. They give one pride without conceit; they stiffen up the relaxed fibres of self-respect; they send a warm glow over the whole body.

"Well," said Ruth Carstairs. "And you have your share of attractive young men, also. Our Lady of the Angels is a fortunate parish." She laughed. "So, putting two attractions together—and given Wednesday evening—which occurs as regularly as Sunday, I believe—"

"Go on," said Father Laurence. "I am prepared for the worst now, Ruth. Go on."

"That's the explanation, Father."

"Oh, I see. Dick and Phil—"

"Are waiting until the meeting is over to take Helen and Susie home. And there are a few others."

Father Laurence threw up his hands.

"Children, you do not *all* intend to marry just yet? What will my Sodality do?"

"Help out the Archconfraternity of the Holy Family," said Ruth Carstairs. There was a laugh at this. Father Laurence joined in it. Then he grew solemn.

"I can't have my young men standing on corners and lounging about schoolhouse doors," he said, seriously. "I must do something with them."

"I was coming to that," said Ruth Carstairs. "Can't they have that little reading-room on the other side of the house? It will be more cosy than any other, and there are only about ten."

"Ten," said Father Laurence, helplessly. "*Only*—ten?"

But it was no use. He could not be a sober-sides with those young and dancing and happy eyes on his face—the face they loved.

"Seems queer I don't see any girls in evidence on Fridays, when the young men have their club-meetings," he went on. "I have heard and read so much, too, of the self-sacrifice of women. Looks like an unequal division of attention. Well, well, well, what an unfair trick to play on me. Only ten?"

He looked from one face to the other. Smiles met him, happy smiles. After all, he thought in his kind old heart, what more natural? And they were his children, his dearly-beloved children, and he would insure, with his heart's blood, their spiritual welfare.

"I'll give them the reading-room," he said, at last. "And after I visit the young ladies in the school-hall, I'll go up to interview the young men. I wonder how they'll like to start a special course of reading in Church history?"

The ruling passion cropped out here—Church history and Christian doctrine were Father Laurence's fads.

"There are more than the young men eager for that," said Ruth Carstairs. "Teach your young women, Father, and there won't be so much trouble with the young men of the future."

Father Laurence's eyes kindled.

"More and more I realize that," he said. The silence became absolute, for there was a look on his face the meaning of which they had

come to know. "My children, the mothers of the past needed the simple piety that was theirs—simple, honest piety, and faith. Never was that faith so necessary as it is to-day. But what else? In America there is something else—something more. Satirical questioning and unfair criticism stand at the elbow of every Catholic girl who goes out to fight the battle of life in this careless, this free-thinking age. What weapons must you have to fight the foe, beside that great and that essential one of simple piety? The weapons of knowledge, the 'reason why.'"

He looked about him. No one stirred.

"We are ambitious," he said in a lower voice. "Even my girls who form the nucleus of the busy bees in the hive of labor. We wish to study painting, perhaps, or music, or elocution, or singing, or the languages—those of us who can afford it. We pay our teachers with cheerfulness, and we profit by the knowledge gained in the precious moments of our leisure. How willingly we give our time to it, how willingly! And how the world praises us for our ambition, and our desire to acquire learning!"

He spoke in a musing tone, as of one talking to himself. And they listened.

"I, too, praise you. It is laudable to secure what advantages we may,—not for earthly profit or earthly glory, but to bring us nearer the divine goal. Yet it hurts me to see the great, wise Teacher of the universe—the Catholic Church—standing with that knowledge of faith in her hands, unsolicited by so many of her children. It hurts me."

They moved restlessly. Surely Father Laurence did not mean—

"Wednesday evenings, Father," said Helen Lakewood. "Why not—?"

But the priest held up his finger, smiling.

"No, no. These are the recreation hours of the week. Pardon me, children, that I forgot it. I shall speak on this subject at our next Sodality meeting. And if my words strike home to you, I'll tell you what course to follow. Pray. Pray for the desire to learn. Pray for the desire to persevere in the learning. And after that, pray to the Holy Ghost that you may understand the things taught you. Then come to Father Laurence."

He smiled cheerily. He knew full well that there were some among his girls who had no leaning toward the weightier problems of life; who shirked all subjects that would incline to thought; to whom these Wednesday evenings were delightful just because they were so free-and-easy, so social, so happy. Once give a serious turn to the meetings and they would gradually drift away. He might lose that much of a hold on the characters for whom he feared the most. There were twelve among them who had formed a little class, and whom the indefatigable priest managed to instruct at odd times during the month. But they were those who had been tried and proven. They were those who had "prayed for the desire to learn, to persevere, and to understand."

He went on now to speak of the coming reception. There were twenty young postulants—among them one Mary Traynor, "who has belonged to us since December, and who is surely worthy to be admitted to the ranks of Our Lady's children," said Father Laurence. And his eyes sought her face—such a lovely, lovely face! Lovelier still in the blush that mantled it under his approving gaze. For she had come to him blind indeed. A Catholic, yes—but an unseeing one—of whom we have many. She had come to him asking his permission to marry a man not of her faith—a man who would not conform to any of its rules. And the priest tried to show her what she was about to do. That he had succeeded in bringing home the enormity of it to her

heart was beyond question, since she was Mary Traynor still, and a member of his Sodality band. She had indeed proved herself since that night on which he had stood upon the doorstep of the rectory, gazing sorrowfully after her retreating form. He felt that he could not let her go—he felt that he could not trust that soul into the abyss of weak faith, of temptation, of affection for the man who would never—save by a miracle of God's grace—understand what the Catholic spirit means to the Catholic soul. He wondered then if he would ever look upon her face again, wondered, and went back to pray for her. God heard him. He saw her the very next evening. She stole in softly—and he knew that God had listened. He had sent a struggle to that heart of hers, but He had sent it strength.

"I put myself into your hands," she said. "I have made up my mind. I see what you would save me from. I see the giving up of my faith. I see the giving up of my Mother Mary—for whom I am named. And of God who died for me. You said all this, Father Laurence. And I see it. Now, help me."

He had such a great big heart that he was easily touched—this true shepherd, this good man. The tears were in his eyes and his voice was tremulous.

"If ever Our Lady claimed a child she has claimed you," he said. "From the very brink. Thank God, thank God, that you have come to see the way—for it is the way of peace and of joy."

He had more than usual interest in her after that. She joined the Sodality on probation the following week—and he spoke to Ruth Carstairs, so that she would specially interest herself in this new member. What struggles the girl went through in her outside life he merely guessed at from the white face and shadowed eyes,—but his word of courage and of praise was hers at all times, and the sturdy friendship of the President a veritable bulwark of strength. She made, also, one of the charmed circle of twelve who listened to their pastor's exposition of Christian doctrine on certain evenings. Truly Mary Traynor had found her soul.

. . . . . .

Those who were present will never forget that night of the reception, when Father Laurence stood upon the altar, after the Benediction. He had robed himself in his most splendid cope. It was embroidered with gold, and it glittered in the blazing lights that shone upon the altar—that altar banked with great masses of lilies and roses and violets and heartsease. The priest turned from the Tabernacle wherein he had just placed his Lord and Master. The joy of God's presence had taken possession of him. We read, in the Old Testament, that Moses, when he had spoken to God on the mountain, came down with horns of light radiating from his forehead, and that the people of Israel, unable to bear the sight, prostrated themselves before him. The soul of Father Laurence had been holding converse with Christ, the Redeemer of the New Law, the precious Gift of the Father. No words can depict the expression on his countenance. Usually so tender-hearted that occasions like these moved him to weeping, now only the glory of the moment filled him. His eyes were shining, his white head high, his lips were parted.

Oh, there are some moments sacred in every human life! And if God spoke to those chosen ones of old, leading them, guiding them, who shall say that He does not make His presence felt around and about that altar where His Son lies captive to redeem the multitudes from sin? Not one of those twenty postulants, not one of that kneeling rank and file of Mary's children, but has this glad, glorious moment to remember wherever she may be to-day or wherever her path in life may lead her. Some of them, indeed, may read these lines. And they

will remember. For Father Laurence stood there, and extended his arms, and looking upon him, they knew that if ever man bore the cross of his Master with holy zeal, with passion of spirit, with heartfelt joy, it was the Father Laurence they loved.

"It made me feel as if he were indeed the visible link between us and God," said Helen Lakewood, afterward, and her eyes were wet as she spoke. "Father Laurence is a saint."

Yes. Father Laurence is a saint, I believe,—but there are many saints of his ilk in our humble parishes to-day. And if we pray for them, as is our duty, there is also another duty. Let us thank God for them, who has called them first to Himself, and given them back to us, then to lead us to His throne.

He spoke little to his girls now—there was time only for a few brief words, and then, kneeling, he said the Hail Mary. His people claimed that no one could say this prayer like Father Laurence, and it was a privilege, probably, that Mary obtained for him because of his great devotion to the Rosary. He preached the Rosary; he lived it; he gave it for penance; he gave if for thankfulness; for gratitude; he prescribed it for sorrow, and for joy—the Rosary, only the Rosary.

"Hail Mary," he said now—and his girls knelt, silent, listening, stirred—for, with God's glory on his face, God's glory too, had crept into his voice, and he was saluting the Mother he loved, saluting her with exultation, with happiness, as he placed this tribute of hearts at her royal feet.

"Full of grace," he continued—and it was a prayer for grace, indeed, a reverent, hushed, quiet, holy prayer.

"The Lord is with thee!"

The Lord—the blessed Lord, who had come into that Mother's waiting arms and rested His baby-head upon her bosom, and lifted His baby-lips to hers, and clung to her with His baby-hands, and nestled to her heart! That Lord—that blessed Lord who had died indeed, and been crucified beneath her anguished eyes.

"Blessed art thou amongst women."

Again the exultation and the power of pleading. "Blessed art thou," O Mother of Christ—

"And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus."

The marvel of it! The wonder of it! The joy of it! The humility of it! They held their breaths. Tears were in the eyes of some. Others had caught Father Laurence's mood—too high for such earthly things as tears. Mary Traynor was one of these. Her face was uplifted, her hands clasped tightly. The shining medal of the Sodality glittered upon her bosom. The white veil, falling across her dark hair, half-shielded her face.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners—now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

The familiar petition crept with new meaning into the heart of the girl whom Father Laurence had made to see. The uplifted head sank—lower and lower, until it rested on the hands that were clasped across the back of the pew in front of her.

"For all poor sinners," she said, under her breath. "Now, now, now—pray for all poor sinners *now*." Her fingers tightened. "Dear Mother, pray for those—who are blind. Oh, my dear Mother, pray for those who are blind, even as I was blind."

Sometimes one rises from one's prayer satisfied that it has been heard. The feeling comes that even if it be not granted it has been listened to—it has been understood. This child of Mary felt that the Mother's ears had caught that petition and the Mother's heart knew what she meant and whom. Everything, after that, seemed dream-like to the girl. She knew that she rose and joined

in the procession that carried the statue of the Blessed Virgin back to the chapel.

Near the entrance of the church itself a young man stood, tall, finely-built, handsome. He had been standing there from the beginning—a spectator, merely. He knelt at the Benediction—the only concession he made to the requirements of the service. When Mary Traynor passed him—her lovely face very pale, her soft dark eyes unseeing,—she was so close to him that her veil brushed his coat-sleeve. He stared at her, his brows drawn as if he were suffering. He could not understand. There was no recognition on her face.

And he had loved this girl! He loved her still! And she passed him—she had so far forgotten him that she could pass him by!

Rage took possession of his heart. He muttered under his breath. With supreme indifference even to common courtesy he pushed his way through the members of the congregation who had risen to follow in the wake of the Sodality procession and walked up to the front pew of the church, dropping into it carelessly. The altar-boy was extinguishing the lights, but the air was still heavy with incense and the fragrance of the flowers.

There, within a few feet of him, was the entire head and front of the Roman Catholic religion. A bit of bread! And these idolatrous people surrounded it with the panoply of rank and invested it with the virtues of God Himself. Who said that the generations had outlived the darkness of primitive ages? When here, on this altar, was raised a piece of bread to be adored as a God!

His lip curled. The scene he had witnessed this night showed him fully the superstition of these Catholics who knelt in silent adoration when their priest raised on high that which they worshiped; these Catholics who invested a woman with honors next to God. And this was the boasted Catholic faith—this! With its rich vestments, its flowers, its lights!

Were the people senseless, they who had barely the wherewithal of life, some of them, to give to such luxurious folly? Surrounding graven images with the insignia which had made rich the temples of the blind old gods, and then, kneeling, worship them?

(Surely, surely, surely, was Mary Traynor's prayer needed to be heartfelt before such blindness as this man's! Yet the Spirit worketh where it will.)

What right, he went on, had the devotees of such miserable paganism to set up for themselves and for the world about them those rules which clasp their lives as if in bonds of iron? What right had bishop or priest or Pope himself to put forth warning finger to the world outside their narrow-mindedness and warn that world that it could come no farther? That here were bolted doors and long, long paths to traverse ere such and such a thing might be.

His hands clenched. He took his hat, and rising, walked past the Blessed Sacrament. He stood before Our Lady's shrine, and looking up at it, he laughed. He was alone in the church now. He said no word. Merely laughed.

Yet the Spirit worketh where it will.

He passed into the sacristy.

Father Laurence was there alone. He had unrobed. The glittering cope lay across a bench near the wardrobe, waiting to be stored away. But if the priest had put aside the vestments, his happy face still reflected the light of the sanctuary. He turned that happy face upon the stranger, and although the glow in his eyes did not waver, the smile about his lips settled into gravity. For here he was face to face with one of the problems that came daily into his life—the problem of human misery and pain—merely a soul of passage, mayhap, but

just as dear, just as precious, just as sacred in his sight as any of his own cherished ones.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing—if you are busy."

"I am not busy—as you can see."

"I have been in your church. You are the parish priest?"

"I am Father Laurence."

"I have been standing in the back of your church, then, since—an hour or two, I do not know how long. I am not a Catholic."

"I know that," said Father Laurence.

"I suppose you do. My attitude is not sufficiently reverential." He laughed again. "I thought, before I left, that I would like to come in here to look at the man to whom I owe a bitter grudge. I would not have known where to come, save that I saw the open door."

But Father Laurence was staring at him.

"A grudge you said? You owe me?"

"Worse. Let me ask you something—not as a priest, but as a man. Put aside your priesthood, which is a business, I presume, as much as my walk in life is mine."

The expression on Father Laurence's face arrested the words on his sneering lips. With a shock of surprise he realized that all anger had left him suddenly, nay, that the emotion he felt now was very near akin to attraction.

"I will talk to you as man to man, my son," said the priest.

"My name is Rossiter."

"Well, then, as man to man, Mr. Rossiter." There was no sign of irritation in the mild and gentle voice. "Let us talk as man to man."

The visitor leaned his elbow on the desk near him, his eyes on the priest's face.

"Supposing that a man and woman dearly loved each other; not foolishly nor childishly; the man, with a knowledge of life and its evils, glad to find the young soul of a woman who was pure and honest and true. Everything pointed to happiness—everything. Their word was given. They were to be married. His future—his entire future, hinged upon her companionship. What would you say of the one who came between them?"

"A word pledged is sacred," said Father Laurence. "Unless the breaking of it is a more sacred duty still."

"The girl who gave me her word and broke it at your bidding passed me tonight without seeing me. Without seeing the one whom, five months ago—I mean Mary Traynor."

Father Laurence understood.

"You are the man?" he asked.

"I am the man," said he, and his voice shook. "And you—but how can you understand? You cannot sympathize with such love as men and women know."

Father Laurence moved a little nearer, touched at the pain the other could not conceal.

"No?" he said. "Next to the love of God there is no more glorious emotion than the pure love that arises between the heart of man and woman. But it must be pure love. Unselfish love."

"It was not at my bidding that Mary Traynor broke her word," he went on. "It was at the bidding of one holier than I—at the bidding of her whose servant I am—the Catholic Church. You should thank that Church for saving you from lifelong misery."

He who had come to upbraid and to mock forgot both. He could only remember now the yearning pain that this sympathetic voice woke in his heart, the yearning pain that the months had not sufficed to dull.

"You do not understand," he said again, under his breath. "You do not understand. How can a man like you understand—"

"A moment," said Father Laurence.

"Just one. How long did you know this girl?"

"A year."

"And you loved her?"

"I love her."

"Even now? May I put your affection to the test?"

"If you know how, yes."

"In all the time that you were acquainted with her did you ever stop to ask yourself what you were giving her in exchange for the Roman Catholic faith?"

"In exchange?"

"Did you ever think of the future? When she, with her Catholicism, an inheritance from her Irish ancestors, would fret against the bonds that she herself had riveted? When her children and yours would grow up to swell the ranks of indifferentism? Come now, man to man, and thinking men—can the human race, in your opinion, happily exist without belief in God?"

The other stared at him, fascinated.

"Certainly not," he answered. "It is a moral impossibility."

"As morally impossible as it is for people of two faiths to bring up their children in peace and concord. You must realize that. Did you ever leave Mary Traynor feeling that she had brought you nearer to God—taught you better to love Him?"

David Rossiter still looked at him with that steady stare.

"What I thought does not matter. I wanted her to think with *me*. That was my aim."

"To make unto herself a human idol! Rather a poor exchange for a living Redeemer."

The man stirred uneasily. He had had so many taunts to fling at this priest who had been the means of crossing his will. Sitting outside in that church he had had so many clever questions to ask, so much to say that would bite and sting. He could think of none of these things now. For the power and the earnestness of a true and holy life looked at him from Father Laurence's eyes and shamed his self-seeking soul.

"You would not leave Mary Traynor's presence now unconscious of the nearness of God," said the priest, proudly. "You are a thinking man—I see it in your face. But when one's thoughts turn ever downwards, there is apt to be a lack of light. Raise your eyes and look about you. Can you imagine an institution like the Catholic Church existing for centuries without powerful reason, without divine intervention? It would be mad presumption even to imagine it! Depend on human energy for almost two thousand years! Think—for you are a thinking man. Take that thought away with you. Only that thought. Good-night, my son. God be with you. I will pray for you."

He smiled his gentle, fatherly smile—and the man who had come to upbraid and to sneer and to mock and to deride, turned from him, and made his way back to the church. Father Laurence stood quite still, listening to the echoing footsteps until he could no longer hear them. The smile still lingered on his lips. Involuntarily his fingers sought his Rosary.

"He will come," he said, and his voice shook. "As sure as prayer can help him he will come again."

. . . . . .

Mary Traynor, bending her happy footsteps toward home, found a figure barring her way, raised her eyes to a face she knew, and fell back with a cry upon her lips.

"Do not be afraid," he said, roughly, for his soul was shaken. "Do not be afraid of me I have seen your Father Laurence."

"You have seen? David, David!"

The roughness left his face. Her tone,

her gesture, the flash of her dark eyes softened him.

"I have seen him. If—" He choked back the words, and stood silent, his pride tearing at his heart. "I went to him raging. I left him—"

"David!"

"I left him willing to see, if sight there is for me."

"David!"

Her fingers clutched together, her form shook, her lips trembled.

"Will you—if it be possible—if sight is possible—if I try to learn—if he can convince me?"

"Ah, I will!" she said. "With all my heart, with all my heart."

"If it so be that I cannot, I shall never come to you again," he said. "Never."

His voice was hoarse and thick. She lifted her shining face—and smiled. "Pray for us sinners—now, *now*," echoed through her brain.

"You will come," she said, "since all things are possible to God. You will surely, surely come again."

JAPAN PLUS ENGLAND VS. RUSSIA.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

BY EDWARD F. MCSWEENEY.

"He is ungrateful who denies that he has received a kindness, that has been bestowed upon him; he is ungrateful who conceals it; he is ungrateful who makes no return for it; most ungrateful of all is he who forgets it."

—*Seneca.*

There is little doubt that acting on the stimulus of false reports of Japanese victories, always coming through English channels, the people of the United States were inclined to give their first and unthinking sympathy to the Oriental side of the struggle in the far East. While the causes for this feeling were superficial, a judgment founded even on such a basis is sometimes hard to change—it being human nature to hold pride of opinion—and the ordinary person does not enjoy taking back water, even to himself. However, it is fair now to say that there has been a change, due in part to more mature reflection and in a measure to the manner in which the press bureaus have been overworked; when the same Russian ship was put out of business for the fifth time, it was evident that there was something wrong in the reports.

The war between Russia and Japan is not a struggle between right and wrong, where an oppressed people are fighting for liberty; or for the maintenance of any high moral principle. A recent writer has called it a struggle between might and might, between necessity and necessity. It was sure to come, sooner or later, and is the probable beginning of a war which may determine the racial supremacy of the world, in which many more nations than those at present engaged may be involved. While it is true that Japan has been preparing for this war for twelve years,—even before the China-Japan war,— and precipitated the war by taking Russia unawares, before formal declaration was made, let us admit that neither side is to blame. The vital necessities of both Russia and Japan led to the point where any other decision, but that of conflict, was impos-

sible. One thing is as sure as anything can be in this world,—while the war might have been delayed for a generation or more longer, it is England that is responsible for the conflict now. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance hurried on the crisis, and guaranteed its development, and made it certain that Japan would take the earliest opportunity to strike, which she did.* When Lord Lansdowne negotiated that treaty he knew that he was in the position of the time-keeper at a prize fight, who only awaits the entrance of the contestants into the ring. It was a direct blow at Russia and France, the stake at issue being the trade of the Orient. England is bound,—by Articles 2 and 3 of this treaty,—to help Japan to win, even to the extent of going to war. Mr. Balfour has said that Great Britain will not permit the destruction of Japan under any circumstances.

This then, in short, is the situation, and explains why the news despatches, coming through English channels, are so tinctured with Japanese colors; and, as the conflict is really between England and Russia it is of the utmost importance to see where our sympathies will finally go; not because the Irish wish to see the American people take the side opposite to England,—which is a bogie-man used on all occasions,—but because the logic of the situation, and the truths of history, demand it.

In recent years, a perfect flood of matter has been poured into the ears of the American people, all tending to establish the claim that England was on the side of the Union, during the Civil War. The older generation know better, but they are passing away. The helm of affairs to-day is in the hands of those who were in the cradle, or not born, at the time the event happened; consequently the facts are not understood, and these inspired teachings are having their effect. From the opening of the war in 1861, England used all means to widen the split between the North and the South. Russia was openly in favor of the North and the preservation of the Union.

Events of more recent date have made us, as a people, forgetful of important happenings in our national life, especially since the Anglo-American craze has developed. There is a sentiment in certain quarters that because someone in London has suggested the erection of a statue to George Washington in Westminster Abbey, references to the Revolution and the War of 1812 might as well be omitted from American school histories.

In 1863, affairs looked serious for the Union side. The war had been going long enough to have developed its political side. Fitzjohn Porter was dismissed in disgrace, his vindication coming more than a generation later; petitions were pouring in, to relieve McClellan from command. Gold was at 133 in New York. Our relations with England and France were most critical. Gladstone had openly declared that the South would succeed.* England had declared neutrality, but was wholly untrue to it.† The expressed opinion of Englishmen was, that the Americans were a boastful and conceited people, and that their pride would be taken down. The vast majority of the governing classes felt that the breakdown of the Republic would give additional strength and stability to their form of government. Everywhere bitter

*North American Review, England and the War. (March. 1904) Page 331.

*Life of Sumner, American Statesmen Series, page 242.

†Life of Sumner, page 243.

hostility and contemptuous sneers were manifest.

All this would not be serious, if it remained at this stage. Swarms of ships of war were built and equipped in English ship yards; filled out, and sent to sea; supplied with arms from English ships out of sight of land; manned with trained gunners from the English Naval Reserves, with everything from keel to truck of English make; to prey on American commerce, without mercy. The Alabama was only one example of many. On every battle field of the Civil War the Northern soldiers were shot to death by English Blakely and Armstrong guns, supplied with English ammunition. Secretary Seward expected war; he saw that with England and France the prospect that the Republic would break to pieces was soon followed by the wish that it would do so.* In a speech at New York, on Sept. 10th, 1863, Sumner enumerated the unfriendly acts of England in a scathing indictment, which laid bare the whole plot against the Union. In a letter to John Bright, he said—"Your government recklessly and heartlessly seems bent on war. . . . the Irish have at last their long sought opportunity." In a letter to the Duchess of Argyle, he said,—"Some of the English ministers had said that separation was inevitable, and they were bound by an infirmity of human nature that having made themselves prophets to decide the verification of their prophecy."

In September, Lord Russell refused to suppress the Confederate iron-clads being made at Birkenhead, and it was this refusal that caused Adam's famous note, in which he said. "This is war." During this momentous period in 1863, treaty obligations were ignored; the laws of neutrality violated; piracy and the grossest insults were encouraged by England. For weeks great business houses withheld credit, because there was no hope but that war would be declared between the two countries.*

France, as represented by Louis Napoleon, and his ministers, was openly committed to the cause of the Confederacy, and was backing England in every way in her power. John Bright prophetically warned the British nation, in a speech in Parliament, that the United States would some day remember England's unfriendliness.† Proof without end, from the most reliable sources, might be brought forward that England used every lawful and unlawful means to harass and injure the Federal cause, at a time when that cause was weakest. It is necessary also, to say that while doing this, she was planning her usual double game with the South, holding out hopes that were never realized; and the subsequent treachery of England to the Confederacy is not forgotten in the South, to this day.

At the critical moment, the Russian Government, which had steadfastly refused to listen to the proposal of France and England, proved her traditional friendship for the United States, by sending a Russian fleet and a squadron to this country, one coming to New York, and the other to San Francisco; and they remained during the summer and the next winter, until the danger was over. The admirals of both fleets were under sealed orders;—good deeds leave blank pages in history, and it would not have been in accord with

*Life of Seward, American Statesmen Series, page 274.

*Life of Sumner, American Statesmen Series, Page 249, et seq.

†Diplomatic History of the Southern Confederacy, Page 169.

diplomatic usage for Prince Gortschakoff to have openly proclaimed the purpose of this simultaneous visit of the fleet and squadron. Minister Clay had advised the Government of the visit, and it was well understood that the United States depended largely on St. Petersburg for immediate knowledge of the adverse movements of England and France. President Lincoln and his Cabinet knew why the fleets were there, and what they would do, in case of war being forced by England.

It is seriously denied now that these fleets came to the United States. The accompanying illustrations, taken from the current issues of Harper's Weekly, of that period, show that this claim is without foundation. The published volume of Edward Everett's speeches*, contains one made at the complimentary banquet given by the City Government of Boston, to Admiral Lessoffsky and his officers at the Revere House, early in 1864; and the warmth of his words on that occasion furnish us ample evidence of America's gratitude to the Russians. Russia's friendship for the United States was not a thing of that day, however. It began during the Revolution when the English Government used, without avail, every effort to secure Russian aid in the war against the American colonies. In Tooke's life of Catherine II, written about a century ago, the author, referring to England's effort to secure aid from Russia, says†—"Of fuch commanding import was the emprefs in the affairs of Europe, that in the American war, fir James Harris, after having in vain follicited her effective interference in our behalf, faid to her, 'Well we will talk no more of actual fuccours, *only give us the countenance of your name, only put out a manifefto, do but fay that you will help us.*"—The answer to this appeal was crushing to England's hopes. Prince Gallizin's declaration of armed neutrality, in response, April 3rd, 1780, resulting in the League of Neutrals, exerted a tremendous influence on the subsequent course of events, leading up to the acknowledgment of American Independence by George III.

A generation later Russia's friendly feeling came to the front once more, when the first Napoleon demanded that Russia should exclude America's shipping from the Baltic, and Alexander I refused to comply with his demand. There is not a break in the continuity of Russia's friendship, nor in the evidence of that friendship, but the most substantial manifestations were the events of 1863.

Successive victories for the North, soon after, demonstrated that the cause of the Confederacy was doomed, and England, as usual, trimmed her sails to meet the breeze, repudiating her promises to the South. While we may have forgotten now the events of 1863, and their significance and effect, we have official evidence that they were understood and appreciated by the Government at that time. In 1866, an attempt was made on the life of Alexander II,—whose emancipation of 23,000,000 serfs in 1861, of his own motion, had endeared him to the lovers of humanity all over the world. The memory of his friendship in 1863 was still fresh in the public mind, and on May 16th, 1866, the following action was taken by the Congress.

"Joint Resolution relative to the attempted assassination of the Emperor of Ruſsia

"Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congreſs assembled. That the Congress of the United States of America has learned with deep regret of the attempt made upon the life of the Russian Emperor by an enemy of

*Page 674, et seq.

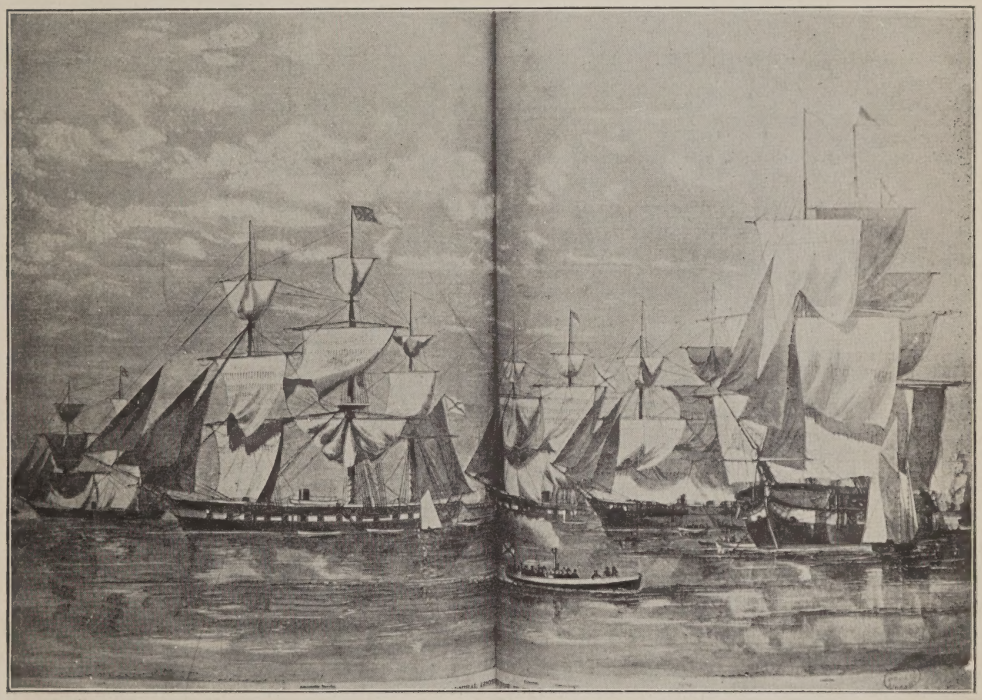
†Tookes' Life of Catherine II. Page 435.

emancipation. The Congress sends greetings to his imperial Majesty, and to the Russian nation, and congratulates the twenty millions of serfs, upon the Providential escape from danger of the sovereign to whose head and heart they owe the blessings of their freedom.

"Sec. 2. And be it further resolved, That the President of the the United States be requested to forward a copy of this Resolution to the Emperor of Russia." (From the Russian Account of the Official Mission to Russia of Hon. G. V. Fox, in 1866.)

Never before was such a resolution voted in Congress. Never before did the representatives of the American people send addresses to any foreign monarch. Conscious of the great importance of this unexampled demonstration, the President of the United States desired to impart to this mission the most solemn form; and the Hon. G. V. Fox, assistant secretary of the navy, was sent to Russia with a fleet of United States vessels, to formally deliver this message to Alexander II. Additional confirmation as to the feeling then entertained by the officials of our country, as a result of the visit of the Russian fleet in 1863, is shown in an abstract from Mr. Fox's report* from Europe, to Secretary Welles.

Mr. Bigelow, our minister at Paris, presented me to Prince Napoleon. At this interview the prince said to me in presence of Mr. Bigelow, 'Do not be too friendly with Russia.' I answered, 'Russia has always been friendly to America, and we reciprocate the feeling.' He said, 'You can stand alone; you do not want friends.' I answered '*When it was doubtful whether we should ever stand again, at a time when the most powerful nations menaced us, Russia felt and expressed her sympathy for us and America never will forget it.*' (Italics are the author's.)



THE RUSSIAN FLEET, COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL LISOVNOW, IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

The more recent sale of the Territory of Alaska by Russia to the United

*Extract from letter of Mr. Fox to Mr. Gideon Welles, secretary of the navy, United States Steamer Augusta, Keil, Prussia, Sept. 30, 1866, Page 32, Par. 182.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT THE UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

States, for the nominal sum of $7,200,000, and her friendship during the Spanish war are the latest examples of the traditional friendship which has existed always between Russia and the United States.

So far this article has considered only the obligations of gratitude which should have some weight in moulding public opinion. There are, however, other and weightier considerations. Against the substantial achievements of Russia for humanity, during the last century, are placed Poland and Finland, and the treatment of the Jews. But granting that these are examples of wrong-doing, what country, not excepting our own, is free from such mistakes? And even in the case of Finland and the Jews, the tendency of Russia is towards a redressing of the wrongs that have been placed upon them. In affairs of government, the people of Russia are well advanced. The tenant farmer in Russia is more secure in his land rights from Russia, than is the Irish farmer from England. If we judge a country by the condition of the people, the Russian subjects are incomparably better off than those of India or Ireland. As far as civilization is concerned, while Britain was still uncivilized, democratic institutions existed in Russia. From the standpoint of immigration, the Japanese are as great a menace to the United States as are the Chinese, while as far as Russia is concerned, little, if anything, is to be feared from immigration. If Russia wins in this war, and secures Corea, which is the real bone of contention,—thus freeing herself from the danger on that coast, which now confronts her, from Germany on the Baltic, and from England on the Persian Gulf,—the stability of the world's peace will be advanced. On the contrary, a victory for Japan would simply open the door for further and more pronounced demands by the combined yellow races. Behind Japan in this matter, stands China, the strongest and most enduring racial force on the earth to-day, with 500,000,000 souls, fanatically religious, taught by that religion, that their claim to Heaven is made secure by the subjugation or extermination of the "foreign devils," which was made clear in the recent "Boxer" uprising. We are told that the "Yellow Peril" is a bugaboo, but we do not need

Capt. Zelenoi, Capt. Bootakov, Capt. Fedorovski, Admiral Lesoffski, Capt. Kepitov, Capt. Kraemer, Capt. Lundh.

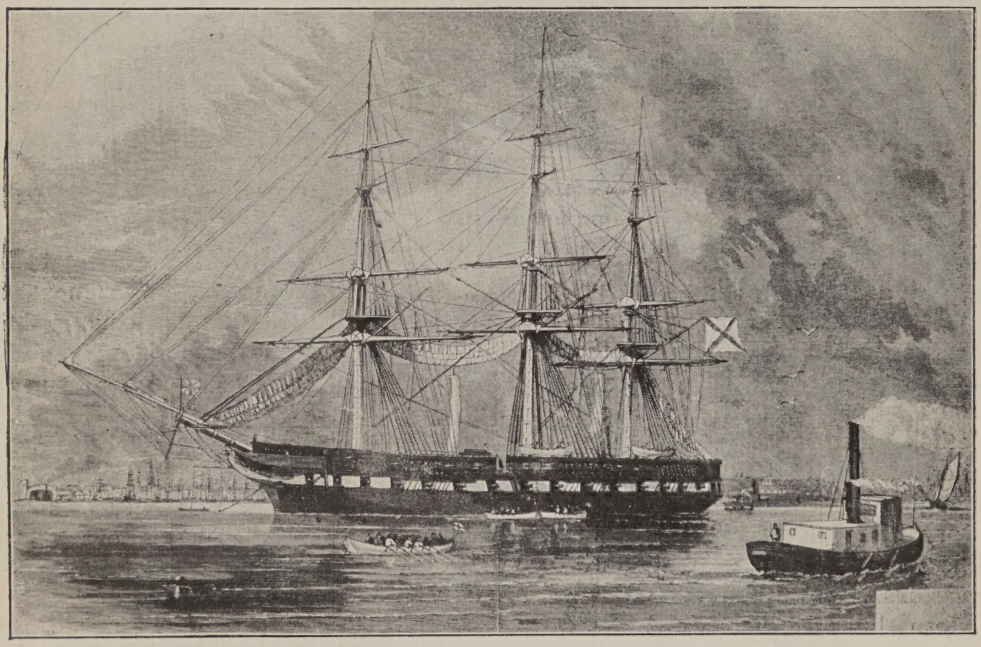
OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.

to go very far into history to find an example of its possibilities. Our guarantee of personal and political liberty is the Magna Charta. Just at the time that this instrument was being wrung from King John, at Runnymede, by the Catholic barons of England, a Mongal ruler, Genghis Kahn, subdued and brought under Mongal rule all the territory between the Baltic and the Pacific. History records that, during his invasions, he massacred in one campaign, sixteen hundred thousand (1,600,000), including women and non-combatants. For five thousand years, the Chinese race have had a civilization. A few years ago their greatest statesman, Li Hung Chang, visited the United States. At a reception at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, he was asked by the representative of one of the largest railroads of the United States what he thought of our form of government, to which he replied that his country had tried it for several generations, about four thousand years ago, and pronounced it a failure.

Behind this contest, in which England is using Japan for a cat's paw, stands the real peril, China. Whatever Japan secures, China will in its own time possess. Japan, only a few years away from barbarism, has none of the elements

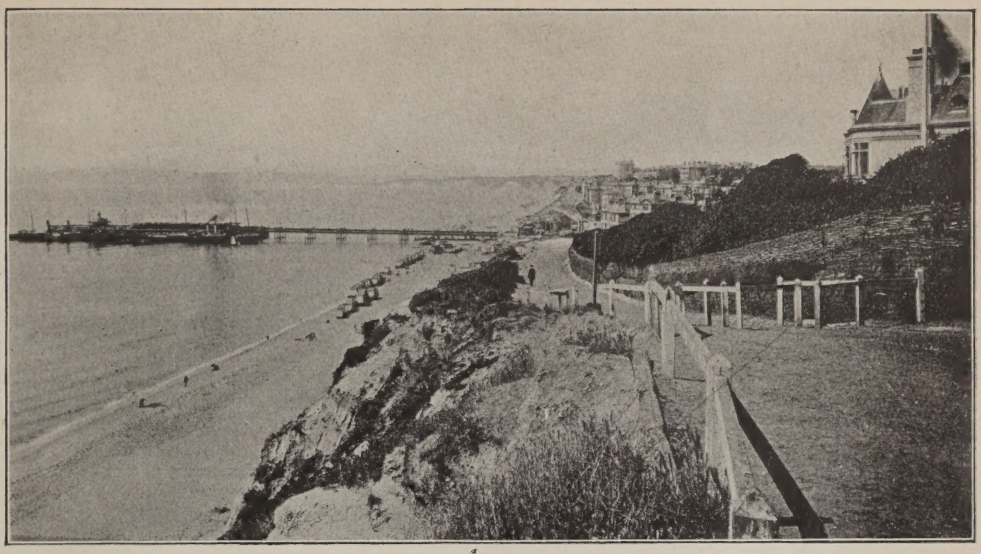
THE BALL TO THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

of racial strength which has kept China alive and strong during the centuries. Her people care nothing for religion; Buddhism has been thrown aside, and is but a superstition; Christianity is disregarded; the nation is sinking into infidelity, and love of race is manifested as an abnormal desire for national aggrandizement. Religious devotion and racial pride are possessed in a superlative degree by the Slavic races, now extending from the Black Sea to the Frozen Zone, and comprising almost if not quite two hundred millions of souls.



THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE "OSLIABA" IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK (1863).

The real struggle of the future, will be in the clash of the racial forces represented by China and Russia. France, drifting into infidelity will find it an increasing difficulty to maintain its position; Germany, weakened by the burden of militarism, must depend upon Russia for support; the importance of the Latin countries in the world's affairs will grow less steadily; while England, having been false to every country, is trying to bolster up her waning influence by seeking undeserved support from the United States. Under these conditions, the American Continent,—North and South America,—peopled by representatives from every race in the world, who are tenaciously continuing on this soil the best of those racial traits which had made their races strong; worshiping one God, but at many altars, and devoted to liberty in its truest sense, will stand as the factor of peace, between the Mongal and the Slav. The progress of civilization will be advanced by Russia's success, and the decay which would result from Mongolian domination over the Caucasian will be averted. Motives of morality, gratitude and of desire for the future aspirations of the world, all suggest sympathy towards Russia in this struggle.



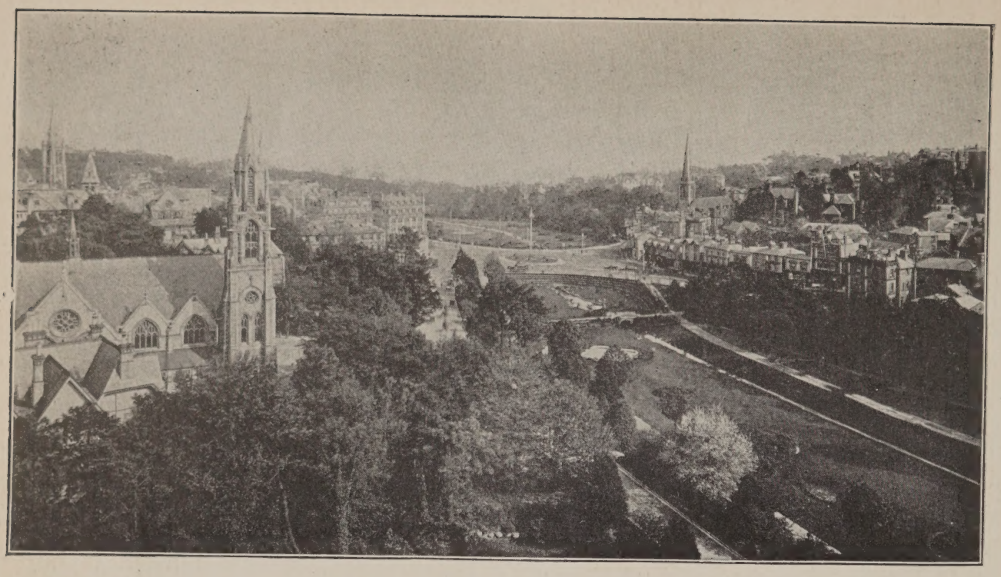
BOURNEMOUTH—FROM EAST CLIFF.

ENGLAND'S NEWPORT.

BY LAWRENCE F. KOSTKA.

Fashionable England is an object of study and interest. One of its most prominent traits is its exclusiveness. It associates neither with commercial nor with plebeian England; it has its own estates carefully walled in from the vulgar throng; it has its select schools from which the children of democracy are carefully excluded; it has its private receptions, its private teas, its special days at the galleries and at the art museums, and it has, above all, its pet watering place, and this is Bournemouth. Plebeian England may be permitted to take in draughts of invigorating sea-air at Margate, Ramsgate, Southend or Clacton-on-Sea, but for the aristocratic members of England Bournemouth must be kept sacred.

This fashionable health resort is situated on the southern coast of England at the western extremity of Hampshire. Picture to yourself a magnificent semi-circular bay with a fine sweep of sandy beach, back of which are rugged cliffs, and you have a fair picture of this picturesque spot. Before the eyes of the visitor stretches the English Channel swarming with sailing craft of every kind and style and traversed by an almost uninterrupted line of huge Leviathans, which belch forth, from funnels of every possible color, vast columns of smoke and which, by their gigantic propellers, lash the waters into seething foam and restless billows. It is a scene of life active beyond description, while the ever moving billows roll inward, breaking and booming against the rocky wall, bearing with them the health and vigor that come from the sea. The cliffs have been artistically laid out in winding paths adorned by stretches of lawn, by exquisite flower beds and by shady nooks arched by stately trees. There are many cross walks leading from the cliff to the strand below, so arranged that communication between the two spots is easy even for invalids. The municipal authorities have been generous in the supply of easy seats on which



BOURNEMOUTH FROM HOTEL MOUNT DORE.

tired limbs or weak frames can find repose. The Cliffs have an average height of about one hundred feet. They are strangely varied in form and present a decidedly picturesque outline. Wind and wave constantly conspire to change the appearance of this bold forefront, and the erosion caused thereby is so constant that there is a project under serious consideration to construct both a sea-wall and an undercliff esplanade. The cliff front is kept free of mercantile life, only magnificent hotels and fine private residences being permitted to occupy this favorite spot. There is a handsome pier from the cliffs, running out into the sea to a distance of nearly one thousand feet. It is supplied with numerous alcoves and shelters for both young and old and towards the end there is a band pavilion from which classical and popular music is daily furnished during the season to Bournemouth visitors. The place is known, in poetic language, as "The City of Pines" and the surrounding valley as "The Evergreen Valley of the South." Everywhere clusters of pine abound, so much so that the very air is scented with the rich fragrance of these odoriferous trees. The fissures in the cliffs, known in the language of the locality as *Chines,* are covered with pines, the fine residences are hedged in by pines, the landward slopes are engirdled by pines, even the streets are lined by these aromatic trees. In fact, the spot might be called a veritable Paradise of tree-life, since it is estimated that there are about three million trees in the neighborhood.

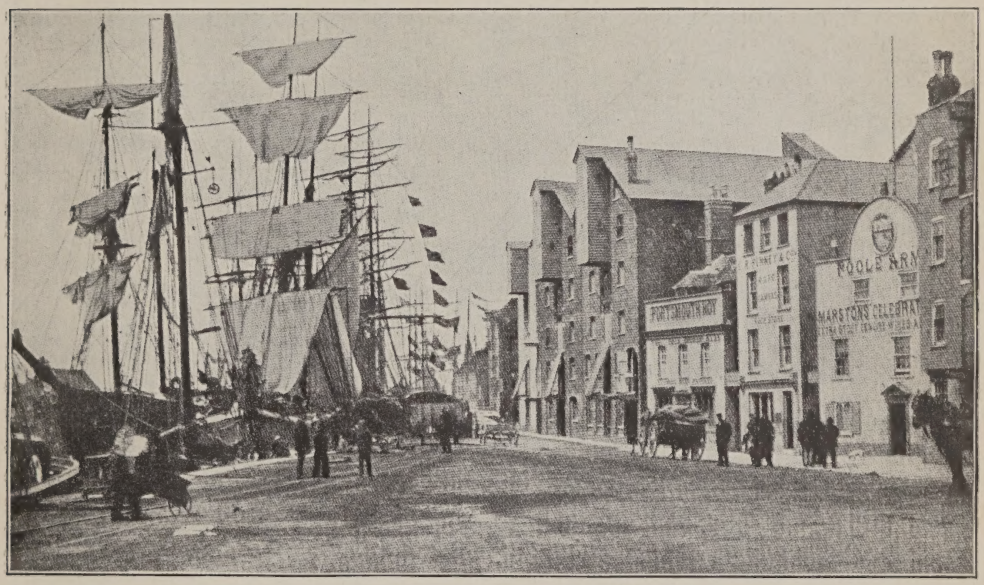
The town owes its name to the river Bourne, which rises about six miles away, and after traversing a beautiful valley finds an outlet into the sea, below the pier. The growth of the place has been phenomenal. A century ago it was the home of a few bold smugglers and a handful of hardy fisher-folk. In 1831, the entire country side, of which this is only a small section, numbered 733 inhabitants; now it can boast of a well-to-do population of 60,000 people. Everything is in keeping with this marvelous progress; the shops are large and luxuriously furnished, the car-service is excellent, while the electric light is supreme at night and on dull days. In fact the car-service is one of the most complete in England, and by means of it very pleasant excursions can be made to Boscombe and to other places of interest in the neighborhood.

Bournemouth is well provided with

churches; the most remarkable being St. Stephen's church (Protestant) in the early English style, St. Michael's church (Protestant) with an exquisitely proportioned tower, St. Augustine's (Protestant) erected and endowed by the late Canon Twells and the nobly designed Catholic Oratory of the Sacred Heart, on Richmond Hill, under the care of the Jesuit Fathers.

The coast is broken up for miles along the coast into large fissures or ravines, which, as has been remarked before, are their tops or percolates through the light sandy soil, and they form channels by which the sea-breezes are allowed to penetrate among the houses inland."

Another remarkable feature of Bournemouth is the fact that bathing may be enjoyed at any hour of the day owing to the unrivaled sloping beach and to two unusual tidal waves which roll in at different times. The force of one offsets the power of the other, and hence there is always, to all appearance, an inflow of the tide, a fact



POOLE QUAY.

known as *Chines*. In fact the number of these Chines is almost confusing. To the east of Boscombe Pier are Honey-combe or Shelley Chine. To the west of the pier there are Water Chine, Little Durley Chine, Middle Chine, Alum Chine, Branksome Chine, Sugar Chine, Loaf Chine and Flag Chine. These Chines add not only to the general beauty of the country, but also to its salubrity, for, as Doctor Dobell remarks "they constitute water-sheds for the adjoining cliffs, drawing off into the sea the surface-water that rushes over which makes the bathing always pleasant and keeps the beach free of that decaying vegetable matter which is so offensive at many watering places.

A pleasant phase of Bournemouth life is to be found in its many sports, for which there are, owing to favorable climatic influences, abundant opportunities. Thus the bay is admirably adapted to yachting and rowing and the nooks along the shore and the pier head are favorite retreats for Sir Isaac Walton's disciples. The public gardens have fine tennis courts and there

is an extensive cricket-field of four acres in a central position. Golf is also a favorite pastime, while the excellent roads afford opportunities for riding and driving. In the matter of railway accommodations Bournemouth is better provided than most English cities, for it can boast of three stations on the London and South-Western line, and express trains from London make the journey in two hours.

A visit to Bournemouth would be incomplete without excursions to some of the notable places in the vicinity. Boscombe, one of the municipal wards of the borough, will attract many, because Boscombe Manor is connected with the Shelley family. Here for many years lived Lady Shelley and Sir Percy Florence Shelley, son of the poet. Boscombe Chine has received the constant care of skilled landscape gardeners and the result is a beautiful public park with a broad pond upon which youthful aristocrats delight to sail their toy yachts.

Poole, a place of venerable antiquity, is also within easy reach. The Romans had here a fort and King Canute in 1015 entered this harbor, landing at Wareham. Henry III used it as his base of supplies when he was conducting his campaign against France, and it became, under Elizabeth, the port of departure for the vessels engaged in the Spanish trade. Its fortunes have since then declined, but it will always prove interesting to the traveller.

INVALIDS' WALK FROM ARCADE END.

Swanage, a village that can trace its history beyond the days of the Saxon kings, is about seven and a half miles by sea from Bournemouth. It is a placid place, so placid, indeed, that it would be an ideal spot for those who wish to enjoy the rest-cure, for it is said "to sleep its sleep nine months out of the twelve, and it just opens its eyes for the remaining three to blink at its crowd of visitors."

Within easy walking distance of Swanage is Studland, a picturesque village pos-

sessing one of the prettiest Norman churches in Dorsetshire. To the northwest of the village there stands a huge piece of sandstone, thirty-six feet long, nineteen feet high, and from fifteen to seventeen feet broad. Popular tradition claims that the Evil One destined the block for the destruction of Salisbury Cathedral, with the beauty of which he was greatly displeased, but that as he was bearing it thither its great weight was too much even for his strength, and he was obliged to drop his burden while flying over Studland.

Ten miles from Bournemouth is Wimborne, where St. Cuthburga, sister of Ina, king of the West Saxons, caused a famous nunnery to be built. She was married to Alfred, who was crowned king of Northumbria in 685. By her husband's leave she first entered the monastery of Barking in Essex, and afterwards founded the Wimborne convent which she governed with remarkable sagacity Her life was one of great austerity, of prolonged prayer and of deeds of charity. Though of royal blood and accustomed to rule, yet was her soul never lifted up in pride. Wimborne Minster is one of England's architectural treasures. The largest part of this venerable pile was constructed shortly after the Norman conquest. Many changes have been made, since the original foundations were laid, in the sacred edifice, but the successive architects have always striven to preserve, as far as possible, the older structure. As it now stands, the church is cruciform, and consists of a central lantern tower, a western tower, north and south porches, nave and side aisles, choir and aisles, transepts, crypt and vestry with a library over it. These different portions embrace almost all styles, from the Norman to the Perpendicular. Interesting, however, as Wimborne undoubtedly is, it must yield the palm in this respect to Christchurch, which is only five miles distant from the centre of Bournemouth.

This town has in all probability existed since the times of the ancient Britons. One of the earliest historic references to it is under the date of 901, when Ethelwald seized its castle during his quarrel with his kinsman, King Edward the Elder. When the Domesday Book was compiled the manor was held by the crown. The town then contained twenty-one houses and paid a yearly tax of sixpence. The chief object of interest in the town is the so-called Priory Church. The site on which it stands is believed to have been occupied by a heathen temple. The date of the erection of the first Christian church is uncertain. Some authorities fix it at the beginning of the eighth century, and others mention it as existing in the reign of Edward the Confessor (1043-1066). We learn from the Domesday Book that the inmates of the Priory were secular Canons of the order of St. Augustine, and that the church was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. During the reign of Rufus, Flambard the Dean, who was also made Bishop of Durham, undertook the rebuilding of the church.

According to monastic legends, as we learn from local authorities, the foundation of the new church was first laid on St. Catherine's Hill, but every night the work of the previous day was mysteriously destroyed, and the materials were removed to the site on which the church now stands. When the meaning of the interruption had been mastered and the foundations had been laid on the spot thus indicated, Heaven aided the Bishop with supernatural assistance, a supernumerary workman being always observed during the hours of labor, though at the times of refreshment and the distribution of wages only the stated number appeared. By his aid everything prospered until the fabric was nearly finished, when on raising a large beam to its place it was found too short. No remedy appearing the embarrassed workmen retired to their dwellings. On

returning to the church the ensuing morning, they discovered that the beam was fitted in its right place, and extended a foot longer than was requisite. Speechless with surprise, the additional workman occurred to their thoughts; and, on recovering their senses, they agreed that none other than our Saviour could have assisted them. On this account the church was dedicated to Our Lord. The sacred edifice is a magnificent structure, exhibiting specimens of almost every style of architecture from early Saxon to the latest Perpendicular. It is of cruciform plan and comprises a nave with aisles, transepts, choir and a Lady Chapel with a loft above it, a western tower and a north porch. The most interesting feature of its grand and picturesque exterior is the wall of the north transept, regarded by Sir Gilbert Scott "One of the choicest examples of Norman style in England." Lovers of literature will turn with pleasure to the Shelley monument on the north wall of the tower. It is, in many respects, an elaborate piece of work, though the artist's conception is without doubt open to severe criticism. The inscription runs thus:

To the Memory of
Percy Bysshe Shelley,
Poet,

Born at Field Place, in the county of Sussex, August 4, 1792. Drowned by upsetting his boat in the Gulf of Spezzia, July, 1822. His ashes are interred in the Protestant Burial Ground at Rome.

Also to the memory of
Mary Wollstoncraft Shelley, his wife,
Born August 30, 1797, died Feb. 1, 1851.
Her remains are interred together with those of her Father, William Godwin, and her Mother, Mary Wollstoncraft Godwin in the churchyard at Bournemouth.

"He has out-soared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate, and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain,
Now when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."—*Shelley's "Adonais."*

We could multiply examples of the many interesting places which can be reached from Bournemouth, but what has been said is sufficient to indicate what a centre of pleasant excursions it is. Of all delightful places Bournemouth is surely the most delightful. Here health may be recovered, here tired limbs will find repose, here wearied brains will be restored to their former vigor, here drooping spirits will be cheered, here heart-sickness will be driven away, and here, in presence of wooded valley and of restless sea, one's thoughts may rise to the loftiest communings with the Eternal.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

Meanwhile as the years rolled by, the old "priest-catcher's house" was pulled down, and a large building was erected, to which the name of the House of Retreat was given, for it was destined not merely to be the home of a staff of Missionary Oblates, but to be a place of refuge or retreat for priests or laymen who might wish to escape from the world for a while, and to hide themselves in the presence of God alone. An excellent schoolhouse was also built, where the Catholic boys of the neighborhood, under the tuition of two lay brothers, were instructed in all that is necessary both for this world and the next, far removed from the allurements of the godless Model School. Preparations were also made for the erection of a magnificent church which is, at the time of writing, through not quite completed, an honor to the ecclesiastical architecture of the Archdiocese of Dublin. From this House of Retreat the missionaries sallied forth month after month, year after year, on their works of spiritual mercy, but more especially to preach the Gospel to the poor, and it is about some of these missions in which I was personally engaged that I am about to give you the following reminiscences.

I do not pretend to mention one tithe of the missions in which I was personally engaged, nor to speak of any of them in the order in which they occurred. It is sufficient to state that I was sometimes eight months out of the twelve absent from Inchicore on this holy but often fatiguing work, and that on frequent occasions while some of us were closing a mission in one parish, others of the same staff would be opening another in some place more or less remote. Two of the greatest missions which we ever preached were in the Catholic city of Cork, the former in the fall of the year, in the North Chapel, called the Bishop's parish, and the latter in the spring of the following year, in the South Chapel, the Dean's parish. In these two missions the number of communicants amounted to upwards of 52,000, which could be easily computed by counting the number of altar breads which were consecrated for that purpose. By order of the Bishop, every parish and religious community in or near the city of Cork was bound to supply one priest or more to help in the confessional every day, except Sunday, and we would sit down to dinner in the school room after our day's work in the church to the number of fifty or sixty. I may truthfully say that in this manner the entire population of Cork was evangelized. We spent the day after our first mission at the beautiful residence of the Bishop, down the River Lee, on the road to Cove or Queenstown, and his Lordship took us to visit the Ursuline Convent where the largest relic in the world of the true Cross after what is preserved in Rome, is carefully treasured. It was formerly kept in the Abbey of Holy Cross in Tipperary, but at the time of the dissolution and destruction of the monasteries it was carefully concealed, and then taken to Rome. After many years it was given to a Bishop of Cork, and confided to the Ursuline nuns, with the provision that it should be returned to the monks at Holy Cross if their venerable abbey should ever be restored to its rightful owners.

On the following day we were all waiting in the presbytery for the hour to start for the train, when one of the curates asked me if I would kindly step across to the church, and hear the confession of a poor woman who was breaking her heart because as she affirmed she had failed to get

near me during the entire mission. With much reluctance I submitted to pressure. on condition that no one else should come forward. This the priest succeeded in enforcing, though with much difficulty, and when I was passing through the porch I pushed my way behind her, and heard her saying to a lot of other women, less successful than herself. "Thank be to God, I made a gineral (meaning a general confession) to every one of them." When I arrived at the priest's house I found that all my confreres had departed for the train, leaving behind them a young fellow whom his widowed mother had confided to my care that he might become a novice with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. With the exception of the old woman who had entrapped me that she might make a "gineral" to me, as well as to the rest, I believe this good Mrs. N.—was the only one who rejoiced that I had lost my train as it afforded her a few more hours in the company of her darling boy.

Our mission at the South Chapel was quite as successful as that in the North, but the building being not nearly as large, we had to hold some of the more crowded services, when important ceremonies were to take place, in a field behind the church. As the Dean's residence was some distance off, we were lodged with the Presentation Brothers, a teaching order which divides with the Christian Brothers the work of educating the Catholic boys of Cork. A few years later on I was invited to preach the annual sermon, when offerings are taken up for the support of the schools. The brothers had been obliged to expend a large amount of money in an orphanage which was also under their charge. I was requested to state that on this account they were one thousand pounds in debt, and to explain how this had occurred. Mr. Maguire, Member of Parliament for Cork, was among those who took up the collection, and I was afterwards informed that it amounted to twelve hundred pounds. While I was seated in the sacristy after the sermon, and some choice orchestral music was being performed during the collection, a gentleman came into the sacristy and introducing himself as Mr. Murphy,—whom I then recognized to be one of the wealthiest merchants, and one of the most generous benefactors to every Catholic charity in Cork,—he asked me whether he had heard aright that I had stated that the Brothers were one thousand pounds in debt. On assuring him that such was the case he immediately took out his check book and wrote a check for this thousand pounds. The Dean then came into the sacristy, and he presented it to him. Though I have known large sums to have been given on other such occasions, yet I must admit that twenty-two hundred pounds beat the record of the charity sermons which I ever preached in Ireland or elsewhere.

Dungarvan, a flourishing and intensely Catholic town in Co. Waterford, was the scene of two very successful missions given by our Fathers, on two separate occasions, in each of which I had the privilege of taking part. In no mission that I can remember were so many persons enrolled in one or another of the holy scapulars sanctioned by the Church. One dealer in Dublin told me that he had supplied an order for 10,000. The crowds were so great that many of those who wished to approach the altar rails to receive Holy Communion found it impossible to do so, and consequently every morning two or three of the priests from the neighborhood who were helping us used to go through the kneeling multitudes, accompanied by three acolytes, two of them bearing lighted candles and the third holding a communion cloth, the priest administering the Blessed Sacrament to those who were prepared to receive It.

(To be Continued.)

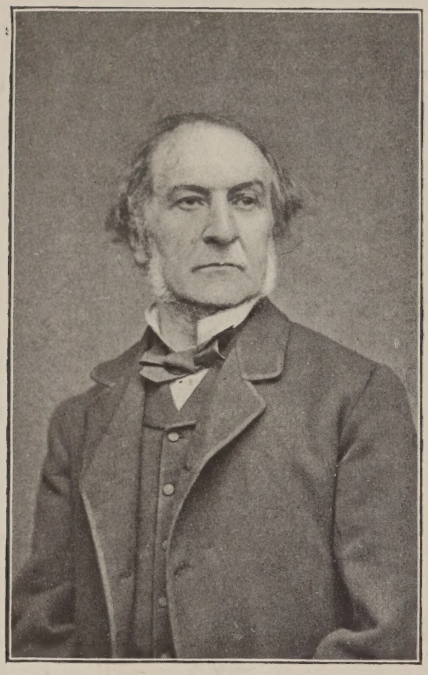
HAWARDEN CASTLE.

GLADSTONE'S COUSIN AND HER ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

I had written as the title of this sketch, "The Passing of Dora"—an echo of the last of the "Idylls of the King"—but in the issue of this Magazine for November, 1903, appeared a very pathetic little story called "The Passing of Thady," and so, in order not to echo Maud Regan as well as Alfred Tennyson, the above prosaic and somewhat cumbrous title has been adopted. It has the advantage of adding perhaps some little external interest to the subject by linking it at once with a name that has been frequently in men's mouths for some months past; for though the life of the great man who made that name illustrious came to an end five years ago—long enough to let the world forget even him—a worthy record of that life has recently been published which seems to claim a place in the highest rank of biographical literature; beside Lockhart's "Sir Walter Scott" and Trevelyan's "Lord Macaulay" or even Boswell's "Johnson." As the cleverest daughter of the Liberator of Ireland (I knew her in what I then considered old age) was wont with pardonable pride to sign herself always, "Ellen Fitzsimmon née O'Connell," so our Dora's adopted mother, Mrs. A. M.

DORA AT EIGHTEEN.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE IN MIDDLE LIFE.

R. Bennett, has of late years wished to be known as Mrs. Bennett-Gladstone.

She and the subject of Mr. John Morley's great biography had the same grandfather. This Thomas Gladstone's eldest son was Sir John Gladstone, father of William Ewart Gladstone; and his youngest son, David, was the father of the lady with whom we are concerned at present, not for her own sake, but for the sake of the girl towards whom she filled the part of a true and devoted mother.

And who was Dora? Here, too, we need not go further back than Dora Tyrrell's grandfather, who was a barrister practising on the Western Circuit of England, and who became County Court Judge at Exeter. Her parents, having a large family and not a large income, determined to try their fortunes in a new sphere and to settle at Natal,— which, by the way, was then much less familiar than it has since become, so little known indeed that Thomas Hood did not know how to pronounce its name, which is accented on the last syllable, rhyming with *shall* and not with *fatal* as "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg" would have it do:

"Into this world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks and stocks and ships,
In fortune fair or fatal;
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip in Babbicombe Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal."

It happened that when this removal to Africa was decided upon, our little Dora, a child of three or four years, was just recovering from scarlet fever and was on a visit with Mrs. Bennett at her house in London. She had grown very fond of the sweet child, and when the Natal project was broached, she said half in jest, "Leave Dora behind with me—you have children enough without her." She was taken at her word, and ever after she found a loving and beloved daughter in Dorothy Tyrrell.

I am not going to tell the story of Dora, but only the passing of Dora; for it is only of her beautiful death that I have seen a lovingly minute account which was printed for the gratification of her many friends. I have indeed had the privilege of reading pleasant diaries kept during long visits to Hawarden Castle, and notes of some of Mrs. Bennett's conversations with her illustrious cousin. These interesting papers are even lying beside me at this moment; but I hope that the writer of them will herself arrange them for publication; and I will at present extract only a few passages in which Dora is referred to. One exception I will make. I will cite abruptly an irrelevant passage for the purpose of confirming from another original source the testimony here borne to Gladstone's possession of a quality for which few would give him credit.

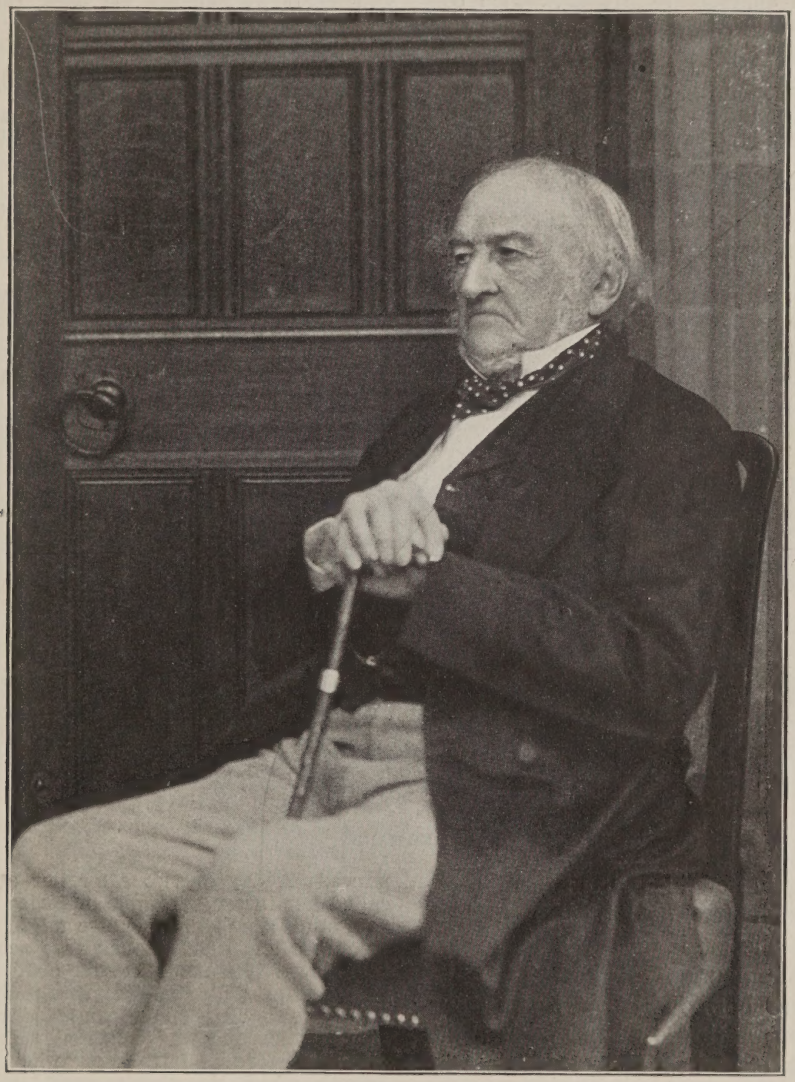
In her notes of her visit to Hawarden

Castle in 1864, Mrs. Bennett-Gladstone writes:—

"One thing struck me very much at this time—the exceeding deference with which he listened to everything one might have to say: not condescending in the least, showing nothing but a desire to obtain information he wished to have, and of which he was most ready to declare himself ignorant. This trait in his character struck me very much, and I had the opportunity of noticing it frequently."

Many years later, in 1881, a similar testimony occurs in a letter which I received from my brother, Lord Russell of Killowen:

"The new Governor of Madras, Mr. Grant Duff, kindly asked me to spend from Saturday to Monday at his country house a few



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE IN HIS CLOSING YEARS

weeks ago, and the Gladstones were also staying there. I had on Saturday a long talk with the Prime Minister *solus cum solo*, which lasted full three hours, and in which, strange to say, I had the greater part of the talk to myself and was listened to apparently with an appreciative interest, which certainly astonished me. We renewed our talk next day—Sunday. His power of receiving new views is indeed remarkable. I did not lose the opportunity of expressing roundly the strong opinions I entertain as regards many things in Ireland, particularly its executive, and Government Board systems of management."

Here are two independent witnesses to Gladstone's power of listening to others and taking in new ideas from them, a capacity which few, as I have remarked, would be disposed to attribute to the mighty statesman.

CHAMOSSAIRE.

Dora was born in the year 1857, and it has been mentioned that she was about four years old when Mrs. Bennett, who was not childless, adopted her as her own. The earliest allusion to her in the notes that I am consulting occurs in the account of the visit paid to Hawarden Castle in the summer of 1867. Mrs. Bennett was the guest of her cousin, and her adopted child was invited to join her. Gladstone himself drove the little girl over in a waggonette from the railway station.

"It was pouring rain, and as they were setting off, he turned round to look at Dora, who had already been placed in the carriage, and whom he had not yet seen, though he had heard much of her. 'Lifting up her head,' he afterwards said to me, 'I thought at the moment that I was looking at the face of an angel.' Long after that time, when he was describing her to one of our relatives, he said: 'I never met with a more beautiful character nor with any child possessed of so many extraordinary gifts, of which she was quite unconscious. Her innocence and simplicity were shown in all she said and did, and in the expression of her lovely countenance.' A day or two after her arrival he called her into his Temple of Peace (his private study), and told her she might go there whenever she liked (a privilege accorded to very few). He made her sit on a low seat beside him and read anything she liked. Every now and then he would address questions to her and was charmed with her answers. Before we left, he gave her his photograph, which she always considered one of her greatest treasures. She was a favorite with every one at the Castle and amused them all by her quaint remarks.

"Though it was the first time she had ever been amidst what she must have felt to be very grand surroundings, she seemed as though to the manner born and was as free from shy embarrassment as she was from forwardness.

When Gladstone lost his seat at Oxford—which at that time was considered a great disaster, but which many regard as a fortunate crisis in his career, his emancipation from a clique, leaving him free to follow his convictions and his lights — Dora Tyrrell was about nine years old and she had never seen him. She happened to hear about it, and suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I should so like to write to Mr. Gladstone and tell him how sorry I am." Mrs. Bennett goes on to tell us:—

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

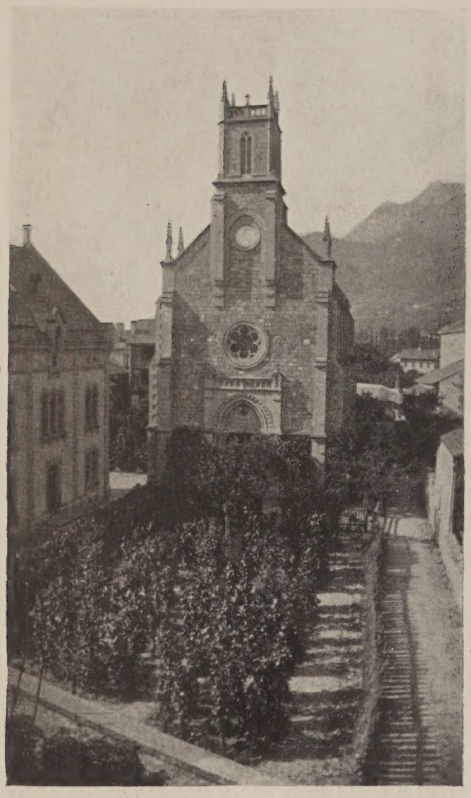
Near which Dora and Mrs. Bennett made a sojourn of several weeks.

"I allowed her to do so. She wrote a sweet, affecting little letter, to which I expected no answer. Almost by return of post a most beautiful letter came from Mr. Gladstone, in which he principally dwelt on the duty and comfort of being in all things submissive to the will of God. On the same day, I think, there appeared in the newspapers a paragraph to the effect that Mr. Gladstone found it impossible to reply to the innumerable letters addressed to him, etc., yet he made time to write to a little girl!"

I have before me at this moment another proof of the affectionate remembrance that Gladstone kept of this little girl, many years after her death—a testimony which is evidently distinct from the one cited by Mrs. Bennett a moment ago. Mr. Hugh Gladstone, in a letter dated from 22 Bath Street, Liverpool, as late as the 23rd of September, 1882, writes to his cousin:—

"I have something to tell you now which I am sure will please and interest you. I have just returned from a visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, and in inquiring in the most affectionate manner after you, he reverted to dear Dora, and remarked that in all his experience he had never come across so wonderful a child in every way. He spoke of her beautiful character, at some length, and it was evident she had won his true affection, as she did that of everyone else who was fortunate enough to know her. Forgive me if I have renewed your sorrow for her loss by this reference to her; but I only write, thinking that the declaration of such a man as Mr. Gladstone will perhaps prove a measure of comfort in what I know has been one of the greatest trials of your life."

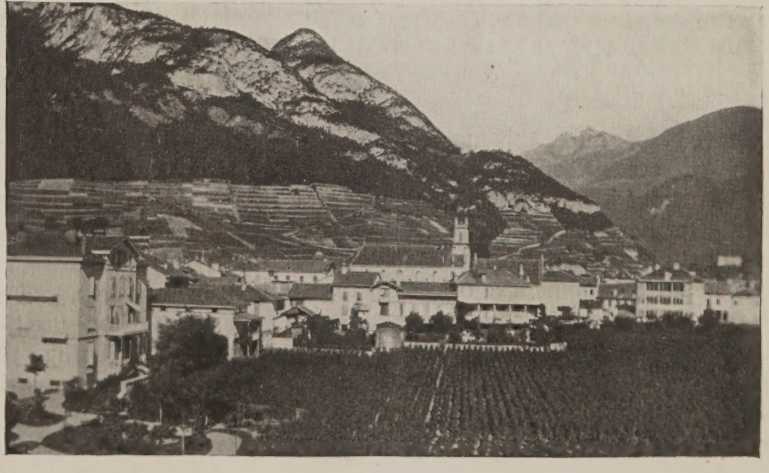
In the autumn of 1869 Mrs. Bennett and Miss Tyrrell (to give her that unaccustomed name by way of variety) went to Rome, where they lived principally for the next three years. The girl learned to speak Italian so fluently and so accurately that people meeting her for the first time in Italian society, and seeing her fair hair and complexion, used often to ask if she were a Florentine. Monsignor Nardi, one of the Roman prelates, assured Mrs. Bennett that it was impossible for even a native to speak with greater accuracy or



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT AIGLE.

a purer accent; and he added that the most surprising part was that she could speak the language of the people with as much ease as she could that of the educated classes. "French also she spoke with almost equal fluency, but she had not the same affection for it as for the melodious Italian tongue, which, with the people and the country, she dearly loved."

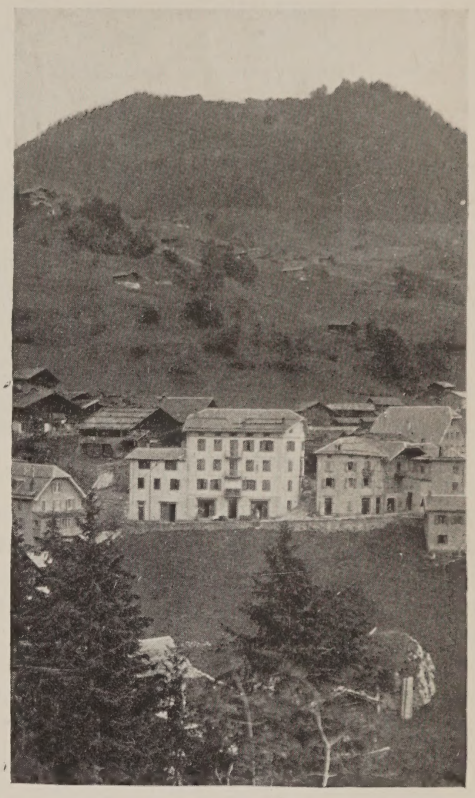
But she made a more important acquisition than a knowledge of languages: she gained the Faith. Like Miss Helen Gladstone, the sister of the great leader of the Liberals, his cousin, Mrs. Bennett, entered the Catholic Church. It was by no means a matter of course that Dora should accompany or follow her in this momentous step. She was a girl of great intelligence, with a very strong will of her own; and Mrs. Bennett tells us that she had always looked upon her before her conversion as an unusually sceptical and incredulous child; but she never seemed to have a doubt after her reception into the Church, which only took place after long and careful instruction. Her first confessor was Dr. Tobias Kirby, successor to Cardinal Cullen as Rector of the Irish College in Rome, over which he presided through nearly the whole of the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is strange that this singularly holy man, who in his last years bore the title of Archbishop of Ephesus, did not, after receiving the young convert into the Church, hasten to prepare her for her First Communion. Yet that great event in her soul's history did not take place in the Eternal City, but at home in an English convent. No doubt Mrs. Bennett deemed it more prudent to make the sacrifice involved in



AIGLE.

separating for a time from her beloved foster-child in order that she might be trained and instructed more thoroughly in a convent. They returned to England, and Dora was entrusted to the Faithful Companions of Jesus, in St. Monica's Convent, Skipton. When the feast of the Epiphany was fixed upon as the day of her First Communion—it must have been one of the earliest seventies—Mrs. Bennett wrote to Monsignor Kirby to engage his prayers for his dear spiritual child. He chanced to be going to the Vatican on the day when the letter arrived, and mentioning its contents to the Holy Father, he entreated him to send his blessing to Dora. Pius IX. remembered "the golden-haired, sweet-looking English child to whom he had addressed (says Mrs. Bennett) in our audiences at the Vatican many affectionate and never-to-be-forgotten words" —just as his namesake, now happily reigning, is known to single out for special notice the children who accompany some of his visitors. Pio Nono sent a very special blessing to the First Communicant at St. Monica's Convent, and gave Dr. Kirby an exquisite medal to transmit to her as a memorial of this holiest epoch of her life.

Dora seems to have never been very strong. In 1872 her delicacy caused her devoted "Auntie" much anxiety, and she dreaded particularly for her the east winds of the springtime at Skipton; but the girl had grown so fond of the good nuns and her companions, and they so fond of her, that, with the unselfishness of a true mother, Mrs. Bennett was reluctant to claim her for herself. At the beginning, however, of 1873, the wrench had to be undergone; Dora bade farewell to her beloved convent, and spent the rest of her days under the watchful eye of her more than mother. She never, indeed, as she often said, felt a vocation to the religious state; but she was, nevertheless, nowhere



SEPEY.

Where Dora and Mrs. Bennett spent a whole summer and had Mass celebrated for the first time for three hundred years in their chalet on the mountain.

so happy as when living with nuns and joining in the religious exercises which form so large a portion of the blessed routine of their daily life.

I have already stated, but only in a very incidental way, that the devoted affection shown by Gladstone's cousin to her adopted daughter was not a mere natural vent for pent-up yearnings of maternity, not the mere craving of the heart of a woman whom God had left childless. Mrs. Bennett had children of her own and grandchildren; and, indeed, it is very edifying to notice the unselfish sympathy with which her son and daughter welcomed this gentle intruder into the family circle. Also it is pleasant to see the cordial rela-

CHALET FAURE, WHERE DORA DIED.

tions kept up by the Gladstone family with these two deserters to the Church of Rome. This will be evident from the tone of two or three letters, which must be cited presently.

Yet the wonder grows less that everyone was so strongly attracted to "this maiden of seventeen summers" when we become better acquainted with her singularly beautiful character. She described it herself unwittingly in writing her answers in a page of a book of questions such as young people used to be fond of pestering their friends with. Has this nuisance gone out of fashion like most things of the sort? Her favorite virtues, wrote Dora in this Book of Confessions, were truth and unselfishness; her favorite qualities in men were firmness and gentleness, and in women, self-sacrifice. The occupation in which she took most pleasure was cookery; her chief characteristic was contrariness. Her idea of happiness was "never to take cold"; her idea of misery, "wearing rough woolen stockings." If not herself, she would rather be a Sister of Charity. Roses were the flowers she liked best.* Raphael and Mozart were her favorite painter and composer. St. Agnes and Mary Queen of Scots were her favorite heroines in real life, Fabiola and Enid in fiction. Her pet aversion was a squeaking door, her favorite food bread and butter. Telling a lie to save the life of an-

DORA'S LAST RESTING PLACE, AIGLE.

*I am afraid she never read a little poem called "Dorothy's Roses," about the legend which connects her name-saint with this flower of her choice.

other was the sin for which she thought she should have most toleration. "Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra," was the motto she would choose.

The young friend who coerced our Dora into making this self-revelation had great difficulty in overcoming the scruple she felt lest in filling in these answers she might be unconsciously untruthful. But I fear she was consciously untruthful in setting down as her chief characteristic "contrariness"—which I hope she pronounced in the proper *contrairy* manner. Others probably would have fixed on a bright, cheerful, child-like purity of mind as her most characteristic quality. Her perfect innocence may be illustrated by an incident that reminds one of Saint Stanislaus fainting away with horror when an improper word was uttered in his hearing. One day, in the last year of her life, they were engaging a servant, when the landlady of their Swiss *chalet* came to warn them against poor Marie, who, it seems, had a somewhat unsatisfactory past.

"In order to give us a reason for not taking her," says Mrs. Bennett-Gladstone, "Madame G. began to tell us of some very dubious passages in Marie's previous life. She was so voluble that I could not stop her; but very soon after she commenced her story Dora rose with her cheeks aflame and quitted the room. 'Oh, Auntie! she said to me afterwards, 'I cannot tell you how miserable it made me when Madame began to talk in that way of Marie. I never knew anything at all about those things till I read *The Home of the Lost Child* which Mrs.— lent me, and I cannot bear to hear about them.' She spoke with unusual energy and earnestness, her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes brimming with tears."

This, however, was near the end, and we have only reached the year 1873, when there were three milestones still to pass on this brief journey before reaching the last milestone of all, the tomb. One who saw her two or three times in London during that year, and ever after recalled the impression she had then made upon her, in writing after she had passed away for ever, said:

"I dare not write to you about what has happened. I cannot think of it without tears. She was so young and sweet and childlike that an idea of my own children mixes itself up with Dora whenever I think of it, and I find myself crying over the thought of *that*, and of what you are feeling. There are comforts in your religion denied to ours. I trust you feel something of them. I know you do, and hope time will heal the wound."

But the wound was felt before the blow had actually fallen. Might one here without irreverence think of Simeon's prophecy and the sword which pierced the Mother's heart long before the spear of the Centurion pierced the Son's? So it is in human measure with many a mother who sees her darling child wasting gradually away before her eyes.

"Consumption has no pity
On blue eyes and golden hair."

Richard Dalton Williams' lines suit Dorothy Tyrrell exactly, according to the descriptions given of her; but an earlier poet, Malherbe, states her case better from another point of view:—

Mais elle était du monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et, rose, elle a vècu ce que vivent les roses,
L' espace d' un matin.

But she was of a world too prone to give
Saddest fate to fairest flowers,
And, a rose, she lived, as the roses live,
Through a few bright morning hours.

But to die a holy and gentle death, prepared for by an innocent life, and assuaged by all the tender and sacred consolations of love human and divine—this is not the "saddest fate," *le pire destin;* this is the happiest of lots, and this was Dora's. Her *pientissima nutrix* (to antedate very slightly the graceful term of her tombstone)

brought her to a milder climate and spared no effort to hold her darling back a little longer from heaven. Often she seemed to be succeeding; God mercifully keeps the future a secret to Himself; and the two Englishwomen, amid the alternations of hope and fear, enjoyed many happy weeks and months together during those last three years in Switzerland, which they diversified by a rather long visit to England in 1875. One of their Swiss homes was near a spot that Lord Byron's poem has made familiar, the Castle of Chillon. Perhaps it was to humor the wayward restlessness of the most insidious but least loathsome of diseases that they moved their tent pretty freely from one beautiful spot to another, living at different times at Sepey, at Champéry, at Trois Torronts, at Aigle, and at Leysin.

It was at the last named of these places that the final summons came. They lived at Leysin, in the Chalet Faure, which commanded a glorious prospect of the Dent du Midi and the Glacier du Trient, while on the other side of the house there was a lovely view of the Chamossaire and Diablerêt's mountains. When they first came in sight of the Glacier du Trient, Dora exclaimed, "Oh, how glorious! how glorious! It is worth while coming to Switzerland in winter to see *that*."

"And indeed (adds Mrs. Bennett) in happier circumstances I should have said the same. It seemed like the revelation of another world, brighter and more lovely by far than any of which our every-day experience could give the least idea. Ethereal in its beauty, angel-like in its white purity, every peak, every slope, was lit up by the radiance of the sun as they rose into the fathomless blue of the sky above them."

But all this was unutterably sad to the companion of the dying girl who felt that the parting was now very near. They had been living at Aigle, but the kind and skilful physician there thought that the purer air of Leysin would be beneficial for his patient. At Leysin there was no priest, and at that season traveling in that mountain region was not always possible; but the Curé of Aigle, who had made himself their domestic chaplain—the Pope had given them the great privilege of having Mass in their own house wherever they might be—the good old priest managed to follow them just in time to be with Dora through her last day and night, till the final moment, which was seven o'clock in the morning of February 26th, 1877. Her death was as sweet as her life. Her grave is at Aigle, and the headstone bears this inscription:—

IN PACE ET CUM CHRISTO.
DOROTHEA L. A. TYRRELL
AETATIS XX
IN SPE RESURRECTIONIS
ARCESSITA AB ANGELIS
XXVI FEB. MDCCCLXXVII.
INNOCENO MANIBUS
ET
MUNDO CORDE.
AMANTISSIMAE ET OPTIME MERENTI FECIT
NUTRIX PIENTISSIMA.
A. M. R. B.

These last letters are, of course, the initials of that "most devoted foster-mother" who raised this memorial to the most loving and most loved of daughters. The initials in Dorothy's own name stand for Lucy and Agnes, two virgin saints who come just as close together in the canon of the Mass. Of our own young virgin-saint it has been truly written that "she bore a near and beautiful resemblance to that sweet St. Agnes whom she had chosen to be her beloved patroness and whom she loved with a deep, unwavering, and personal affection."

Among the many beautiful letters of consolation that came to Mrs. Bennett when this sorrow fell upon her, there are two or three that must be quoted. The

most interesting of all, perhaps, is from the grandfather of another Dorothy. Gladstone's affection for his daughter's child, Dorothy Drew, has almost found a place in history. To his cousin he wrote thus in her affliction:—

"It was indeed kind of you to make known to me from yourself the cropping of this flower which you have tended with such deep and constant affection and which is now taken in all its purity to bloom in the Better Land. I cannot be sorry for her sake that she is added to the company of the just, gone

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

"For the din of earthly strife waxed louder and more wearying from year to year, and it was much too rude a climate and too harsh a scene for her. As for me, I need not assure you that I have remembered her before God this day, at the most solemn hour, and pray that His abundant rest, light, and peace may be multiplied upon her. I feel for your bereavement, but doubtless you will be sustained under it, and you will find a prop and consolation in the memories of your offices towards her. She will help to carry you across the stream where you will see

"Those angel faces smile
'Which we have loved long since and lost a while.'"

Gladstone ends here with the "Lead, Kindly Light" of Cardinal Newman. Dora seems never to have visited Edgbaston or to have come under the spell of the illustrious Oratorian; but she was cherished by another great English prelate. Cardinal Manning found time to write also his word of comfort after Dora's death.

"Your letter of sad tidings has never been off my table since it reached me. I feared that the day which has come at last could not be long delayed. But you have more than one consolation. You may rejoice in the confidence that our Lord had marked out that good child for His own. To you it must be a great and hourly loss which nothing can fill up. But we must look onward and upward, not downward or back upon the past. The love of our Divine Lord does everything for us, and if we trust Him fully, He will never fail to give us strength and consolation for every day. May God be with you."

After quoting these two great and good men I refrain from citing other witnesses whose touching words I had marked. Everywhere she went, she had won the hearts of all who knew her, and their love followed her.

Most of the readers of this affectionate tribute of an utter stranger belong to the great race, who, not content with their own wonderful continent, are fond of crossing oceans and exploring the Old World also, climbing the Alps and Apennines. In their summer rambles some of them may find themselves kneeling beside the grave of this English maiden who (to translate the inscription on her tombstone) "pure of hands and clean of heart, was beckoned away by the angels" one February morning nearly thirty years ago. They need not pray for her. Surely her tombstone speaks the truth. Surely she is in peace and with Christ. *In pace et cum Christo.*

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW APPRENTICE.

The Duchess was not one to let her perplexities worry her. For two or three days, a week perhaps, she was prevented from paying John Corbett a visit. Then one day her barouche, much too wide for the narrow by-streets of Elsdon, drew up at Armytage, Armytage and Corbett's doors. Again she was shown up to the junior partner's private room. She hardly waited for the formality indeed. Her foot was on the stair before the flurried young clerk had done telling her that Mr. Corbett was in, and that he would announce her coming through the speaking tube.

She passed by half a dozen brilliant apartments, all filled with young men busily driving their quills, who left off with unanimity to look after the frou-frou of her skirts.

Sighing, she seated herself in Mr. Corbett's comfortless room.

"If you're going to keep me coming and going like this over your family affairs, you'd better provide a lift," she said.

"I should if I knew it would bring you oftener," he answered her affectionate raillery.

"The Duke used to say that I was so entirely without discretion that it was lucky I was a duchess. There were other reasons which the Duke was too polite to refer to, or too fond of his wife. All your young men out there behind their mahogany boxes are saying that you and I are going to make a match."

"They would not presume, Duchess."

"It's astonishing what things they will presume. However, it isn't my love affairs or yours that have brought out Miller when he has the lumbago in his head, and the bays when one of them is coughing. It's Angela's. What is there between her and youngArmytage?"

"Why should you suppose there is anything?"

He looked at her with a whimsical air of tantalizing her. Then, before she could remonstrate he flung out both his hands. He was standing in the favorite hearthrug position of the male person.

"There," he said, "I won't quibble about it, although I believe it was myself that said it should be a secret. Willie Armytage has asked my consent to an engagement between himself and Angela."

"And you sent him packing?"

"I could hardly do that. There is nothing against him. I bid him talk about it when he had been called to the Bar."

The Duchess uttered a sigh of relief.

"Ah, that is better than nothing, though I wish you had been firmer about it. I wish he had asked me. Of course I know what you would say, why should he ask me? Because—" she looked defiantly at John Corbett—"because I have other plans for Angela."

"You are a woman of discretion, despite the Duke's judgment," said John Corbett, "so I don't mind telling you a thing that has puzzled me, and that is that when the lad asked me I felt that *I* had other plans for Angela. I have none except to keep her with me, as long as I may. She is the dearest of my children. But, I certainly did not want to give her to Willie, although I am nearly as fond of the lad as I am of Jack or Arthur. And there is absolutely nothing against him."

"I begin to have hopes of you— Why? No, you needn't ask me why. And that

reminds me that I have a favor to ask of you. Alured, the present Duke, has you know a large family of sons and daughters. I happen to be particularly interested in one, only one. I wash my hands of the others. If people will have big families let them provide for them. Alured has the title. But this one, Godfrey,—he resembles my boy. I have wanted him for sometime to come and look after my loneliness. He ought to see to the land and the Castle, and look after rents and all that. But he says he is not cut out for the pursuits of a country gentleman. He's mad on mechanics. I don't know what possesses young people nowadays. He will come to me if— Will you take him as an apprentice to Armytage, Armytage and Corbett?"

"Your nephew, Lord Godfrey? The Duke's son! He would be only playing at work."

"Try him. From the time he could walk alone he has been playing with cog-wheels and pulleys and sections and such things. Eton hasn't cured him. I give you my word that up to the time he was eighteen I never saw Godfrey that his hands weren't grimed with oil and lamp-black, or something that looked like lamp-black. I'm rather disgusted. I wanted Godfrey to manage things for me. Alured obligingly offers me Compton, the second son. I can't bear Compton. He is his mother in trousers. If Godfrey will be an engineer, let him begin to be one with you. He could live with me then."

The talk had wandered from Angela. John Corbett saw no connection between the subject of her engagement and Lord Godfrey Ingestre's taste for engineering.

"If he is really in earnest, Duchess," he said, "we shall receive him into our works with pleasure. I hope it won't demoralize the others to have a duke's son in the workshop. We have apprentices from all classes and conditions of men, and many countries. We haven't taken them yet from the higher ranks of the aristocracy."

"You'd never know it by Godfrey," said the Duchess eagerly. "And he has the most shocking ideas really. Thinks one man is as good as another: and I'm sure would drop his title if he could. I don't know where the lad got bitten with his notions. They annoy Grace, his mother, dreadfully. I don't like Grace and have never forgiven her for making me a dowager. I remember Godfrey at thirteen, when a party of them were saying what they would be if they could choose. They would all be famous soldiers or sailors or statesmen or explorers or cricketers. Godfrey would be an engine-driver and drive only express trains. I believe he has not changed from that day."

Mr. Corbett laughed.

"We must try to conduct his energy into the proper channels," he said. "When do you expect him?"

"When I write for him. We've had a tiff because he wouldn't take up the management of the property, which will be his one day, but would gang his ain gait. He said short-horns weren't in it for interest with cog-wheels. Did you ever hear of such a misguided youth? I said I'd leave everything to Compton, and he answered that it would be a very good thing to do since Compton would never be able to earn thirty shillings a week for himself. He was quite good-tempered about it; and really meant what he said. So we haven't been speaking. I was hurt at his readiness to make way for Compton. And I've been very angry with him: but a thought came to me the other day of how nice it would be to give in to Godfrey, and to do just the thing he wanted. It was surprising how the fascination of the thing grew."

A delightful smile lit up her rather heavy features.

"You see, I'm a true woman," she went on. "And I love the boy the more because he wouldn't give in to me. I feel he'd

have held out for ever; and so I quite enjoy giving in."

"You are a very generous woman."

"I have an unbounded capacity for giving in to men. I like them to hold their own even from the cradle. Girls ought to be gentle and docile. I like a turbulent boy baby. I shall spoil Godfrey's sons horribly one of these days."

For an instant a shadow fell over her face, and she lifted her hand and held it between her and the light.

"Godfrey will come as soon as he knows he has conquered," she went on after that almost imperceptible pause. "I shall like to see him and Anne Daly together. Godfrey will air all his socialistic theories, and flout all Anne's ideas about the divine rights of aristocracy. How they will quarrel!"

"If he does not fall in love with her."

The Duchess frowned.

"Godfrey won't do that. It is a most unlikely thing to happen. Why he is only twenty-two. Anne is—. Never mind what age she is. She is older than Godfrey."

"As though that mattered. My two lads are head over ears in love with her. Indeed I may say my three, though in Cyril the passion takes a different shape."

"Godfrey will have more sense," the Duchess said in a petulant way which made John Corbett smile. The mixture of feminine and masculine qualities in his old friend always delighted him.

"Very well, he won't then," he said. "But all the same, as a father of sons, I should have required a less fascinating person at the head of my table if I had but known. And by the way, Miss Daly has made a conquest. She can be mistress of a house in Park Lane, a country house in Norfolk a hunting-box in Leicestershire, a grouse-moor in Scotland, a yacht at Cowes, and a house-boat on the river, if she will; or at least things are tending that way."

The Duchess' eyes sparkled.

"And who is the man?" she asked breathlessly.

"She won't look at him. It is Olivarez—you know his name."

"*That* Olivarez! *The* Olivarez!"

"Ah! I see you know. Have you ever seen him? No! He's not a bad fellow really, although his looks are against him. He has asked me to ask him down again, telling me openly that he was fascinated by Miss Daly. 'What a background for diamonds!' he said. Those were his exact words."

"You are quite right. She won't look at him. But what a chance missed for some other poor girl. There's Sophie. Sophie would jump at him. Oh wasteful Anne! What do *you* think of her? You have never told me."

"She is magnificent. The old mother has taken a great fancy to her. I can always trust the old mother's judgments. And the children are her slaves, even Hetty, though Hetty held out at first."

"Anne is really very simple. I used to think of her as a great, beautiful child going about with the little wicked old grandmother. Yes, she was wicked, quite saturated with the spirit of the world although *dévote*. All simple creatures are sure to like Anne."

"I know what you mean," said John Corbett. "I have seen her look surprised. And her dimples. It struck me as an amazing thing that anything so majestic as Miss Daly should have dimples. But she really has them, Duchess. And she can stare. She stared at Olivarez when he forced her to. She stares at Mrs. Perkins. It is quite a nice stare and doesn't make the people uncomfortable, but it is a stare all the same, frank and wondering like a child's."

It was only when she was on her homeward way that this new habit of observation in John Corbett presented itself to the Duchess as a matter of interest.

"If there were not the disappearing

cousin," she said, and then turned away from the elusive thought to consider her own plans for Angela and the letter she must write to Godfrey as soon as she returned home.

CHAPTER X.

ANNE MAKES ANOTHER FRIEND.

Mrs. Perkins was frankly, simply vulgar, but in this county of Smokeshire, where the line was drawn so sharply between the classes, Mrs. Perkins yet went everywhere.

At first sight of Mrs. Perkins Anne had indeed stared as John Corbett had reported. Mrs. Perkins was a short woman of a prodigious stoutness. She had a tallowy complexion, shiny black hair which looked as though it had been oiled, a turned-up nose and small, shrewd eyes.

The first time Anne met her was at dinner at the Duchess'. She was wearing a red silk dress, which not even the old lace that trimmed it could redeem from being as vulgar as its wearer. She had a magnificent diamond and ruby necklace about her neck, and a tiara on her squat, ignoble head. Her hands, short and stubby, were covered with rings.

If Anne stared Mrs. Perkins repaid her with interest. Mrs. Perkins even neglected her turtle soup to stare at Anne long after Anne had discovered that she was staring and had given it up. Afterwards in the drawing-room where Mrs. Perkins was hemmed in by a couple of the most exclusive ladies of the county the Duchess drew Anne with her into an alcove, where a light burned perpetually before a Madonna of Perugino.

"You've fascinated Mrs. Perkins" she said under cover of the chatter at the other end of the long drawing-room. "She'll be asking you to dinner the next thing, and then your social future will be made in Smokeshire."

Anne looked at her with a distressed air.

"It is a jest, is it not, Duchess?" she said. "Why do you receive Mrs. Perkins on terms of equality? Of course she can't help her looks. One wouldn't think twice of them if she were a working-woman."

"She is a working-woman," the Duchess interjected. "If you will only listen to her she will tell you she was happier when she was over the tub than she has ever been in Culvers, which is the finest house in the county, and a perfect palace of the arts."

Anne's face cleared a little.

"Do you suppose she is talking to Lady Hilda and Mrs. Maberly about the washing-tub?" she asked.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised. They look so interested."

"Ah! that is better. If she isn't pretentious she is better than I thought."

"You are always happier, Anne, aren't you, when you can think well of your fellow creatures?"

"Aren't you? Isn't everyone?"

"No, most excellent Anne, I'm not. It makes a great part of human happiness to think of our fellow creatures as worse than they really are. What would become of all the tea-tables in Great Britain else?"

Anne smiled in a relieved way.

"I know it is a joke now, Duchess, for no one has a kinder heart than yourself."

"How I must have deceived you, my poor Anne! But never mind. As soon as those women have given her up you must come and talk to Mrs. Perkins. Fie, Anne! What a face! Mrs. Perkins can no more help looking as she does than you can help looking as you do. She's really a good sort. And she has had trouble, poor soul. Her only son went to the dogs. He married at the last some maid-servant or other whom he'd picked up with in the slums. It wasn't the worst thing he did. Mrs. Perkins pays her to keep at a distance. It must be melancholy enough to have all that money and nothing to do

with it: and to feel that she's accepted among people who would hardly have her in their kitchen only for her money and what she gives them. She is as lavish as a queen. I think we all hope that we may fall in for a slice of the money. It will be so absolutely going a-begging once there is no Mrs. Perkins."

"Poor woman!" said Anne, and her pity was sweet as a child's. "One can feel very sorry for Mrs. Perkins. But the people who go after her money—ah!"

The contempt in her voice was withering.

"Easy, Anne, easy! I'm one of them."

"Ah, not you, dear friend, not you!"

The Duchess laughed.

"Very well, then, Anne, I'll confess that I've no designs on Mother Perkins' money. But it is quite true that I do what others do and receive her on an apparent equality because she is immensely rich. You can't imagine how rich, Anne. Fabulous! And all made out of bone manure. Can't you understand, Anne, the fascination of fabulous riches? There is really something romantic about it. It is like the way we used to feel as children for the trees of the Arabian Nights that grew rubies great as apples. It is why the whole world loves a treasure-story."

Anne shook her head unbelievingly.

"Poverty seems so much more beautiful to me," she said. "Poverty as I know it."

"You are the little sister of the Lady Poverty, Anne. I give up trying to make you a worldling. But tell me, what will you do when Mrs. Perkins asks you to dinner? I can see her eyes on you even now. She'll give you strawberries at a guinea a basket, and truffles and ortolans, and the table will be decked with orchids precious as jewels. And the wine!"

Anne turned away and looked up at the Perugino Madonna.

"I wouldn't dine with Mrs. Perkins, who is accepted everywhere because of her money," she said. "But I will dine with the poor woman, who has had so much sorrow if she asks me."

"You are absolutely unique, Anne," said the Duchess, and then leant to kiss her.

"But now tell me," she went on in a different voice. "How is your sick young man, and when are you going to get rid of him?"

"Oh, getting rid of him is out of the question for a long time."

Anne's voice was quite joyous now.

"But he is doing as well as Dr. Pottinger could hope."

"I think Angela has taken the accident to heart."

"We all have. She would feel it more because she was in the carriage when the accident occurred. None of us could breathe till he was out of danger."

"Poor little Angela! Kind child! I see a change in her, Anne. Her eyes are like saucers, and her fairness has become too white. I wonder what Mr. Willie Armytage thinks of it."

"It is only the anxiety. I found out that she used to leave her bed at night when things were at the worst and steal downstairs to listen at the door. She knew all were quiet inside that nothing untoward was happening."

The Duchess looked at Anne with an expression of grim enjoyment.

"It will be a pretty kettle of fish," she said, "if Angela, being half-engaged to this young Armytage,—a very respectable and satisfactory young man, I hear—should go and imagine herself in love with a wandering sign-painter."

"How fast you go!" said Anne. "Because Angela takes an interest. . . . ."

"That is precisely it. It is Angela's first experience, else she would not have let young Armytage persuade her to this demi-semi-engagement."

"Of course if she is engaged to Willie Armytage her heart is in it," said Anne seriously. "Her kindness for Mr. Val

lance is only a natural interest such as any generous creature would take in this poor young man, in the circumstances."

"Humph!" said the Duchess unbelievingly.

Perhaps the monosyllable recalled a complete name to Anne's mind. Anyhow she suddenly thought of Mrs. Mason's strange idea with regard to the artist.

"He is not a wandering sign-post painter," she said. "He had his sketch-book with him when he was hurt, and the sketches are very vigorous and spirited. And Arthur has been to the Inn and tells me his room is full of pictures. By the way, Mrs. Mason will have it that he is a Sachevarell."

"What!"

"She says that he is a Sachevarell. She is very obstinate about it. I don't think she has anything to go upon except a general likeness to the family, a more particular one to a portrait in the picture gallery, that of Humphrey Sachevarell. She calls him Mr. Humphrey because of it."

"Mason is growing very old. She must suffer from delusions. You will have to get someone in her place. John Corbett will pension her and give her one of the lodges. If she is so old as all that it is time she was shunted. She may poison you all some day."

"Indeed, Duchess," said Anne, her fine nostrils quivering, "you are quite wrong about Mason. She is perfectly competent to fill her position still, and I don't know what I should do without her. Of course, as she says, she can't feel for the present family what she did for the old; still, she will serve Mr. Corbett faithfully to the end."

"I've no doubt she will," said the Duchess indignantly. "I'll tell you what, my dear, I wouldn't have other people's servants about me for anything. I should feel that they were always looking down on me. John Corbett spoils them abominably. This woman, worst of all. An ungrateful baggage!"

"Not that!" said Anne with sudden emotion. "Faithfulness is rare enough. Let us treasure it where we find it. My Uncle Terry, the one who spent all the money of the family, had a house full of old servants. They had been with his grandfather. He was always wanting to pension them off, but they never would go. At last Lanty, who was nearly ninety, but would still drive Uncle Terry, overturned the carriage in a ditch. Only it was full of snow, Uncle Terry would have been killed. It was a week after the butler, Thady MacOwen, had nearly poisoned him by accidentally decanting the spirits he kept for cleaning the silver into his wine. After that Uncle Terry thought it was time to do something, and he got the gout so badly that he was ordered not to drink wine. Dr. Cullinan had got the tip, and he was absolutely forbidden carriage exercise as well. He used to have to dine with his friends to get a glass of claret, and one or other of the neighbors would give him a lift when they met him to take the weight off his legs. Uncle Terry said the old servants would have been the death of him if a very cold winter hadn't carried off Lanty, and Thady had a stroke soon afterwards. Even then Thady wouldn't give up. I remember him a little wizened monkey-figure of a man sitting in the butler's pantry ordering the new man about. I believe he outlived Uncle Terry. Uncle Terry valued their affection even when it had its inconveniences."

"Oh!" said the Duchess. "My servants, I am glad to say, never go to such extremes. I don't know how many butlers I've set up as public-house keepers, and coachmen as livery-stable-men."

"Of course even in Ireland servants are not what they were," said Anne thoughtfully.

"I wonder you ever grew up," said the Duchess. "However, my dear Anne, I hope you told Mason she was a fool. There can be no likeness, or if there was there can be nothing in it. Let me see. Angel was the last of the Sachevarells. Her father had but one brother. He disappeared. I've heard an odd story about that. The Duke always said that Angel's mother was in love with Anthony. Anthony and Marmaduke were devoted to each other. Anthony was always a rover. He came home from some of his wanderings to find his brother engaged to Angela Ffolliott, the loveliest girl of her day. The Duke said the infatuation for her, and her for Anthony began as soon as they set eyes on each other. Marmaduke never knew it. Anthony went off on one of his roving expeditions and was never heard of again. It couldn't be that Anthony married and had a son."

"Why not?"

"Why not indeed?"

The Duchess looked at her with eyes of speculation. "But if he had it would be no use the youth's returning. There is nothing for him here. Minster was not entailed, and poor Marmaduke made ducks and drakes of everything. It would be no case of the long lost heir."

"He seems very poor."

"It is some folly of Mason's," said the Duchess resolutely. "I should like to tell the woman that she is a thousand times better off under John Corbett than under the Sachevarells, though I loved the Sachevarells. Poor Marmaduke owed them all their wages when he died. John Corbett when he took them over took the arrears as well."

"They wouldn't mind that in Ireland," said Anne. "My Uncle Terry never paid his servants."

"Perhaps that explains it," said the Duchess. "I mean their constancy, my dear," she added hastily, "for I'm sure they're not constant here though they insist on being paid regularly. It is some folly of Mason's."

"I think not. Mason is quite a silent person, you know, and I don't think she would have told me only that she seem to be rather overcome by the resemblance, and spoke out while she was agitated about it. Angela has not spoken of it to me."

"Then I would hold my tongue, and make Mason hold hers. I don't want Angela to marry Willie Armytage. There, Anne, I am going to take you into my confidence. I have other ideas for Angela. There is my husband's nephew, Godfrey, the son of the present duke. He is the seventh son of a seventh son, and ought to be by rights a doctor. But he is mad about engines. I am going to have him to live with me, and he is to learn the engineering from Armytage, Armytage and Corbett. Godfrey will have my savings. He will be well enough off, and could afford to marry a poor girl. He shall marry Angela."

"But what, what about Willie Armytage?" asked Anne with a gasp.

"My dear Anne, I thought we had arranged that Willie Armytage was to marry Hetty. I thought we'd settled that the child liked him. I don't mind his having Hetty."

"Ah, but he has chosen Angela. And she apparently has chosen him. I don't think we are called upon to interfere. I isn't kind nor honorable, to plot against poor Willie."

For a second the Duchess looked vexed. Then she laughed.

"I made a mistake in selecting a fellow conspirator," she said. "Well, never mind. Matters can adjust themselves. Godfrey is not one to be married off either. We are all too meddlesome, aren't we, Anne? except you. I want Godfrey's children to give me back something of the childhood of my boy. I have been lonely now, Anne, for something over twenty years."

Anne caught at her hand.

"Come now," the Duchess said, turning away her head, "I'm the worst of hostesses. Come and talk to Mrs. Perkins. She is a poor mother, too, Anne. I see she has broken away from Lady Hilda and is positively coming towards us."

Presently Anne found herself talking to Mrs. Perkins, and quite forgetting the vulgarity of her looks and the plainness of her speech in the shrewd, homely, simple conversation. She was not so unlike an old peasant, after all, and in her lack of pretension was just as little vulgar.

"She will be the next person to receive a diamond bracelet," said Lady Hilda to Mrs. Maberly, and there was a note of indignation in her voice.

"And I shall drive over to see you," said Mrs. Perkins. "Let me see, on Tuesday afternoon, if you will be at home and quiet."

"I shall be quite alone, I think," said Anne. "At least for a time. I know Miss Corbett has an engagement, and the others are going to a concert in Elsdon with their old governess, Miss May. I shall look forward very much to seeing you."

And Anne meant it. Only the Duchess smiled to herself hearing the speech and the royal way in which it was uttered. And poor Mrs. Perkins looked pleased. Perhaps, after all, there was an unexpected fount of humility in Mrs. Perkins.

CHAPTER XI.

OF ANGELS.

After all, Mr. Corbett's hand was forced in the matter of Willie Armytage and Angela, and it was the oldest of his friends who forced it. Josiah Armytage was the patriarch of the family. He had been senior-partner in Armytages when John Corbett had come in, an eager-faced boy in working clothes, to learn the secrets of a business which he was to lift unbelievably high.

John Corbett had a grateful heart. He had never forgotten the Quaker's kindly hand upon his head, the words of encouragement which the senior partner had not been too proud to address to the youngest apprentice, who was there only by the philanthropy of that erratic person, Squire Sachevarell. He came to love the old man with the mild peaceful blue eyes and white hair, as though he had been his son, and the love was fully returned.

"Johnny, my lad," said old Mr. Armytage, after an evening when Mr. Corbett had dined with him. He was "Johnny" to his old chief, as he had been to his mother, and to no one else. "Mrs. Reuben tells me that there is an attachment between thy Angela and her Willie. Is that so?"

Mr. Corbett looked slightly vexed, and wished Mrs. Reuben Armytage had kept the secret a little longer, but he said as cheerfully as possible that Willie had spoken to him, and that he believed Angela was willing. He himself only desired the matter to be postponed till the couple were a little older.

"I married Willie's grandmother when I was but nineteen and she sixteen. We never fell out of love with each other," said the old man, beaming, "and I pray we may die in one hour. Let the children be happy, Johnny. I want to hold my great-grandson in my arms before I die."

He would listen to none of the father's prudence. What was the matter with Willie, a steady, clever, high-principled boy? He had no wild oats to sow: his character was as formed now as it would be in ten years' time. He would make Angela happy. The old man wanted to provide in his will for Angela's children. He was eighty-four. "I can't count upon many more years of life, Johnny," he said.

John Corbett could not refuse his old friend. The engagement was made public, and Angela wore a posy ring upon her

finger, a pretty thing which Willie, who was a person of taste, had picked up somewhere, a thing of not much intrinsic value, with its posy neatly tucked away under a heart formed of a pink topaz with a true-lovers' knot of diamonds tied above it. And Angela was apparently satisfied.

Oddly enough a friendship had sprung up between Anne and old Mr. Armytage. There was something eminently pleasing to Anne's austere taste in the little modest house where the possessor of great wealth sat smiling across the airy bare room at his old wife whose eyes had the gray lavender of her cap-strings. Old Mr. Armytage's house was on a hill, and although Elsdon fumed in the valley below none of its soot or darkness ever seemed to reach those high bare rooms, where Anne fancifully thought that even the sunbeams showed no motes.

"You remind me," said Anne in her outspoken way, "of a dear friend of mine at home, Mr. Armytage. He is a Roman Catholic priest, the Abbé O'Rourke. He is domestic chaplain to my aunt, Madam Daly. Whenever you look at me I think of his eyes."

"We are both old enough to have found peace doubtless," said Josiah. "I respect your priests very much, Miss Daly, for the sake of that excellent man, Father Theobald Mathew. I had the honor to receive him in this house when he visited Elsdon,—let me see, nearly sixty years ago. I was one of the first to take the pledge from his hands, although I had never tasted intoxicating drink in my life, but for the sake of example; for the sake of example."

"Ah, the Abbé likes a glass of good wine," said Anne, "although I have known him go without in order that the sick should have it."

"I have often meant to visit thy land," went on the old man. "Many of our Society visited it in the famine long ago, as perhaps thee may have heard. Perhaps we shall go even yet, my old wife and I."

"Listen to him," chuckled the old lady in great delight. "Thee forgets thy age, father."

"'Tis because thee will look so young," said the old man with tender gallantry.

"I am glad," said Anne to the Duchess, "that Angela is marrying into the Reuben Armytages, not into the James Armytages. Mrs. James is bent on making the money fly. She is trying to make her daughters forget that they are Quakeresses, not knowing that it is their one distinction here where it is so common to be rich. I don't think Angela will ever learn to look at life with Mrs. James' eyes."

"Mrs. James' sisters-in-law used to wear gray poke bonnets, and gray cloaks to their feet. Her Miriam and Rachel have the very eyes of their aunts, though she will have their gowns from Jay's."

"I know," said Anne, nodding her head. "They look out of their fine clothes as a dove might out of a peacock's feathers. Perhaps when they can choose their own way they will go back to the simplicity of their people."

"You should have looked after Angela better. I didn't want her to be a Mrs. Armytage at all. I thought I could have trusted you, Anne, to disgust her with the prospect."

"You see they were old friends," said Anne, pleadingly. "I think I could have made her accept any point of view because she is fond of me, dear child, but that does not include disgusting people with their old friends, even if they were rich, unquiet ladies like Mrs. James. But her mother-in-law, Mrs. Reuben, is beautiful. I love Mrs. Reuben."

"That reminds me," said the Duchess. "What have you been doing with this interesting young man whom Angela and her father picked up on the roadside?"

"Ah!" Anne's face brightened. "He is really recovering. Bye-and-bye he is to

paint the chapel ceiling. Mr. Corbett has been so kind to him."

"And meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile he lies on the sofa in the blue room. It is pleasant there now that the spring has come and he can see patches of snowdrops under the trees in the shrubbery. He reads many books, and sometimes he plays on his violin, and we all visit him through the day. He makes a little interest in the house."

"I expect you are making a spoilt child of him. That is all very well while he is recovering from his broken head. But afterwards?"

"Afterwards? There will be the chapel to paint. It will take a long time. Do you know that Mr. Corbett has commissioned him to paint it with angels in all the panels? Above the altar a triptych of the Annunciation, the Stable at Bethlehem, the House of Nazareth. Everywhere else, angels."

"I had not heard. What put the angels into his head?"

"Perhaps the story you told me," said Anne with a light in her eyes. "The young man is deep in volumes of prints after the old Masters. I found him asleep the other day. A book of Fra Angelico prints was lying open beside him. He is absorbed in ideas about the painting. He has been much in Italy, and seems to have pretty well absorbed Angelico and his school."

"I hope he will stick to Angelico," said the Duchess a little grimly. "And pray when am I to make this interesting young man's acquaintance? The last time I saw him he was quite incapable of getting up and making me a bow."

"Why you shall see him today, now if you like. Perhaps when you know him you will drop that mocking way you have of speaking about him, which is so unlike you, Duchess."

"Ah, you see I haven't nursed him back to health. If I had I should, no doubt, have a *tendresse* for him. Well, you can take me today, if you will."

A bright fire burned in the grate of the blue room: but since the February morning blew like summer one long window that opened on the veranda was set wide open.

The voice that bade them come in was not that of the inmate of the room. It was Angela's voice, and it was pre-occupied. She was standing a little in front of the artist's chair as they entered. He had a palette in his hand, and he was walking slowly backward from the easel. The February wind had lifted the soft cloudy masses of Angela's hair. Her young profile against the blue curtain was strangely delicate and transparent. Her gray eyes were shy and full of light.

Someone else came to meet them, little Ursula. What Angela was today Ursula would be in a few years' time.

"Don't speak," she said in an ecstatic whisper to the two ladies. "There is something in Angela's face he wants to catch."

But the spell had been broken. The young man turned round with a quick apology. The unearthly light under Angela's large eyelids shifted, vanished.

"Mr. Vallance, allow me to present you to the Duchess of St. Kilda," said Anne.

Angela picked up the little bit of embroidery she had dropped. Ursula sat down on the white woolly hearthrug, and lay all along it, with an arm round her dog's neck in an attitude of angular, childish gracefulness. Life, which had seemed to hold its breath in the room as they came in, resumed its wonted course.

"I'm afraid we have disturbed a sitting," said the Duchess, her shrewd eyes studying the artist's face.

The young man took the little picture off the easel, and handed it for her inspection frankly.

"It is not the aspect in which most people have seen Miss Corbett," she said drily, after inspecting the picture for a mo-

ment. "But of course you have given her an aureole."

"True: aureoles are not worn in every-day life," he replied, smiling from his soft Southern eyes.

"Perhaps they are not articles which belong to many wardrobes."

"To more than we think, perhaps," he answered. "Many women have them, I think; most mothers."

The Duchess' eyes grew kind.

"Have you many more of these pretty things?" she asked, indicating the little picture.

"It was my first trial in oils. I have many sketches, if your Grace would be pleased to look through them. They are slight things, mere suggestions for the greater part. You know I begin work at Easter."

He settled the Duchess with a foot-stool, and a little table beside her, with quick, bright courtesy. Then he did as much for Anne. Presently Angela took her strip of embroidery and went away, and Ursula, saying something about taking the dogs for a walk, went after her.

The Duchess turned over the sketches. It could not be said that Angela figured more in them than Ursula. Sometimes an ear, the outline of a cheek, a young arm slender in a hanging sleeve, the line of an eyelid spoke of Angela. But here was Anne, too; at least Anne's profile, the something like a valiant and unworldly boy which was her expression; but the head was the head of a very masculine angel: the curls above the massive neck had nothing to do with Anne's heavily-braided head upon its slender pedestal. Here again were the golden, floss-fine locks of a small Armytage; here were Miriam Armytage's quiet eyes.

The Duchess had turned over the sketches without saying much. When she had finished she smiled into the eager face.

"You have persuaded me that there are angels in many of us," she said, "and that is a good thing to have done. Supposing when you have done this work for Mr. Corbett,—you will take years to do it?"

"I shall take months certainly."

"Supposing that you undertake a somewhat similar work for me. I want the walls of a children's hospital painted with pictures in memory of someone who is dead. I should like you to do it for me. The sick mites ought to have pretty things to look at."

"Your Grace is too good."

"I've capitulated to him," said the Duchess later to Anne. "At the same time I don't know what John Corbett is about, and what you are about, and what Angela is about, and what that extremely foolish young man, Mr. Willie Armytage, is about. Tell me, now, does that old woman, Mason, still stick to her hallucination concerning this Mr. Hilary Vallance?"

"She does not talk about it. Do you know I believe she thinks, with the obstinacy of her class, that if Mr. Vallance,—Master Humphrey, as she calls him,—were to put in his claim he could dispossess the Corbetts, bundle them out root and branch. She's attached to the Corbetts, though of course they are nothing to the Sachevarells. I don't think she'd like to see them on the roadside. So she is troubled, dragged both ways, and holds her peace."

"He is no more Sachevarell than I am," said the Duchess obstinately. "But I'll tell you what, Anne, you are all mad together. I don't know what Godfrey will think of you all. You know he comes to me next Wednesday. And I wonder what you will think of Godfrey."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOTHER.

Mrs. Perkins and Anne had become excellent friends.

When Mrs. Perkins had come to see Anne that Tuesday, Anne had been rash in saying she would be alone. Old Mrs.

Corbett was pretty sure to be in her seat by the drawing-room fire. When Anne first came and the fine folk of the county began to visit the Duchess of St. Kilda's dearest friend, the old woman had gone away quietly and humbly to the luxurious suite of rooms her son had provided for her. But of late she had begun to keep Anne company if Anne happened to be in.

She was silent as ever, but would nod and smile at Anne as she came and went, and seemed so much brighter for Anne's society that her son noticed it and commented on it gratefully.

"You have the four-leaved shamrock," he said. "Isn't that the right wand for a wonder-worker to possess? I have sometimes wondered if I was right to take her away from the cottage where she had lived her happy days. No matter what I could do—and the children are very fond of her—she has seemed so lonely. I could only hope she was not unhappy."

"She was not unhappy. I don't think you need fear about that. I think when she sat there with the stocking growing longer between her fingers she was just waiting quietly, like one who has said her Nunc Dimittis."

"She talks to you."

"Oh yes, she talks to me. She tells me things about you when you were a child. It is beautiful how she thinks of you. And I am very proud she honors me with her friendship."

"Forgive me, Miss Daly, I was frightened when you were coming lest you should alarm her."

"Alarm her!" Anne's face was as wondering as a child's. "Am I very alarming?"

"I could imagine that you would be very alarming in certain circumstances. Worse than the archangel with the sword the lad painted yesterday."

But this was later.

As it happened the day Mrs. Perkins made her first call Anne was detained listening to Dr. Pottinger's hopes and fears concerning his patient. When she reached the drawing-room at last she found that Mrs. Perkins was being entertained by old Mrs. Corbett. On the point of entering the room her footsteps were arrested by the incessant flow of talk. After the pause she went in quietly. She got a good view of the two old women, unseen by them. The faces were alive with interest. They might have been painted as peasants talking.

She caught a bit of Mrs. Perkins' conversation as she came up the room.

"The happiest hours I ever had, ma'am," the multi-millionaire was saying, "were when John couldn't afford me a girl and I did all the chores myself. 'Tis little I ever thought I'd be so fine and have so many of them that I wouldn't know my own servants' faces."

Anne's heart went out to her again. There could be no vulgarity with such openness about matters the vulgar would call vulgar. She did not dislike it when Mrs. Perkins took her an instant into her sable-covered arms and kissed her on the cheek, although Anne did not like kissing as a general thing.

It was the first time Mrs. Perkins had troubled herself to call at Minster, where indeed up to a short time ago there had been only children and their governess to receive a call. Unless one considered John Corbett's old mother, and very few people would have thought of considering her, in that way. Strange, too, as it might seem, John Corbett, except by favor of the Duchess' friendship, scarcely belonged to the exalted circle which received Mrs. Perkins and rejoiced in her homeliness of speech and looks. Wealthy as he was, his wealth hardly lifted him above his fellows in the manufacturing town: it was nothing to that enormous wealth of Mrs. Perkins, which was like the treasures of Aladdin to anyone who had imagination enough to take it in.

It was the first time, but not the last. It became quite a common thing for Anne to come in and find the two old women chatting as she had that first day, and it was wonderful how the long-frozen current of Mrs. Corbett's speech flowed when she and Mrs. Perkins were together.

The time came when Mrs. Perkins herself told Anne the tragedy of her son, with workings of the uncomely face that brought tears to Anne's eyes and a painful lump to her throat. It had been a steady, swift descent into degradation which no love could have averted.

"He was that self-willed, my dear," said the poor woman, "that I never durst interfere with anything he did. And none knew what was happening till he was past saving. Yet I believe through it all he was sorry and ashamed, or why did he leave his fine rooms where he had everything money could buy, and disappear into the place he did, unless he meant his mother never to know how low he had fallen? It was only through the girl he married we knew at last. A servant in a low London lodging-house he had made his wife, my dear. And to think of the hopes John and I had set on that boy. And him so handsome."

She fetched a photograph frame for Anne to see. It was a gorgeous affair of gold set with precious stones, an expression of the mother's love, and incongruously splendid with the weak, obstinate, yet not altogether ignoble, face it contained.

"He had such pretty curls," the mother said, gloating over it, "and he was such a beautiful strong baby. He was the only one I ever had, and all the love I had to give went into him. Sometimes I've thought I spoilt him, my dear. You see I hadn't been used to money. When it began rolling in first I didn't know what to make of it, and couldn't believe it came through all the smelly things John had used to make up in his little workshop of a night. And it came in such heaps and heaps. And the child being born late when I'd given up expecting. And his father being taken from us, and no control of him as a boy. And when he wouldn't go to school I was that fond of him I couldn't go against him. Oh dear, oh dear, I'm afraid I made an idol of him and God punished me."

"As far as that goes," said Anne, "I think most women make idols of their children; and God doesn't punish them. Perhaps He means the children to be made idols of. Of course it was a pity you didn't make him go to school. But perhaps that had nothing at all to do with it. He had great temptations, being the possessor of so much wealth. Wealth must be a great trial, Mrs. Perkins."

Mrs. Perkins looked at her open-mouthed. It was the first time the point of view had been presented to her. But after a moment she said humbly: "Perhaps you are right, my dear. People make idols of that; but after all it doesn't bring happiness or peace of mind, as none knows better than myself."

"I'm always sorry for the poor rich people," said Anne, with a sincerity there was no doubting.

Mrs. Perkins looked at her with a certain cunning in her small eyes.

"It's surprising what people will do to get it," she said. "And people you wouldn't think would stoop. Now there's Olivarez; you know Olivares, my dear?"

Anne shook her head.

"You don't? You must have forgotten him. But he hasn't forgotten you. He saw you at dinner one night. He thought you would set off somebody's diamonds better than any woman he ever saw."

Anne's eyes flashed.

"I remember now," she said. "What a vulgar thought!"

Again the humility so few people knew showed itself in Mrs. Perkins.

(To be continued.)

MOST REV. J. J. HARTY, D.D., AND MONSIGNOR GUIDI, D.D., ON BOARD THE ROHILLA MARU.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The welcome accorded the most Rev. J. J. Harty, Archbishop of the Philippines, was one of the most enthusiastic and genuine demonstrations the city of Manila has ever seen in all its days of great public affairs.

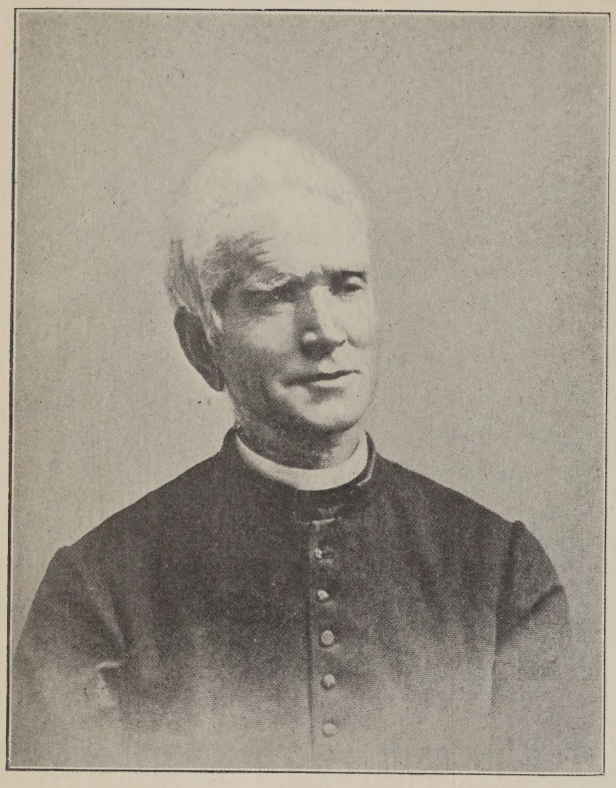
We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. C. F. Lanman for copies of the Cablenews containing a full description of the reception given to the American prelate, and also for the photographs we reproduce here.

His Grace was a passenger on the Rohilla Maru and received on board, on the morning of the 17th, various delegations. We quote the "Cablenews":

"In the afternoon six big launches went out to the Rohilla Maru, which was a mass of glimmering bunting, with the formal reception committee, the heads of the friar orders, representatives of the Spanish Chamber of Commerce and the Casino Espanol on board. One launch, the Tilly, queen of the fleet, was reserved for the representatives of the Manila Nautical School and the principal members of the American Catholic Society.

"As the launches drew close to the Rohilla, the Tilly steamed in alone to the gangway, while the others, with their bands playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," vigorously circled the ocean greyhound and waited at a respectful distance. The officials on the Tilly climbed up the ladder and after a reception His Grace was escorted to the seat of honor in the Tilly. As he stepped into the launch, every whistle in the bay broke out. The Archbishop looked as if, at first, he did not altogether appreciate the racket, for it was absolutely impossible to hear oneself think, much less talk or listen, but a moment later a smile crept around the corners of his mouth, and a few seconds later the humor of the thing appealed to him and he was laughing at the fearful noise like an emancipated schoolboy.

"When they reached shore a procession was formed with over sixty thousand persons in line. The Archbishop's handsome barouche, with two fine Chira ponies, greys, and a couple of diminutive native greys, on one of which was set an equally diminutive postillion or outrider, led the van, and stopped just at the foot of the Puente de Espana, where an arch had been erected over the short roadway leading from the Paseo de Magallanes to the Parian Gate. From this vantage point the two archbishops, His Grace, Monseigneur Harty, and Monseigneur Guidi, reviewed the procession and then, as



VERY REV. WILLIAM MCNULTY.

the last man in the rear guard passed the arch, drove rapidly off toward the Walled City.

"As the carriage stopped just inside the city gate, His Grace alighted and passed between the waiting lines of monks and dignitaries of the church into the chapel and vestry of the San Juan de Dios Hospice, where he was garbed in his full pontifical dress. As he issued from the chapel the waiting throng took up the solemn strains of the magnificent Te Deum Laudamus. Then the procession moved slowly along, up Calle Real to Calle Cabildo, to the Cathedral.

"Thousands lined the streets and the narrow ways were jammed so tight that the people were packed like sardines, but for all that they were very quiet and orderly. Through the motley crowd passed the Archbishop, his white and gold silken canopy being borne by Messrs. Sullivan, Ampero, Vicente Cavanna, Emilio Morieta, Luis Perez and Major Hartigan.

"The ceremonies in the Cathedral were brief and at their conclusion His Grace retired to the palace, after expressing much pleasure at the public demonstration of the citizens' Catholicity and loyalty. The whole affair was in charge of the Catholic Society of the Philippines, which consists of all the English-speaking Catholics of the Islands, assisted by native societies.

"Who was him patting me?" asked a four-year-old boy.

"That was the Dean," replied the child's mother, well pleased that her little son had been so favored.

"What did him pat me for?" was the next question.

"Because he loves good little boys, and keeps their fathers from drinking, God bless him!" A blessing echoed by many a wife and mother in Paterson, N. J., in many a home saved from poverty and degradation by the Very Rev. Dean McNulty, Rector of St. John's parish, whose success as a church-builder is surpassed only by the noble results of his crusade against the liquor evil.

Honored and loved by his people, held in wholesome awe by wrong-doers and law-breakers, and possessing the respect of all reputable citizens, irrespective of religious belief, Dean McNulty has been a dominant force for good in the upbuilding of the city where he has labored so long and so devotedly.

In December, 1895, DONAHOE'S had the honor of printing a very able article on Father McNulty's life and work, written by Monsignor O'Reilly. It may not be out of place to mention here that the Life of Leo XIII.,—by this distinguished author,—translated into Italian, is in constant demand among the patrons of the North End branch of Boston's Public Library. It is one of the "always out" books—the strongest proof of popularity.

Monsignor O'Reilly paid fitting tribute to the Dean, and the recital of the works he had accomplished was even more eloquent testimony to his place in the hearts of his people.

As a youth in his native land the future apostle of temperance saw the exodus of his countrymen during the Famine and the years that followed, and with the hope of becoming a priest and laboring for their spiritual welfare in America he left home and kindred. Arriving in New York, in 1850, William McNulty entered St. John's College, Fordham, the following September. He graduated

with high honor in 1853, and being adopted by the diocese of Newark, he made his theological course in St. Mary's, Emmittsburg. In 1857 he was ordained priest, in the Newark Cathedral, and was immediately assigned to Seton Hall College, then under the presidency of Rev. Bernard McQuaid, the present Bishop of Rochester.

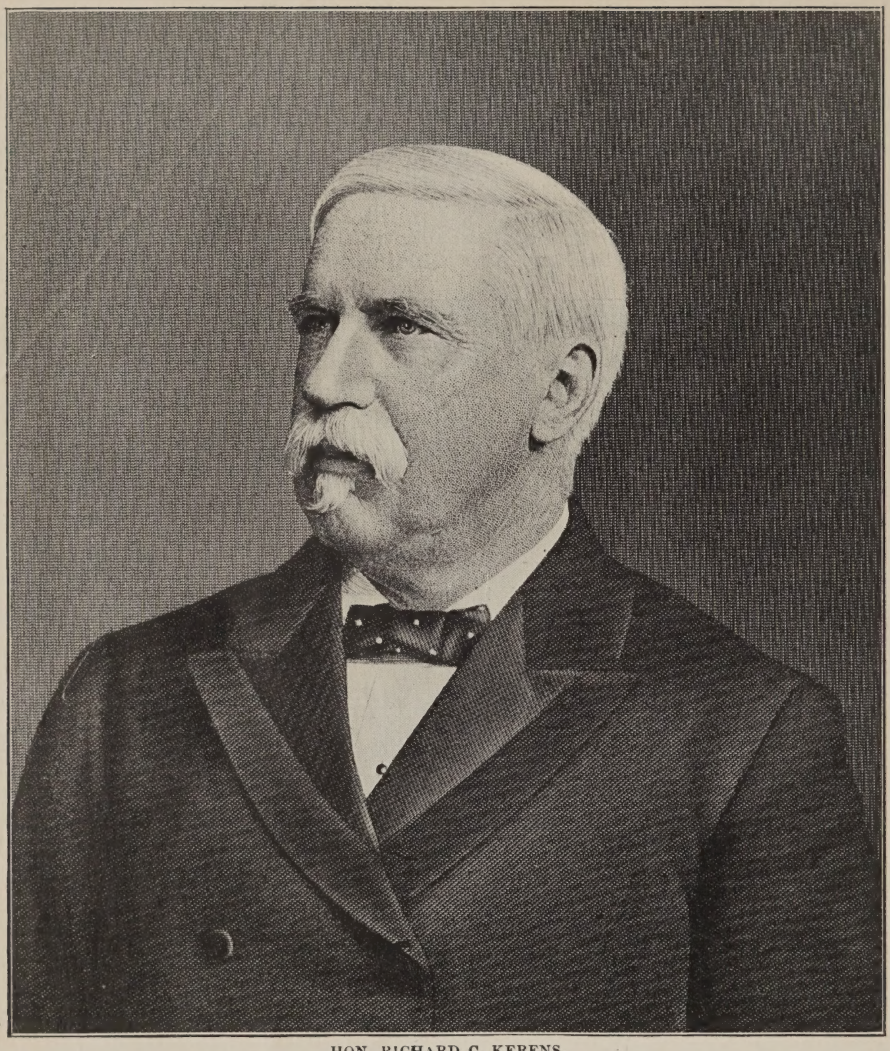
Preferring missionary to college life, when Seton Hall was transferred to Orange, N. J., Father McNulty remained at Madison as Chaplain to the Novitiate of the Sisters of Charity, and also ministered to the needs of the Catholics of Mendham and Baskingridge. Neither of these missions had a church, but the young pastor travelled far and wide and soon solicited contributions to build a church in each place. His zeal and success in the missions in Morris county earned the commendation of Bishop Bayley, and in the fall of 1863 Father McNulty was promoted to the pastorate of St. John's Church, Paterson, the oldest and one of the largest in the diocese—a task requiring deep spiritual qualifications and exacting as well unusual executive ability. Father McNulty's appointment was made during the darkest period of the Rebellion, and for the two following years he applied himself to the present needs of his large congregation, encouraging and preparing its members for their part in the great work he had set for himself and them.

The year that witnessed the meeting at Appomatox saw the commencement of the phenomenal development of the Catholic Church in Passaic county, and to a certain extent in Bergen county, a development to which Father McNulty contributed largely through his apostolic labors. The story of his incessant efforts in the interests of religion and of the success crowning them has been told already in these pages, and is so much a part of the history of Paterson that few are unacquainted with this record of noble achievement.

Nearly fifty years spent in unceasing effort may well seem a full measure of good deeds, but for such as Dean McNulty there is no greater joy than in working for the uplifting of others. May the years be many before another shall minister in his place.

MONSIGNOR FOWLER (SECRETARY TO ARCHBISHOP HARTY), CHAPLAIN GRANVILLE OF THE 14TH CAVALRY, U. S., CELESTINO J. SULLIVAN.

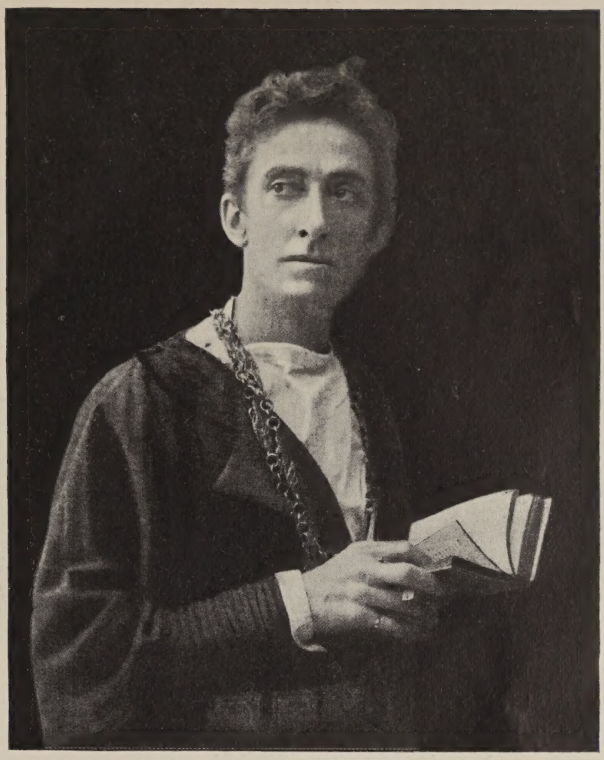
Now as ever the great need of the Church is staunch Catholic laymen and exemplary Catholic citizens. These daily preach the



HON. RICHARD C. KERENS.

faith in their own effective way from their own quiet pulpits. Assuredly in selecting Mr. Kerens for this year's Lætare Medal Notre Dame has discovered another prince among laymen worthy of her highest honor.

Richard C. Kerens, the latest chosen for the distinction, was born in Ireland in 1842, and was brought to America by his parents while yet a mere child. Early in the son's life death deprived him of his father, so that the family cares devolved on the struggling youth whose character soon manifested the self-reliance, enterprise and determination that have strikingly marked his subsequent career. Mr. Kerens is a high type of the Catholic American citizen. For many years he has been before the public in the front ranks of the servants of his country. During the Civil War he was the soldier—brave, faithful and noble-minded. In times of peace he has been the adviser of statesmen and of presidents. He has taken a most active part in the affairs of the country. Those who know him best say of him that he never sacrifices principle for expediency, is true to every ennobling impulse, firm in the discharge of his duty and unflinching in his struggle for success in all his undertakings. His charities have been many and generous. He has given large contributions to the Catholic churches, hospitals and schools in St. Louis and elsewhere, to the Catholic University and the St. Louis University.



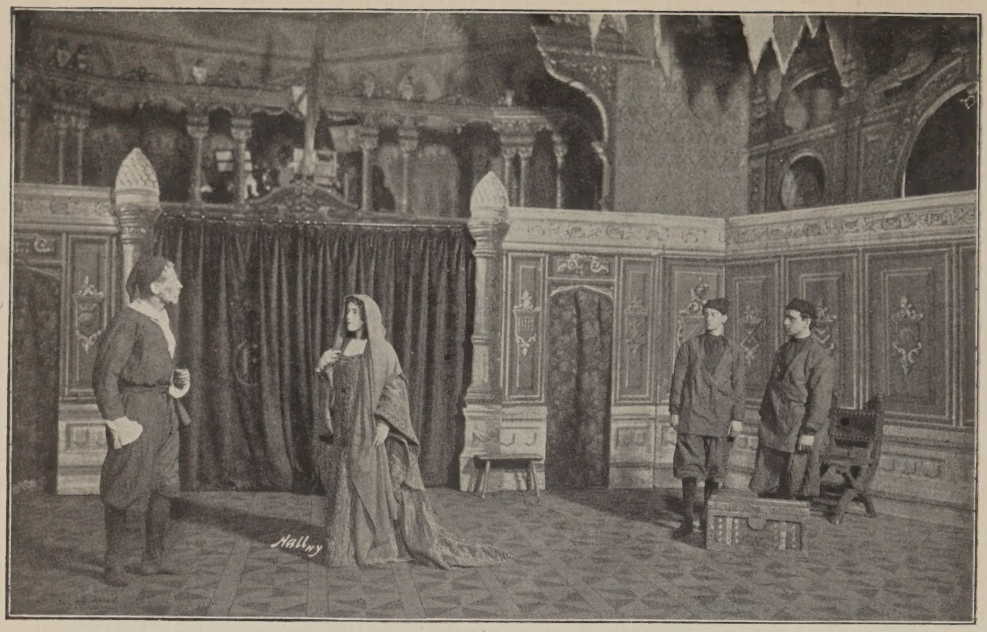
JOHN FORBES ROBERTSON AS HAMLET.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AND OTHER STARS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

They were all in town together for the end of the season, along with a host of actors and managers out of employment; the wrecks and the stars came floating in company on a tide which brought no one fortune; and the managers of the stars must have had a time of it honoring the demands of the profession for the customary free admission. Mr. Mansfield presented a new play, a translation from the Russian of Count Alexis Tolstoi, with Ivan the Terrible for the subject. There seemed to be a general feeling on Broadway that our first actor had at last fallen into a part which somehow fitted his reputation, and that for the first time in his stage career Mr. Mansfield could be as terrible on the stage as he is in real life, at rehearsals. No other Mansfield is known to actors. A feeble tradition exists that long ago he used to eat oysters with ordinary players, and indulge in the common familiarities of daily intercourse; but that time has faded into the twilight of legend. The Mansfield of our time is seen only in the distance like the ancient Mikado; at night in the glare of the stage, by day riding a coal-black steed along the shores of the Hudson, where greatness may contemplate greatness undisturbed.

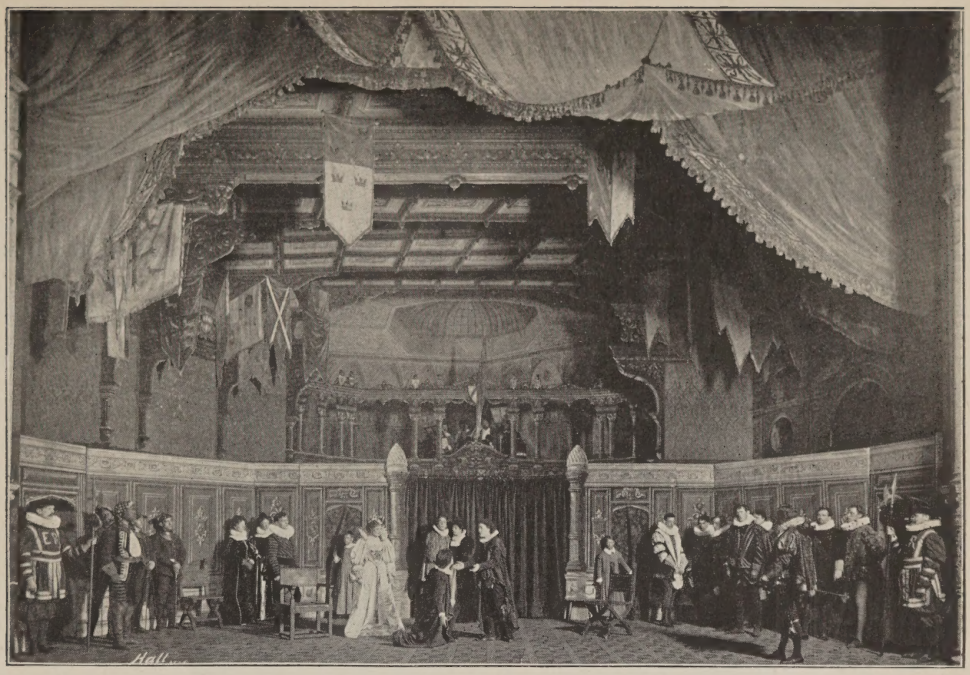
Ivan the Terrible is a chronicle play in ten scenes, devoted to a portrayal of the hot-tempered monarch who kicked Russia into shape in the days of Queen Elizabeth,



SCENE FROM TWELFTH NIGHT. ACT I.

and amused himself by killing off the Russians whenever he felt them superfluous. With this temperament he slaughtered from 25,000 to 60,000 persons, according to the reckless encyclopedias of the nineteenth century, at a place called Novgorod, in the space of six weeks; the reason for the massacre being a conspiracy to deliver up the city and the territory around it to the king of Poland. It is said that the survivors lost all love for conspiracy after that, and great praise was awarded to the Czar for taking six weeks to perform his disagreeable task. On similar grounds, one must suppose, the Count Alexis Tolstoi elevated Ivan the Terrible to a place on the stage; because there is no adequate reason for selecting an everyday butcher of this sort for dramatic eminence, when the dramatist has his pick of the loveliest characters of history as themes for his talent. The terrible Ivan was a madman and a scamp; he had no redeeming human traits, even on the principle that no bad man is utterly bad; and we may well question the taste which made him a dramatic hero, and the taste which presents him to the twentieth century arrayed in the best art of Mr. Mansfield. There is no morality in it.

Yet Mansfield can lisp sweet humility and morality easily enough. He is quoted in the last number of *The Theatre* as saying that he loves dramatic art, but detests dramatic business, that dramatic art will be free when the millionaires do for the stage what they have done for grand opera, and that he would be delighted to manage an endowed theatre at a small salary for the rest of his life for the pleasure of it. So far all that he has done for the stage has been to manage himself at a very large salary. If he had given us in his career two or three uplifting characters, if we might connect him with the beautiful men of the past, whose gracious presence made the earth sweet, it would be well for us and Mansfield! But no, here is the list: *Baron de Chevrial,* corrupt atheist; the monster *Dr. Jekyll,* pervert and suicide; the emperor *Nero;* the trifling and idiotic *Beau Brummel;* redolent *Richard III;* minor frivolities like *The Devil's Disciple* and *Beaucaire;* a little relief in *Cyrano de Bergerac;*



SCENE FROM TWELFTH NIGHT. ACT V.

and now *Ivan the Terrible!* What a record for human genius! Never mind, he has been a success!

The staging and the acting of this Russian play are beyond praise, and Mr. Mansfield may safely be said to have added another to his famous and terrible gallery of portraits. The play is merely a chronicle, in which events succeed one another with reference rather to the personality of the Czar than to the development of a plot. There is no leading up to a crisis, no climax, and no resolution of a problem into its elements. One act is very like another in that each presents the same display of character. In the first act Ivan in his old age is suffering from fear of God's judgment for the murder of his son, and he has resolved to withdraw into a monastery for the rest of his days. By his command the imperial council is in session to choose his successor, and he simply waits to hear their choice. Meanwhile messengers bring news of an unexpected victory for his troops in one place, and of a frightful insult from a hated enemy in another. Joy and rage lift the Czar out of himself and his fear, he summons his council in a rage, and demands in fury which one of them has dared to become his successor. Nature evidently develops the proper councillors for such a beast, and they reply that no one had been appointed. Thereupon he rebukes them for disobeying his orders, but as the disobedience springs from delicate flattery to himself, he could not but be pleased at its character. This act struck the note of the play. In each scene the same childish and terrible rage, the same laughable inconsistency of character were portrayed, with varying and telling incidents that relieved what might otherwise have been monotony. The general effect produced on the audience was one of breathless expectation of the terribly sublime in barbarism; but the barbaric glory never happened either in the play or in the acting. That was the fault of the dramatist.

The part gave Mr. Mansfield a fine opportunity, for his power of characterization is very great. A shrunken old man

on the verge of death, voice quavering and shrieking, hand trembling, step tottering, wrinkled face awesome with fear and rage and hate and sin; conscious always of his power, and yet with enough religion in him to dread his coming judgment; a prey even at his death-hour to all the passions which had dominated his terrible life; passing from one mood to another with the unreasonableness of a child and a savage, Mansfield portrayed this character to perfection. As George Ade would say: But what's the use? We plunge from bath-tub drama of the hour into the swamp of *Ivan the Terrible;* neither actor nor playwright seems able

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON.

to give us a great theme unless it be a nasty one; and a Mansfield wastes his beautiful art and fine powers in portraying a vile butcher-monarch, when history is full of noble characters, whose sweetness would be like bread in the mouth, whose memory would thrill the heart forever. In the last scene of the play Mansfield was at his greatest; Ivan the Terrible had come to the end of his power and villainy, and faced a greater villain who had come to exult over him and to dethrone him; the mask of baffled rage and overpowering hate on the actor's face was frightful to see; he died in his rage, and the audience must have rejoiced in his death; but meanness in the person of his rival won a triumph. The play is of a sort that leads one to question if God rules the world; and what immorality can go deeper than that in baseness?

It was a real relief to turn from this exhibition of human baseness to the *Hamlet* of Forbes Robertson, which met with a hearty reception in New York, coming as it did at the end of a season so utterly worthless from every point of view. Robertson is an English actor who startled London in 1897 with this play, or rather with his interpretation of a favorite character. The critics thought him superior to all but the great Booth, and as his execution has deepened in seven years, by this time he must have caught up with the immortal and quite forgotten Edwin. Comparisons in the matter of Hamlet are not useful and hardly instructive. Rockwood, a well-known New Yorker with recollections of the days of Edwin Forrest, of whom he is a warm partisan, tells the story of a wager he made with the partisans of Booth, that they would have to admit Forrest's superiority to all in the part of Hamlet. The two actors were playing in the city at the time, the partisans attended the performance, and Rockwood won his wager. His closest friends and warmest admirers would hardly feel like betting on Forrest for his achievement with Hamlet, for the part hardly suited his temperament. Forbes Robertson has the look of Hamlet, as one may see from his portrait. Off the stage he shows in his fine profile, beautiful eyes, and melancholy but determined mouth the special features of Booth, though not so handsome; on the stage, dressed for the part, with princely bearing, and the mood upon him, he is truly Hamlet the Dane returned to Elsinore.

Every actor burns to play Hamlet, and has a secret conviction that his success would be phenomenal. Sothern did well enough in the rôle to prove how difficult is the part for the most practised player; William Gillette is dreaming of the essay, and talks about it to the press in his sleep; Brandon Tynan feels that his manly beauty ought to carry him through a matinee Hamlet; Sarah Bernhardt tried it after the manner of Charlotte Cushman; and Edith Wynne Matthison is reported as about to try it in Washington. Only Forbes Robertson has succeeded. His wit seems to be nimble. In order to play as near to his own limitations as possible, he used the pruning knife liberally; he cut out the scenes with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, the brawl with Laertes in Ophelia's grave, many other things of lesser importance, and transferred the scenes in the house of Polonius to Elsinore; this gave the effect of speed, offensive as it might be to the intense Shakspeareans. It also led the critics to observe that Hamlet is a play of so great variety that no one actor ever had or will have the qualifications required by the leading rôle; which is a dubious thesis, except on the supposition that Hamlet went beyond the human. One thing is certain, only a Catholic actor of sound Catholic instinct, other things being equal, can really play Hamlet. The Dane was a Catholic, the play is steeped in Catholic ideas, in spite of the natural leaven of the paganism of the time. The pagan and

the Protestant have no sympathy with its essential features, and no understanding of its true spirit, and cannot render it perfectly.

Forbes Robertson nevertheless made an ideal Hamlet, and all agreed that his portraiture is of the kind seen only once or twice in a generation. He has a voice of marvelous power and beauty, and he speaks with elegance and distinction. It is a most gracious Hamlet which he presents, all the rough edges smoothed out, all the strange violences graded into half-rages, approached by semitones as it were, so that the young prince seems almost modern, or modern with an ancient setting. When he died the tears of the audience were real and plentiful; it was the eclipse of beauty, and pathetic to the last degree. He did not avoid the last convulsions of agony, as the poison racked his frame; there was realism in plenty, and he fumbled at the sceptre which he was so soon to resign with signs of keen regret at the loss of so great an opportunity; but in the moment of death a sublime resignation shone in his face, as often happens with those who die violently; it was as if the dead spoke, and the silent speech smote the heart more keenly than the most pathetic words. These moments were so numerous in the play that one critic complimented the player on the possession of a supple and intense mechanism. It would seem impossible at this date to do anything new with the great play, but Mr. Robertson has achieved the impossible. His success in so great a part accentuates his failure in Kipling's *The Light That Failed,* the slender drama with which he made his season. Why should men of this calibre play dramas of that calibre? Why does Mansfield play *Beaucaire?*

Twelfth Night received considerable attention from Viola Allen and Edith Wynne Matthison from different points of view. Miss Allen gave the comedy with all the splendor provided by the modern stage, and won praise from the public; but grave illness and a surgical operation brought her season to a sudden end, before the popular verdict had time to crystallize. Miss Matthison presented the comedy with the simplicity, not to say the bareness, of Shakspeare's time, and somewhat in the old fashion, and was praised and banned according to the taste and inclination of critic and audience. Actors have a harder task when the high color, sensuous lights and tricky music are done away with; but compensation appears in the opportunity for fine voice and lively action. Half the success of the Ibsen play is due to the suppression of the superfluous, and the consequent stress placed upon the actor's best qualities. Shakspeare is strong enough to endure the weight of modern improvements, but they do not improve him. This is the theory of Mr. Ben Greet and his company of players, who introduced to us with such effect the old morality play, *Everyman.* It served to introduce the noble qualities of Miss Matthison as an actress, and the excellent methods of Mr. Ben Greet as a stage manager. Quite a number of people after seeing *Everyman* made the discovery that the stage might become a great moral agent, but the managers did not arrive at the same conclusion. As a class they are utterly unmoral, and the presence of a strong moral idea in a play appeals to them only as it rouses the critics and the public to enthusiasm, cash down. The lovers of Shakspeare have enjoyed *Twelfth Night* in its homely garb as thoroughly as in the brilliant staging by Miss Allen; the outlines of the comedy stood out in black and white, and the peculiar flavor of the Elizabethan play came out finely.

Shakspeare received much attention as the season was coming to an end, chiefly because, in my opinion, managers did not know exactly what to do. Nearly all the new plays had failed artistically and as money

makers. No one except the bard of Avon has vitality enough to stand a revival, at least so think the managers; hence the compliments to the immortal William. Dion Boucicault received the same compliment in the revival of his *Arrah-na-Pogue,* a good specimen of the old-fashioned Irish drama, Boucicault style. The revivers believed that a good profit could be made out of it. The virile characters stood out from the romantic back-ground of the ancient play with all the strength of new creations, and revealed at the same time the tawdry material of the later Irish drama, if the nonsense parading under that name in this country may be called drama. The play was in the hands of mere money-makers, however, which is a drawback, although they professed to believe that the popular taste was returning to the substantial food of twenty years ago, and would demand the revival of the best of the old plays.

Mr. Hackett scored a success in *The Secret of Polichinelle,* with William Thompson in the lead, in spite of reverses such as the closing of one theatre and the transfer to another, on account of orders from the fire department. Mr. Thompson is an actor of the first rank, able to play any part, and with commanding power. For some time he had been playing clerical parts of all sorts without success, for the playwright knows nothing of clerics, and can give them no more life than the French painter Vibert can put into his caricatures of the clergy. Mr. Thompson has departed from the portrayal of bishops and cardinals, and taken up a French papa whose son made a secret marriage beneath his station, and did not venture to reveal it to his fond but prejudiced parents. The result is a very pretty story, not satisfactory to the critics for good reasons, but highly pleasing to audiences for the tears and the laughter which it steals from them. At the same time dramatic art will not lose sleep over dramas of this kind.

Mr. William Brady, the irrepressible, the forcible, the cyclonic, has finally perfected his recipe for a successful drama, and illustrated it for the fifth time in a fearsome thing called *The Pit,* which is knocking the breath out of audiences every night by a dramatic loop-the-loop, or a toboggan-slide drop. The recipe is this: Take any old plot, stuff it with fifteen actors, fifty incidents and idle conversation to continue two hours; place carefully at the bottom of the mess one torpedo warranted not to go off under any circumstances before half-past ten; start your fire at eight o'clock, and your play will be a success at 10.32 to the minute. A clever novelist who died too soon, Mr. Frank Norris, wrote *The Pit* on the Zola method, but with a higher and cleaner motive. The play is a caricature of the great novel, and its construction is made on the model of a runway, leading up to one exciting scene, the interior of the Stock Exchange in an hour of panic. It is a shocker with a vengeance, and leaves an audience breathless. Mr. Brady tried this trick in *Pretty Peggy,* wherein was introduced a realistic mob into the auditorium itself, and for a few minutes the theatre was turned into a pandemonium. The trick has won two successes, and for the rest of Mr. Brady's life we may look for shockers of this kind until the nerves of playgoers can be shocked no more. It may be said that Mr. Brady did not train under the late Augustin Daly.

Parsifal came to an end at the Metropolitan, having made the reputation of Mr. Conried as a clever if not a great manager; because, under the mountainous glory of this production, Herr Conried presented a rather tame season, and is now receiving a thorough roasting from the lovers of the opera. It is pleasant to see the moderate temper in which *Parsifal* was reviewed by the religious critics. At first it looked as if the ministers were to

make their usual blunder of denouncing what they never had seen; even the saner Catholic reviewers showed the same spirit with the usual *a priori* arguments; but the storm passed away without doing any damage. The light of *Parsifal* is now about to beam on the whole American world, and he would be a clever prophet who could foretell the end of its influence. Next season will see it performed in English by that coming light of grand opera in America, Henry Savage, who has done more for opera in this country than any of the dreamers. A drama has been constructed also; and, most wonderful of all, a dramatic agency has announced a play for stock companies with the proper advertising paper. The whole country will have seen *Parsifal* by the end of 1905, and great will be the effect. Meanwhile Mr. Charles Frohman has gone to Europe to look after his three hundred theatres scattered over the continent, and therefore the dramatic season is at an end.

THE IRISH QUESTION IN THE ROCKIES.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

It was a sunny Sunday morning on which I took a train from Denver for Cripple Creek, a celebrated mining camp situated in the heart of the hills. At Colorado Springs, which warmly nestles within the protecting arms of the hills, it looked and felt like a May day in Ireland and awakened sad, sweet memories of the hills and the glens at home when the gay summer sun is on them. At the Springs the little mountain train turned its back to the world, with a confident snort or two put its head to the hills, and began tortuously climbing. We passed Manitou, the wonderful Garden of the Gods, many cascades, and many chasms; we got into a narrow defile, a steep and winding defile, and with it we wound and climbed, climbed and wound, till after a few hours we found ourselves upon the very mountain crests, ten thousand feet aloft, and saw stretch away from us to the west and north hundreds of miles of snow-clad plateau, billowed by mountain tops. Now, our climbing ended, we crept westward with many a twist and many a turn, at one time clinging for bare life, as it seemed, to the side of a precipice down which we fearfully gazed into eternity, and again tearing along the over-hanging brink of an awful ravine, with a momentum, a thunder, and thud, that frightened fear from one's soul.

When I had for long and long watched and thought, absorbing vivid impressions of the Rockies, I cast my eyes around to study my fellow passengers, and to calculate if there might be among them any who could give me information concerning some Cripple Creek notables to whom I bore letters of introduction. I observed two men, who, from their get-up and general aspect I knew to be miners. So, walking down the car, I took a vacant seat opposite these men, and opened a conversation with them. One of them was short and stout, and had somewhat of a hard, forbidding look—a look behind which though I could read a better and kindlier heart than its owner wished to acknowledge, even to himself. The other was a decidedly handsome man, fair-haired, blue-eyed, clear-skinned. He was tall and lithe, too, and there was about his manner of dressing a graceful negligence that arrested my attention. He seemed to me

a hero stepped out of one of Bret Harte's stories, only I fancied that he might not be possessed of the bewitching card-sharping, whiskey-drinking vices that are always absolutely necessary to the finish of Bret's heroes. He fondled, and with evident delight bore the pranks of, a bright and mischievous little girl of five who looked remarkably like a pappoose. I learnt later that he had had this little child, his daughter, at school in Colorado Springs, and that he was now bringing her home to camp for a visit.

To this man I addressed myself, inquiring if he knew Cripple Creek. He said that he was from there. I then asked him whether and where I should be likely to find certain Cripple Creek people, and in replying he called upon his companion for corroboration, saying, "Larry, don't you think so?"

Larry! It was as if here on the top of the Rockies, I found myself instantly on a heathery hill at home, with the plover's call sounding in my ear.

"Larry!" I repeated, looking at him who was so addressed. "You're a countryman of mine, then? You're an Irishman?" "So is he," said Larry gruffly, indicating his neighbor. I expressed the pleasure it gave me to meet my countrymen on the crests of the Rocky Mountains. I told them I was from Donegal, and learnt in return that Larry was from Roscommon, and Matt (his friend) from "the town with the cloud over it." I enthusiastically talked Kickham to Matt, who listened with marked pleasure, and spoke in reply with subdued enthusiasm. I then asked him how long he had been in the mines, and he said more than twenty years. "Wouldn't you like to go back to see Ireland?" "I would," he dropped his gaze and looked wistfully as he said it, drawing to him his child at the same time. I said, "I do hope you will go back." He made no reply; he was looking down upon the child now struggling between his knees. He made no reply; I knew that his thoughts were far away.

I turned to Larry, who looked quite grumpy, curled up in his corner. "You'll go back to Ireland?" I said. Larry looked at me with a look that might wither a less impertinent man. But seeing that I survived, and indeed did not blanch, he hurled at me a crushing, "Never." With a searching, steady look I returned Larry's defiant one. In a few moments he felt himself outflanked for he vouchsafed, "For why should I?" I showed him in a half a dozen sentences "for why should he," and he feigned to snarl, and attempted to throw up positions, each one of which, however, I had demolished ere he had it well on its way. In fifteen minutes Larry had thrown up his game of bluff, he deigned to come to reason, and he told me, in an apologetic way, that he had to leave Ireland when a boy because he had nothing to do and nothing to inherit. He spoke of his wanderings, his ups and downs, in the States, and of the lessons he had bitterly learnt here. He told me he had come west to the mines more than twenty years ago, and been digging and delving and roaming ever since. He was now returning from New Mexico whither he had gone from Cripple Creek three months before, met with no luck, and bent his footsteps to Colorado again. The outlook here he confessed was not cheering, and he expected to go farther ere long. He questioned me regarding the prospects in Argentina, to which country it seems he had been turning his eyes many times during recent years.

I told Larry of the increased and increasing prosperity of Ireland, and of the better and easier means of living at home, now. Larry, who had now completely dropped the cynical rôle acknowledged that things were as I stated, but he said: "I'll never go back to Ireland as I left it—

empty-pocketed, and never go there to work in any man's ditch for a shillin' a day."

I was surprised to find that I could not give Larry anything that was to him news concerning our country. On every recent development on which I touched he was perfectly posted. To illustrate some point I was making I took from my bag a copy of the *United Irishman,* which a friend in Denver had purchased for me for ten cents, at—to my delighted surprise—a street news-stand there. As I now opened up the *United Irishman,* I said: "This is a little paper we have in"—"I get it every week," Larry interposed. "I have it and the *Weekly Freeman* sent me every week: from the day I left Ireland I never let myself want for Irish papers." I looked at him in surprise and around the head of the quondam cynic a halo seemed to grow. This poor wanderer, whom a strange world had crossed, and tossed, and knocked and pummeled, for more than thirty years, had his heart away over thousands of leagues of land and sea nestling close and close to the heart of his poor, long-lost country, feeling and thrilling to his country's every heart-beat, quickening as it quickened, and dejectedly slackening as it slowed. I took off my hat to the poor fellow. I mean I took it off metaphorically. If I had done it in reality, Larry would, I feel certain, have again curled himself up in the cynic-shell out of which I had thawed him.

I made a present of the paper to Matt, who was looking at it with shy eagerness. "There's a copy of it sometimes gets into the camp," he said, "and it goes round from hand to hand among the boys, till at last no one is able to make anything out of it more."

Both Larry and Matt knew all about the great revolution the Gaelic League was working in Ireland. "Oh, we do be talkin' a lot about it in the camp," Matt said, "and the boys is rejoiced." Then I told them more than they had yet known about the details of its workings, and they listened with avidity, while their eyes glowed. "Plaise God," said Matt, "it might, afther all, be the salvation of poor Ireland." I assured him he might have little doubt on that point, and his face lit up again. I learnt afterwards privately, from Larry, that Matt was a Protestant, "of the right sort, a member of the Clan, and no truer Irishman in the camp."

I inquired in Irish if they knew the language. "The sorra a word of Irish I know," Larry said, shame-facedly. "How would I?" he then asked angrily. "I heard none of it at home. I wasn't taught a word of it in the school"—Larry qualified school by an adjective that I prefer to omit—"but," he added in now subdued tone—"but,"and he sadly shook his head, "I would give three years of my life to know it." Matt, who was, as I have noted, a shy man, said naught, but his blue eyes smiled sympathetically when Larry so expressed himself. I think in my heart that the recording angel drew a heavy line through one sin of omission which had been set down against Larry.

I sought from Larry an opinion upon the emigration question. "Aside from the patriotic aspect of the matter," I said, "what do you think of young men and women coming to this country?" When I asked the question Larry's face blazed—literally blazed. "I'm here three and thirty years now," he said, "and if God willed that I was a young fellow of eighteen in Ireland once more, I'd hang myself at my own door-post before I'd quit it for America. As for girls coming here"—and Larry's voice and look grew fiercer, "if I had a sister or a sweetheart who'd come to this country I would meet her at New York and shoot her before I'd see her face the temptations and the degradations of America."

Larry's views on the emigration question struck me as "extreme." But I found on reasoning with him that his views were the result of long years of experience and careful observation. "I would sooner see our boys *rennige* their country, joining the police at home or the British army than coming over here. They leave true happiness behind them forever in Ireland," he explained. "They earn more money in America, but they learn more ways, and often evil ways, of spending it. And they never know what it is to have content."

They become either drudging slaves, he said, or else far worse, saloon-keepers and politicians; and for the one truly successful and respectable Irishman whom I could point him out in the States, he could show me one hundred abject failures. Our girls, Larry pointed out, are too quick to learn American "smartness." He said that though the Irish girls in America were remarkable for their morals, the temptations which beset their path were many and great, and because of their very innocence, they were oftentimes less able than were other girls to discern and withstand these temptations. American hotels, American restaurants, and American young men, were the three things against which we would warn every Irish girl who was so foolish as to face and brave American life.

"If our girls earn any money in America, sure they put it on their back," Larry said pathetically. And I sorrowfully agreed with him on that point.

"At last," Larry went on, "these girls marry some poor struggling fellow who finds it hard to keep his own head above water, and they raise a family in misery, and in the miserable streets that poverty condemns them to live in they hardly ever know peace or content after. Its high time that you gave to them still at home in Ireland, a true picture of this." The poor man sadly shook his head. "Tell them, too, that the first day they land in America they learn in bitterness of heart they have landed on a hostile shore. Because our people are so apt, quick, and clever, the Americans are jealous of us, hate us, and would move heaven and earth to keep us from getting ahead. They don't show this openly, they daren't, but every thinking Irishman with my experience of America will tell you it is so."

"No, I'll not go back—I'll never go back," he said in reply to a further solicitation from me. "As I made my bed I'll lie on it."

Suddenly from my window I saw in a cup-shaped hollow far below the mining camp of Cripple Creek spread out map-like. Our train rattled down the mountain slope, and dashed into the depot. Larry had grown morose again. He said snappishly as he arose from his seat. "You come with me, till I show you where to stop." I said good-bye warmly to Matt and to his child and followed meekly at Larry's heels. He had carelessly drawn his top coat on his shoulders, for up here the thermometer was at zero. He did not trouble to put his arms through the sleeves of it. He strode out of the depot along a primitive kind of a street. I observed that as young men met him their faces lifted up with delighted surprise and they sang out a cheery greeting. "Hello, Larry!" "What, back again, Larry?" "Larry, lad, is it yourself's in it, anyway?" The first to salute him was a Russian Finn, the next a West American product, and then a boy from the old sod. To each such salutation Larry merely replied with a grunt. None of them showed the faintest sign of disappointment at such reply—each man invariably turned and looked lingeringly after one who, I read plainly from their eyes, must have been reverenced and worshiped among them as an idol of pure gold.

CHILD MODELS IN PARIS.

BY SUSANNE ELIOT.

The door of our studio stood open. It was Monday morning and our small hallway was crowded with waiting models.

"We come from Colorossis', Signorina. He told us that you were in need of a boy model."

The speaker, a handsome Italian, held a child in his arms. He was followed by his wife and three other children. "The artist" was difficult to please, she had an ideal which no human child seemed to resemble.

"They are too rosy and happy-looking for my 'Homesick Boy.'"

The woman's eyes filled with tears. "We are very poor, Signorina, we have had such bad luck this winter. Each week we go to the *Marché des Modeles, but the students choose the young girls. No one wanted small children. Yet my baby, is it not beautiful?" And she proudly drew back an old shawl which covered the bundle in her arms. Two large, soft, black eyes gazed straight into our own. Then a smile, like a wave of sunshine, dimpled the tiny face. Two small arms were outstretched, and with a faint gurgle "the angel" claimed his own! From that day forth he ruled the studio.

"Be here tomorrow at eight—or why not this afternoon at one? Yes, that is better. I did not want to paint another madonna, but who could resist that baby!" sighed "the artist" as the door closed on the happy family. "Come, we must run over to Ziegler's and order that frame, and I can get a different sized canvas."

Turning into the street we were stopped by a pleading voice. "Signorina, the concierge would not let me in. She said I was too ragged and would tramp mud all over the stairs. I *did* clean my boots." The haggard, emaciated face told its own story.

"You are too sick to pose, my poor child."

"Oh, for the dear Christ's sake say not that, Signorina. I am quite strong," and the boy threw out his little chest, striking a dramatic attitude which would have been laughable had not the pity of it touched our hearts. He turned white, his whole body trembled from the effort.

"Have you no home, no mother?"

"My mother is dead, Signorina, and I live with a man who beats me when I do not get work. For the love of Our Lady let me pose for you. I will stand very still and make you no trouble."

"You have had no breakfast?" He hung his head in silence.

"Margaret, will you take him up and see if Amélie can give him something?"

"I am not begging, Signorina." But the protest was feeble. Nature was too strong for the boy's pride.

"Of course not, little one; but go and eat, so that we may talk business on my return. His face, his eyes haunt me," said "the artist" that evening. "Yes, he is the model I have been searching for. By the end of two weeks I may have finished "the angel" and I hope he will then be strong enough to pose. Meanwhile we cannot let him remain with that dreadful man. Do you think Philomene would take him?"

Philomene was our unfailing helper with the poor. She had six children, but a heart large enough for a hundred. She readily consented to give Domenico a bed on the floor. Living in two rooms, she could do no more. We hardly recognized

*A place where the models congregate on Monday mornings to be inspected by artists and students.

Nourse. RESTLESS SUBJECTS.

POSING FOR THE FIRST TIME

the boy when, at the end of two weeks, he returned. Fortunately for "the artist," his eyes retained their pleading, sorrowful expression, in spite of his rosy cheeks. His gratitude and devotion were boundless and he faithfully kept his word as to giving the artist no trouble.

"I never saw a child pose as he does; it is really pathetic, and would inspire the veriest dabbler."

That year the "Homesick Boy" won a medal at the Salon.

"Domenico deserves half the honor," said "the artist," "and I mean to have him present at the supper I give my friends."

Proud and happy, in a suit provided for the occasion, Domenico waited on the table and listened to his praises being sung. His reputation was made, and one of the "big men" promised to take him away for the summer. This is often done by rich artists, as there are no trained models in the provinces and nothing is more fatal to artistic inspiration than "breaking in" new models. In Paris, where children follow the occupation of their parents, one is born a model as he is born a shoemaker or a mason.

"I began to pose when only three days

STUDIO FAVORITES

old," said Philomene. "My mother's sister was posing for Monsieur Bouguereau. He wanted her to hold a sleeping child, and she persuaded my mother to let her take me. I slept so soundly that I established my reputation. All the big artists wanted me. Since then I have never been out of work. I have six children of my own, but none of them posed as young as their mother."

A GROUP OF MODELS

In this way the Italian children become wage-earners almost as soon as they are born. When ten days old Jean Baptiste began posing in his mother's arms. He has become so accustomed to having her hold him that now, although a great boy of five, he refuses to keep still in any other position. His poor young mother came to us in despair. She could find no artist willing to paint such a strong, healthy-looking boy sitting on her lap. "Ah, Signorina, if he were only sickly! We could be posed together in a hospital scene! I did go to see Monsieur Geoffray, but he only laughed and said he had no use for such a healthy child. I have no one to leave him with while I am posing and he will not keep still in the studios. He is an angel, so long as he's in my arms. All the artists say they never had a better model; but put him on the floor and he becomes a little demon!"

Nearly all these models live on the left bank of the Seine in a small Italian colony. Few Parisians know of its existence, yet these poor people play a most important part in the annual salons. Fabulous prices have been paid for their portraits, some of which adorn the palaces of kings and princes. Endowed with natural grace and beauty they are the favorite models of the great French artists. During the summer Paris is deserted even by the students and the models find it difficult to earn their living. The poorer class of French laborers naturally look upon them

A HOME STUDY.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

as intruders and try to shut them out from every avenue of labor. Their only resource is the making of a kind of frozen custard, which they peddle through the streets. Now in Paris there is a law condemning hucksters to perpetual motion. Only when they have a customer can these poor people stand still!

Conceptione, one of our prettiest little models, was once obliged to take the place of her mother who was sick, and push the ice-cream cart through the hot streets. The baby had kept her awake all night; she was very tired; no one was in sight, not a soul on the benches under the shady trees! She yielded to temptation, stopped her cart and sat down. As she could see quite clearly in every direction she began to feel secure and happy. It was so pleasant sitting watching the river—a gruff voice awakened her, she must go to the police station and pay a fine. Poor little Conceptione! Her lovely face, bathed in tears, would surely have melted a heart of stone, but a Paris policeman has no heart at all; he is simply a machine, made to obey orders. Filled with terror, Conceptione accompanied him to jail; her father was sent for, and pawned his watch to pay the fine. For many days our little model went supperless to bed that the watch might be redeemed.

LITTLE WAGE EARNERS

Italians never cease to be children, and the young mothers who brought their babies to pose for us brought all their cares as well. "We must get home before dark, Signorina. I have no candles and cannot see to put the children to bed after five o'clock."

"But what will you do all evening, Thérèse?"

"Oh, I go to bed with the children! We have no fire, so I am much warmer in bed."

Toward the end of the month, Thérèse invariably arrived, fasting. "I cannot afford to buy food for myself when the rent falls due next week."

Of course we would insist on her breakfasting before she began to pose. One evening she told us that she was to remain home the next day, and we gave her a piece of soap to wash the children's clothes. When she returned she brought the wet clothes in a little push-cart. "I thought you wouldn't mind my hanging them around your stove in the studio, Signorina; they'd never dry in my room such weather as this. They are not very

clean," she added, apologetically. "I had to wash them in cold water as we have no fire."

"The artist" sighed but resigned herself to the inevitable, and the studio was soon filled with white steam. "Oh, but this is a fine place for washing!" exclaimed Thérèse, looking admiringly at the fast drying linen.

"Katherine," I hurriedly whispered, "we draw the line at washing! that is *not* to be done in our apartment."

"Very well, dear, only you must reveal our hard-heartedness to Thérèse."

Once the rent was paid, all past misery was forgotten. Thérèse would appear with her arms full of bundles—a toy for the baby; cakes for the older children; a pair of ear-rings or bit of coral for herself.

All our friends insisted that we spoiled

A QUIET MOMENT.

WELL EMPLOYED.

our models. We could not deny the accusation, nor could we harden our hearts against their confiding helplessness. When Flavia, who was to pose with her sleeping baby, arrived with three other children, the eldest a girl of five, some one must look after them. "I had no one to leave them with, but Ninitte will take care of her little brother. He will be good for his sister; won't you angelo mio?" But "angelo mio" was in no mood to be trifled with and objected strenuously to separation from his mother. No sooner had "the artist" begun to paint than we heard the most heart-rending shrieks, which of course wakened the baby, whose wails were added to the sturdier ones of Antonio. For an hour bedlam reigned. Then Antonio was persuaded to take a nap. The baby was carried off to the kitchen where I spent the afternoon keeping it quiet, while "the artist," with shattered nerves, attempted to paint the mother's head.

No sooner do the models begin to make a little money than they write their relatives glowing accounts of their success. These poor people, living in the mountain villages of Italy, think Paris an Eldorado. If they can but reach it their fortunes will be made. Antoinette, always so gay and smiling, arrived one morning, looking very sad. "Is our baby ill?" I anxiously enquired. At the first words of sympathy tears filled her soft, brown eyes. "It's my sheets, Signorina," she sobbed. "I've been married ten years and I've never had a sheet on my bed. My husband has had steady work all winter and at last consented to my buying a pair of sheets out of my earnings. Last week my cousin arrived with five little children. Of course we took them in—they can sleep on the floor in our room, that doesn't cost anything, but they haven't a cent for food, and this morning when I took the children to the Marché des Modeles, all the artists made fun of them, and said they were so ugly no one would ever pose them. They *are* thin, but they have walked so far, many days without food, poor little ones! They thought if they could only reach Paris they would soon be rich, but if the artists will not hire them, what are we to do? I *must* give them my money. I am glad to do it, Signorina, only when I think of my sheets I am sad."

The usual history followed. Worn out with hunger and fatigue, unaccustomed to the cold of Paris, they were soon ill with la grippe. Antoinette relinquished all aspirations as to sheets, and spent her hard-earned savings on medicine. We sent them

Nourse. THE BATH.

Nourse. THE PROCESSION.

food and our friends contributed blankets and clothing. At last, when the children were well, we found a poor artist glad to pose them at half price. All seemed going smoothly, when the eldest, a boy of eight, began to cough. The doctor said he would go into a decline if not returned at once to the milder climate of Italy. We took up a collection and the Italian Consul supplied the railroad ticket. The boy was to return alone and live with a distant relative. In his condition it would have been dangerous to sleep on a mud floor, so we bought him a small mattress which he carried with him on the train. Poor little mite! he looked so forlorn standing guard over his mattress that our hearts ached as we said good-bye to him in the railway station. But what could we do? To send the whole family back was impossible; they had no longer any home in Italy and must remain where they could find work.

More than a year had passed since "the

angel" had taken possession of our studio. "Me tummin in" he would announce with his cheeriest smile. "Me dood bu-oy—sit still fo oo dis day," but sit still he never did. In vain we dangled toys before his eyes, turned ourselves into wild animals, or Punch and Judy shows. Music boxes, whistles, even live canaries, were purchased to amuse his majesty—all in vain! Except when asleep he was never known to keep quiet five consecutive minutes. Yet "the artist" persisted in painting him and we had to acknowledge that she was amazingly successful. "Love worketh miracles" even in salon pictures, and Daniele (such was "the angel's" name) was hung many times on the line and sold to baby worshipers the world over.

SPIRIT OF SPRING.

BY MARY WEST.

Waken us, Spirit of Spring!
We that have slept so long,
And call us from the tomb,
To swell the Easter song;
For 'tis thy voice and touch
O Spring!
That wait upon the
Risen King!

Plead for us, Spirit of Spring!
Proffer like Magdalen,
Our love and faith newborn
This Eastertide again;
With thy blest strains in
Sweet accord,
Lift up our hearts to
The Risen Lord.

FATHER JAMES GROWS REMINISCENT.

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

Father James was sitting with a letter in one hand, and a photograph in the other, when I entered his study. As he arose to greet me, he exclaimed, "Well, friend, after all, there is still a little gratitude left in the world."

It was evident from his look and manner, that he was pleased over something.

On inquiring what it was that gave him a new light on the gratitude of mankind in general, he handed me the photograph. It was the picture of two healthy, bright-eyed babes—one a chubby year-old, just able to hold to a chair; the other a curly-headed little fellow, a couple of years his senior.

"Isn't that a fine pair of boys?" and then as if by way of reflection—"If ever I did a good act in my life, that was one."

"Just look at those chubby faces, and fat little hands! And just think of it, they named the youngest after me—Jamsie. I am proud of him. He is a regular little Turk."

"Whose are they?" I ventured to remark, when his enthusiasm had somewhat subsided.

"Now, sit down, and I'll tell you. The names would do you no good, for you do not know them, and have never met them, and in all likelihood never will. But they are the children of a boy and a girl whom I helped out of a tight place some years ago.

"But first reach over there, and help yourself to a cigar. A man talks better and listens better when he smokes. Blessed be the man who discovered the weed. It is to my mind, a man's—at least a bachelor's—best and greatest comforter. Don't you know I have often wondered, during the past few years, what fate had befallen the parents of those children. This letter explains it all: but I must tell you the story.

"Well, in the days in which my story begins, I was the pastor of a big city church. You may have sometimes heard it said, that a big city parish is greatly to be desired. There never was a greater mistake. An old friend of mine calls a city parish a delusion and a snare, and he is right. But that is neither here nor there. I must tell you the story.

"The mother of those children was as good and true a girl as I have ever known. Her parents had died just as she was emerging into womanhood, and left her to look out for herself as best she could. When I first knew her she was clerking in one of the big department stores of the city. You know what extravagant salaries such girls receive; yet she somehow managed to get along, and always looked neat, and tidy, and smiling, and sweet.

"Then came the bitter days of ninety-three. You remember them well, of course. The bottom seemed to have dropped out of everything. I shall never forget them, if I live to be as old as Adam; and according to all reports, he was pretty well advanced in years at the time of his taking off. They were dark and bitter days. I have known many a man, who was reputed wealthy, to feel the pinch of need before the tide of prosperity turned upward.

"The city in which I lived was suffering from the effects of a collapsed boom when the crash came. Every form of business was paralyzed. Hundreds of people were thrown out of employment, and poverty in its worst form stared them in the face.

"The girl of whom I speak was laid off.

with a hundred others. Business is business, and even department stores cannot run at a loss. Her case was no worse than many others, but it was bad enough. To obtain employment was impossible. There was little use in going elsewhere. The wave of adversity was universal.

"She did all that a girl could do to find employment, but without success; then she came to me. I had many such visitors in those days. She told me her story, and I took it upon myself to devise ways and means whereby she might support herself in her hour of need. It was all in vain. There were too many of her kind in the city at the time—too many desperate men and women, willing to work for a mere subsistence.

"Here is where the man steps in. She had a lover, as most girls have. Like herself, he was one of the submerged tenth—I had better say submerged half. He was a worthy fellow, however—honest, industrious, but, through no fault of his, out of employment. He had held some position in a railway office, but light freights and hard times forced the railroads to retrench. Retrenchment meant the discharge of every employee except such as were absolutely necessary to the carrying on of the company's business.

"The young fellow was very much in love with the girl, and he had good reason to be. She was worthy of any man's love. He felt her position and his own very keenly; but he was powerless. Well, what do you think that young fellow thought of? The very last thing in the world which a man would think of in his circumstances. He actually thought of marrying the girl. He reasoned that her position could be no worse, married to him, than it was in the condition in which she found herself.

"Somehow, he argued her into his view of the situation. They came to me one evening and laid the case before me. I don't believe I have ever heard of a case like it before or since; yet I liked the young fellow for it. There was something manly and noble about his offering her all he had—himself; and his desire to shelter her as far as it lay in his power.

"What do you think I did? I looked the proposition over from all sides, and finally concluded that it was, perhaps, the best thing they could do. It reminded me of a passage from Bill Nye's 'Autobiography of An Editor,' in which he states that once upon a time in his own life, he had accumulated such a wealth of poverty that he felt he was not justified in bearing it alone; so he married.

"It did not take me long to make the necessary arrangements; so I stood them up in the church one evening, with none but the colored janitor and house-keeper for witnesses, and listened reverently, whilst they solemnly pledged themselves to each other for weal or woe. Everything seemed to point to the woe side of the contract; but somehow, down at the bottom of my heart, I felt that things in their case would come out right in the end.

"That very night I put them on a train for Kansas. 'How did I do it?' No matter. I was not overburdened with wealth in those days, but I scraped enough together to secure them tickets, and give them a trifle for the road. The young fellow had relatives down somewhere in southern Kansas, and he thought that if he once got there, he might possibly find employment. That was the last I heard of them, until this letter arrived this morning. Do you wonder I was glad to hear from them?

"The mother herself wrote the letter, and she said so many nice things about my sinful self, that I am ashamed to let you read it. The father, himself, sends

many kind messages. The poor people make a great deal of the little I did for them.

"But the boys. These are the fellows I like best to hear from. Say, but that Jamsie! Isn't he a little brick? I would like to see him, and I guess I will some day. I am sorry, though, that they did one thing. They sent me back the few dollars I gave them, and I guess they needed it more than I do. I'd like to get something nice for those kids with it, but I hardly know what to get. I never was a good hand at buying things for babies, but I'll try to think of something.

"Here I go on, telling you a story, in which, perhaps, you have but little interest, and your cigar has gone out, and I think you look tired. There's nothing, however, that makes a man feel so good as to learn that the bread he has cast upon the waters has returned to him again."

As I rose to go that night, the softened look on the old man's face told me plainer than words could tell that he was still thinking of the letter and photograph which lay before him, planning some surprise for the kids, and particularly for Jamsie, of whose existence and claims upon his regard he had so recently learned.

"FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA."

BY A. A. Q.

"If distance lends enchantment,"
And absence aye impart
Sweet memories bright and sacred—
Then fonder grows the heart.

If hours of purest pleasures
With friends we love the best,
Could be recalled to cheer us—
Ah, how we would be blest!

But Death and distance part us,
From all we cherish here;
My soul, faint not, nor falter,
Trust God, and have no fear.

He placed us here to serve Him,
To love Him, and He gave
His Son to die as ransom,
The sinner's soul to save!

There is no death, Faith teaches,
It is a triumph won;
We must not grieve nor murmur—
Submit—God's will be done!

IN THE "ACCIDENT WARD."

A True Incident.

BY HENRY COYLE.

The nurse sat watching thro' the night
  An outcast on his bed of pain;
A derelict in sorry plight—
  "Run over by the New York train."

He was a foreigner, alone
  In the New World, without a friend;
A waif found on the track—unknown—
  Mangled and torn—this was the end.

In broken English she could hear
  The poor boy praying for release,
And then he whispered in her ear:
  "Will some-a-body kiss me, please?"

"Ah! long ago in Italy
  My modder die—I was her joy;
I came so far across the sea,
  But no one want a little boy!"

His heart was starving, and he yearned
  For e'en a stranger's kind caress;
Obeying instinct now he turned
  To the sweet nurse in his distress.

With tear-dimmed eyes she kissed the lad,
  And held his hand fast growing cold;
A smile lit up his face so sad—
  His simple story then he told.

Thro' the long night she sat beside
  The dying boy, till dawn of day;
And then his life-blood's troubled tide
  From earth to Heaven ebbed away.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE TURK IN EUROPE.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXVII.

In our last essay we examined the dreadful state of religion in this unfortunate country; but matters grow worse as we advance. As our object is not to give a detailed history of religion, but a brief sketch to enable our readers to know something about the past history of each portion of the church and the causes that led, in many places, to its present sad condition, we shall not enter into the details of the subsequent history of this unhappy country. In our account of Russia, which follows this series, we shall see how the faith was introduced into the southern part of that nation; and as the northern part of what is at present Turkey in Europe, and the southern part of Russia, were then occupied by the same tribes, the history of one is the history of the other. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the history of Thrace and Greece.

Heraclius, having determined upon carrying on the war vigorously against Chosroes, the king of Persia, gave little time at first to theological disputes. However, the various sects which now arose produced perpetual contention and great confusion. The subtle intellects of the Greeks were constantly making new distinctions and inventing new terms. The original errors of this hair-splitting people having been with respect to the nature of our Blessed Redeemer, every particle of that nature, if we may use the expression, was subjected to their microscopic examination.

Sergius, the Archbishop of Constantinople, was a disguised Eutychian, and anxious secretly to introduce his doctrines he began with Heraclius. His imperial pupil, charmed with the attention of his new teacher, and gratified at the many compliments paid to his progress in theological lore, made the views of the archbishop the foundation of his own conviction. Nor was Heraclius the only pupil of the plotting prelate. Many others were infected with the new opinions which as yet had not been brought to the full light of day.

The Eutychians taught that there was but one nature in Christ. This doctrine had been condemned, and to teach it openly would renew the censure of the Church. But if there was only a single will in the Redeemer there could be only one nature. This doctrine had not yet been examined nor formally prescribed, and Sergius taught that in Christ there was but one will, and thus he prepared the way for the introduction of Eutychianism.

Athanasius, patriarch of the Jacobites, who were a great body of Eutychians, having been informed by Sergius of the disposition of Heraclius, went to meet his majesty at Hierapolis and informed him that he and his people were anxious for a reunion with the Church and that he would make such a profession of faith as would satisfy the Patriarch of Constantinople; and offered to content himself with the expression that in Christ there was only *one will*. Heraclius, anxious for this union, accepted with joy the proposition, and declared that he would do all in his power to have Athanasius raised to the see of Antioch.

Cyrus, Bishop of Phasis, was another

of the arch-conspirators who, under the pretext of union, peace and charity, came to offer his services for the harmony of the faithful; and it was understood that he should receive the see of Alexandria. Thus, without any noise, the principal sees of the East were, through the cunning of Sergius, in the power of the Monothelites. Sophronius, a Syrian monk, was the first who opposed the heresy; he appealed to the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Constantinople in vain. They drew up a form to be subscribed to by all who desired union with the Church. It consisted of nine articles, and the seventh only, which contained the doctrine of the Monothelites, was erroneous. The Eutychians ran in crowds to sign it, and the emperor was gratified.

The next step was to guard against the condemnation of Rome. For this purpose, Sergius wrote to Honorius that a most brilliant prospect was now before them of reuniting to the Church all the contending sects of the East; that the patriarchs of Alexandria had been eminently successful, that crowds were every day flocking in to reunite themselves; and that no obstacle was raised except by the unauthorized interference of the monk Sophronius, who was creating difficulties by discussing a new question upon which the Scriptures contained nothing, which the councils had never even entertained, and which, though many of the Fathers had touched upon it, still was more a question for grammarians than for bishops; and that as the success of their exertions depended upon peace, it was requested that Honorius would command silence upon this new question. *The artifice succeeded; and the Pope thus deceived*, wrote a letter desiring that there should be no disputes about words, and that Sophronius should not trouble the Patriarch of Alexandria. Sophronius was, in the meantime, raised to the see of Jerusalem, and held a council in which Monothelitism was condemned. He wrote to Honorius, and in return the Pope sent a second letter in which he repeated his desire of silence upon the subject. Sophronius, aware that there must have been some imposition practiced upon the Holy See, selected Stephen, Bishop of Doria, upon whom he placed the greatest reliance, and taking him to Mount Calvary bound him solemnly as he would account to that Saviour who there shed His blood, to go to Rome and to lay the facts distinctly before the Pope and give him upwards of six hundred passages of the Fathers which clearly contained the doctrine of two wills —the human and the divine—together with the Scriptural texts.

The Monothelites did all they could to intercept the holy bishop, but though they waylaid him in various places, he arrived safely at Rome, but found that Honorius had died. Meantime Sergius composed a document which Heraclius published under the title of "An Explanation," in 639. The doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation are clearly stated in Catholic terms in this tract, but there is a passage regarding the unity of will in the Redeemer which is susceptible of an explanation in either sense. The document caused great commotion. Severius was the immediate successor of Honorius, but dying after a pontificate of four months he was succeeded by John IV, who, learning the true state of the question from the Bishop of Doria, condemned the "Explanation" in 640. Heraclius thereupon revoked the document and informed the Pope that it had been drawn up by Sergius.

Jerusalem was taken by the Mussulmen under the Caliph Omar, in 638, and in the following year, on the 11th of March, 639, St. Sophronius died. The emperor Heraclius was succeeded, in 641, by Constantine, who, after a reign of upwards of three months, made way for Heracleonas, and he, in six months, was succeeded by the Emperor Constans in the same year, 641.

Sergius, Bishop of Constantinople, died

in 638, and was succeeded by Pyrrhus, a Monothelite. This prelate having joined with Martina and Heracleonas in their wicked poisoning of Constantine, and the usurpation of Heracleonas, fled from the city after the punishment of the Empress and the usurper. Paul, another Monothelite, occupied the see of Constantinople and he prevailed upon Constans the emperor, in 648, to publish his edict called the "Type" imposing silence on the Catholics and the Monothelites. This document was condemned in the same year by Pope Theodore. Pyrrhus, having passed from Africa to Rome, retracted his errors and was received into communion by the Pope; thence he passed to Ravenna where, at the instigation of Exarch Olympius, he relapsed into his errors, in the expectation of being restored to the favor of the emperor; and Paul, dying in 655, he again got into the see of the Imperial City. Many of the best and bravest and wisest men of the empire fell victims to the relentless persecution of the Monothelites. Among them was the holy Pope Martin, who after severe torture in Constantinople, died of want and ill treatment, in exile in Chersonesus.

Constans, dying in 668, was succeeded by his son, Constantine Pagonatus who was a Catholic. He requested the Pope to assemble a council, but the Pontiff in 688 was succeeded by Agatho, who complied with the emperor's request and sent his legate to preside at the synod which assembled at Constantinople in the month of November, 680. Theodore, the Monothelite, had succeeded Pyrrhus in the see of that city, and he having been deposed his place was filled by George, a Catholic. In this council the Monothelite heresy was condemned and its abettors, amongst them Honorius. *The Pope had his memory censured for his criminal silence and neglect of opposing the progress of heresy.* Pope Agatho dying in Rome before the acts of the council reached him, its canons were confirmed by his successor, Leo III. This is the third council of Constantinople and the sixth general council.

THE MESSAGE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

First a stir of wings,
Then the robin sings
  Notes of cheer.
Skies that smile and pout,
Trees and hedge a-sprout—
  Spring is here!

Perfume in the air,
Blossoms ev'rywhere,
  Birds a-wing.
Gladness after gloom,
Joy from out the tomb.
  Welcome Spring!

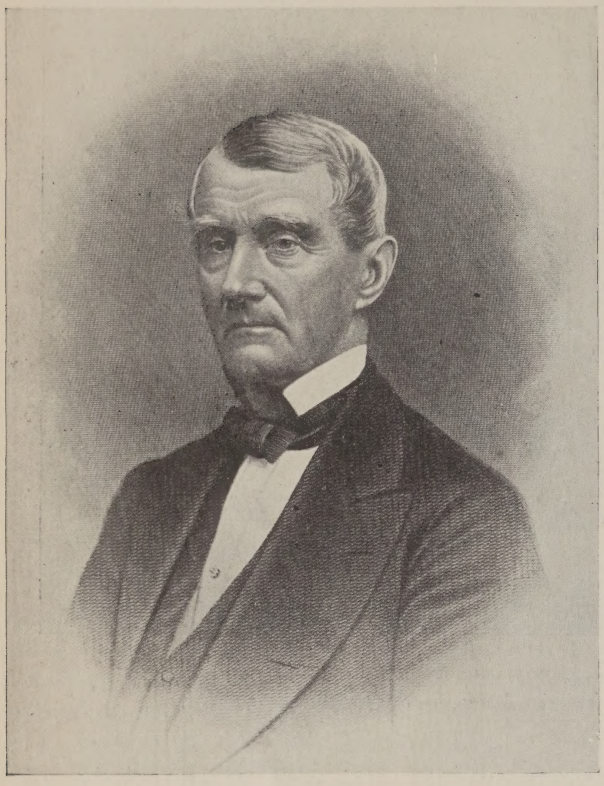
MUSIC HALL, FROM WASHINGTON PARK.

The permanent home for the May Festivals and the scene of all Festivals since 1878.

THE CINCINNATI MAY MUSIC FESTIVALS.

BY J. HERMAN THUMAN.

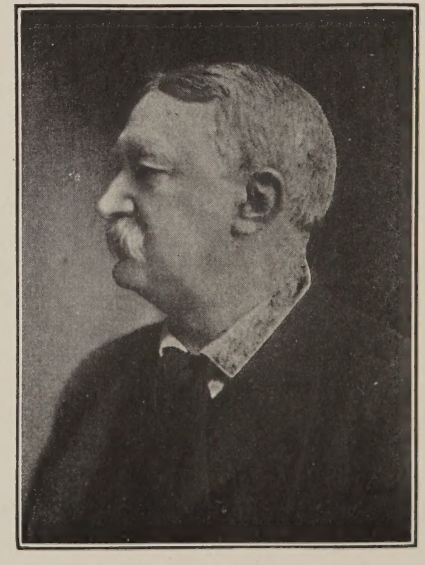
"Festival Week" is a characteristic epoch in the history of Cincinnati, and with its biennial recurrence a different atmosphere settles upon the Queen City and her environing suburbs. For the nonce the turmoil of business takes on a quieter tone, the wheels of commerce turn in better greased sockets and the shifts of everyday life move in oiled grooves, so that the creaks and groans of the mighty toil engines and the swirl of modern industrial energies expend themselves in muffled sound. The warmth of gentle Spring carries with it an air of holiday expectancy and a spirit of higher things and deeper moment than fashion the usual four and twenty hours. To the music lover from near and far it is a period of unalloyed pleasure, during which he lives in the Elysium of his art and enters into the closest communion with the aspirations, hopes, joys and sorrows of his revered masters; to the society madame and fair debutante it means a week of opportunities for the display of regal toilets and the meeting of many notable persons; for the business man it means a week of relaxation from facts and figures; for the working girl it means a week of dreaming, while she gazes with wistful eyes upon the handsomely-gowned society leaders, passing under the canopy from their carriages to the hall's entrance; and for the little street waif it means a week of exceptional pecuniary profit, because there is much liberality for calling cabs and carriages.



REUBEN R. SPRINGER.
Catholic Philanthropist, who built Music Hall.

Everybody is awake during "Festival Week," and the spirit of the hour is in every vein of the city's life and stirs within its bosom a keen sense of justifiable pride. Visitors from everywhere are given hospitable welcome—for Cincinnati closely borders on the South—and the imposing critics from the big journals of the East and West stop to marvel at the singular display of musical acumen mingled with cordial welcome and social festivity.

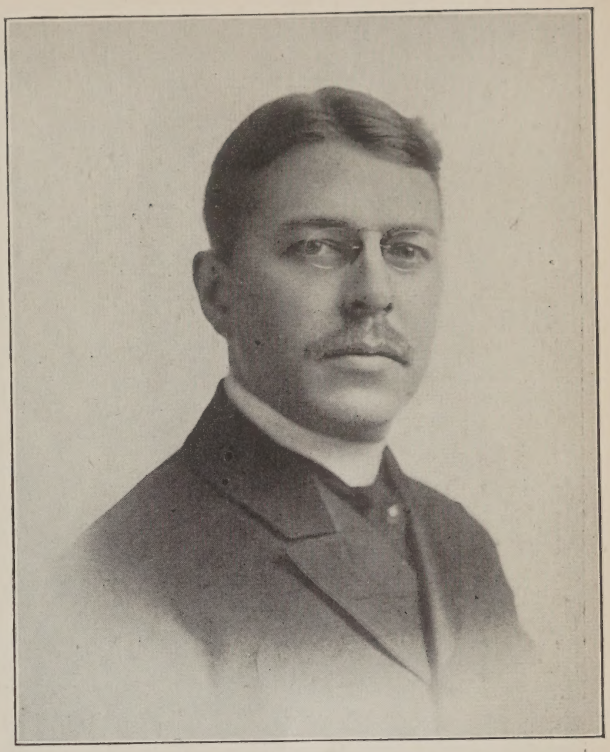
Not only of local or provincial importance have been these biennial festivals, nor has their reputation been limited to the confines of our own country; but their fame and endeavor have crossed beyond the seas into England, France and even into Germany, the home of all that is classic and grand in the Divine Art. No institution of similar venture in America has achieved such noble triumphs for the cause of music, and the entire musical world can present but few undertakings which exceed, or even equal, these festivals in scope of achievement and purity of purpose. Be it remembered, these festivals are not spasmodic, but are a carefully planned series of musical entertainments, occurring biennially and have now for thirty years lent their aid toward disseminating musical knowledge, raising the standard of musical taste, and fashioning a musical culture among the American people. During these years the greatest choral works of old and modern masters, which are seldom or never performed because of the stupendous demands they make for chorus talent and artistic ability, have been given remarkable performances on a scale



THEODORE THOMAS.
"Father of the May Festivals," who has conducted every Festival since the beginning in 1873.

frequently surpassing in compass and merit the European renditions.

To give an idea of their gigantic proportions one needs but recall a few of the colossal works which have been brought forth at these festivals, to wit: The great oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Tinel; Bach's "Passion Music"; the Requiem Masses of Brahms, Berlioz, Verdi and Mozart; Schumann's "Posthumous Mass"; Berlioz' "Te Deum" and the concert-versions of Wagner's operas. The principal choral works at this year's festival are a trio of the greatest efforts ever penned by man—Bach's B minor Mass, Beethoven's D major Mass and Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius."



EDWIN W. GLOVER.

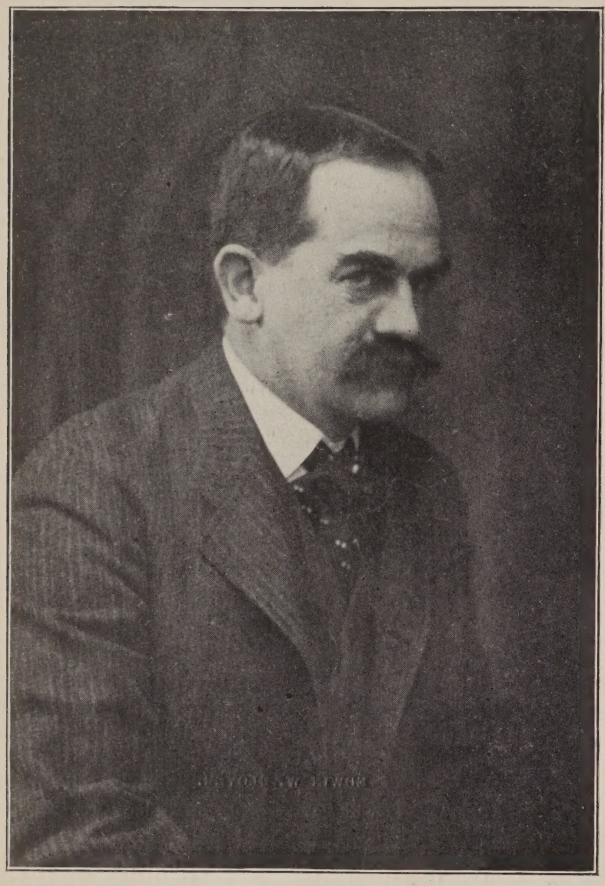
Chorus Master of May Festival Chorus since 1898.

In the performance of these works a chorus of five hundred voices, an orchestra of a hundred men and soloists of world renown are employed—all under the leadership of "The Father of the May Festivals," Theodore Thomas, who has led these combined forces on to "glory and undying fame," festival after festival, since their inception.

To perform these colossal concepts of the great musicians the primal perquisite is a chorus of large proportions, musical quality and tireless enthusiasm. Hence it is that the chorus is the particular feature of the May festivals, the reason d'etre of the enterprise. The chorus has been thoroughly organized since the second festival, although each year brings many changes. It has been reckoned that fully ten thousand singers have been in the ranks of the chorus since the beginning, coming and going as circumstances led them.

Two years are spent by this body in diligent preparation for a festival. Immediately after one season is over the principal choral works of the next festival are chosen and work is begun on them at once. Every Monday night, for thirty weeks in each year, these singers, gathered from the four winds and from all ranks in life, assemble for instruction from the chorus master. Some can read music, others cannot; some know how to sing, others only how to bawl; some have musical taste and aptitude, others grasp only with difficulty. But all (except a few leading tenors) give their services free and offer an enthusiastic attention. With this willing, yet not choicest, material, the chorus master must plead, coax, scold, talk, explain, demand and work, until he has drilled into them the notes and their relative values.

Leaders of and singers in church choirs



Photograph by Miss Ben-Yusuf.

GEORGE H. WILSON.

Impressario, of Pittsburg, General Manager of the 16th May Festival.

will readily appreciate what all this means. They know what work it requires to perform a Haydn or Mozart Mass correctly and musically. But the difficulties of these compositions are inconsiderable as compared with the appalling and seemingly endless demands the gigantic masterpieces of great composers pile up mountain-high. Six and eight divisions of the chorus are often called for; double choruses are sometimes demanded, and not infrequently a boys' choir is prescribed. Fugues and double fugues of most intricate texture present a maelstrom of danger. If one voice division hurries a little, or loses the rhythm, a most disastrous calamity must be precipitated in a minute; or, if another division enters a little too soon or too late, oh, the terrible clash that is sure to follow quickly!

But the chorus must not only sing the notes; it must sing musically and with expression. There must be a crescendo here and an accelerando there; here the tenors must come out boldly and there the altos carry the melody. It must shade, it must attack, it must be pliable as clay and must mold with the orchestra and soloists into a harmonious whole. The individuality of every member must be totally obliterated and chorus and orchestra must become a single mighty instrument of endless resource and expression, to be played upon by the baton of the conductor and be capable of producing any tone picture his fancy and that of the composer may create.

To accomplish this in the high degree of perfection Theodore Thomas always demands requires a prodigious amount of work. The preliminary labor is done by the chorus master, Mr. Edwin W. Glover. Occasionally Thomas himself comes down to go through the works with the chorus. Then, as the time of the festival grows nearer and the chorus has become thoroughly familiar with the notes of the compositions, Thomas comes for several days and spends torturous hours inspiring the chorus with his interpretation of the works. Finally, during the week before the opening, each night is given over to the most exacting and analytical rehearsal, until every minute detail has been strongly and indelibly impressed upon the members. The last of these rehearsals are with

the orchestra in Music Hall, and on the Saturday before "Festival Week" the afternoon and evening are given over to a complete performance of the entire programme with the combined forces of orchestra, chorus, organ and soloists. The preliminary work is then finished and the singers go home to rest until the opening night of the festival.

* * *

The May festivals in Cincinnati began early in the seventies. They are a direct result of the German Sængerfests, which were also organized in the Queen City in 1849. In 1870 the National Sængerfest was held in Cincinnati, and for the occasion a large frame exhibition hall had been erected. This Sængerfest became a musical event of large proportions, probably the greatest held in this country up to that time. Artistically, socially and financially it was a genuine success. This fact led

MISS AGNES NICHOLLS.
Famous English soprano, who makes her American debut at the coming Festival.

a number of prominent citizens to discuss the possibility of organizing similar festivals, but upon a more dignified plane, and with a resident mixed chorus--in fine, with an idea of performing what was noblest and best in music. One of the prime movers in the matter was Mr. Reuben R. Springer, the Catholic millionaire and philanthropist. Theodore Thomas was consulted in the matter and quickly saw the possibility of such an undertaking. The fever spread and the result was that the first May festival was held in 1873, with Theodore Thomas at the conductor's desk. The first chorus consisted of 850 voices and the orchestra numbered 105 men. Among the compositions performed were the March and Chorus from "Tannhäuser" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. So successful was the series and so enthusiastic were the citizens that a petition

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.
The famous contralto and Wagnerian singer.

asking for another festival was read on the closing night.

The following year the festivals were made a permanent venture and put upon a business basis by the incorporation of the Cincinnati Biennial Musical Festival Association, with about fifty stockholders. In the fall of that year the chorus was permanently organized with a total of 796 voices —294 sopranos, 134 altos, 145 tenors and 223 basses. Since then the chorus has been cut down to about five hundred voices, that number being found best suited for the best results. In 1875 the second festival was given, with Thomas once more at the helm, and again the artistic success was splendid and the financial returns more than satisfactory. The festivals had now become a part of Cincinnati's life, and the great chorus one of its finest institutions.

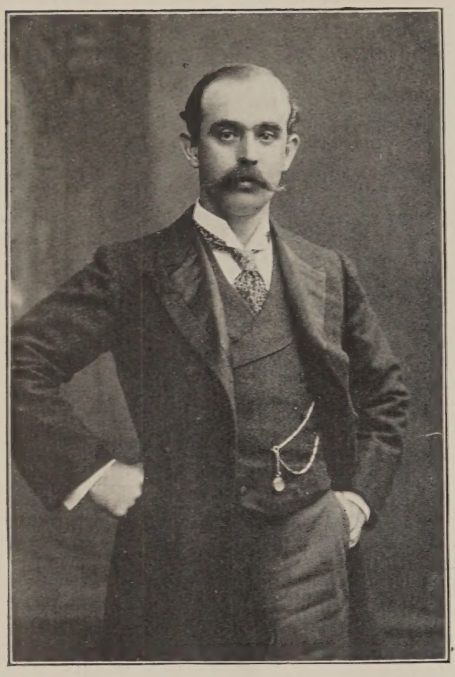
Then came the movement for a large, permanent structure, which should be the home of all future festivals. The association had several thousand dollars, representing the profits of the first and second series, but that was only a drop. It was then that Mr. Springer forever linked his name with that of artistic Cincinnati, by magnanimously offering to contribute half the cost of such a building, if the citizens at large donated the other half. The offer was enthusiastically accepted, and so general was the sentiment that people from all walks of life, labor unions, societies and clubs contributed toward the cause. The city donated the ground on Elm and Fourteenth Streets, and at once the building was begun. It was finished in three years at the cost of over $450,000, a magnificent temple of art and expressive of the city's devotion to the divine muse. The new hall—known as the Springer Music Hall—was formally opened with the third May Festival, in 1878. Its success, financially and from a point of enthusiastic attendance, has never been equalled. The gross receipts were $78,000. In addition to his subscription for the building, Mr. Springer also erected the great Music Hall organ, even now regarded as one of the finest instruments in the world.

Thus the May Festivals continued every second year. To tell their history is to tell of the gradual advancement of music in America. Each succeeding festival was intended to be an improvement over

those that had gone before, and with each one the programmes became more pretentious. The fullest expectations were not always realized, and now and then there were slips in the chorus; but these shortcomings only encouraged the promoters to greater efforts. The greatest singers have been soloists at these festivals—Materna, Christine Nillson, Louise Cary, Emma Juch, Lilli Lehman, Herr Kalisch, Ben Davies, Emma Eames, Marguerite MacIntyre, Schumann-Heink, Marcella Sembrich, David Bispham, are some of the names that are recalled from memory. Through it all, however, the brightest light is Theodore Thomas, the veteran conductor, now in his seventieth year, without whom a May Festival would not be complete. Fifteen of these undertakings he has successfully brought to reali-

MISS MURIEL FOSTER.

English contralto, and exponent of Dr. Elgar's works.



WILLIAM GREENE.
English Tenor.

English Bass.

zation, and now he is about to assume direction of the sixteenth. In view of his herculean services the coming festival is to be in the nature of a particular tribute to him.

* * *

The sixteenth May Festival, which is to be held May 11-14 of this year, will present the most gigantic chorus numbers yet attempted at one festival. On the opening night a complete programme of Bach will be rendered. The orchestra will play the master's Suite No. 2, and then will follow the performance of the great B Minor Mass. This Mass was given at the festival two years ago, on the largest scale ever attempted anywhere, and was wonderfully successful. The Kyrie and Gloria were performed at the festival in 1886, being the first time these parts were given in the United States. After a rehearsal of the forces in this Mass for the last festival, Mr. Thomas said: "I have just passed through the most imposing three hours I have ever experienced. I am firmly convinced the Mass is the greatest choral work ever written."

The second concert, a matinee, will be given over to orchestra numbers and selections by the soloists. The third concert, on Friday evening, will present Edward Elgar's oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius." In this work Miss Agnes Nicholls and Miss Muriel Foster, English soprano, and alto, will sing the parts which they originated at the first performance of the work in England. The programme of this evening will also contain the incidental music to Elgar's "Grania and Diarmid," Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," and Berlioz's "Hymn," op. 26.

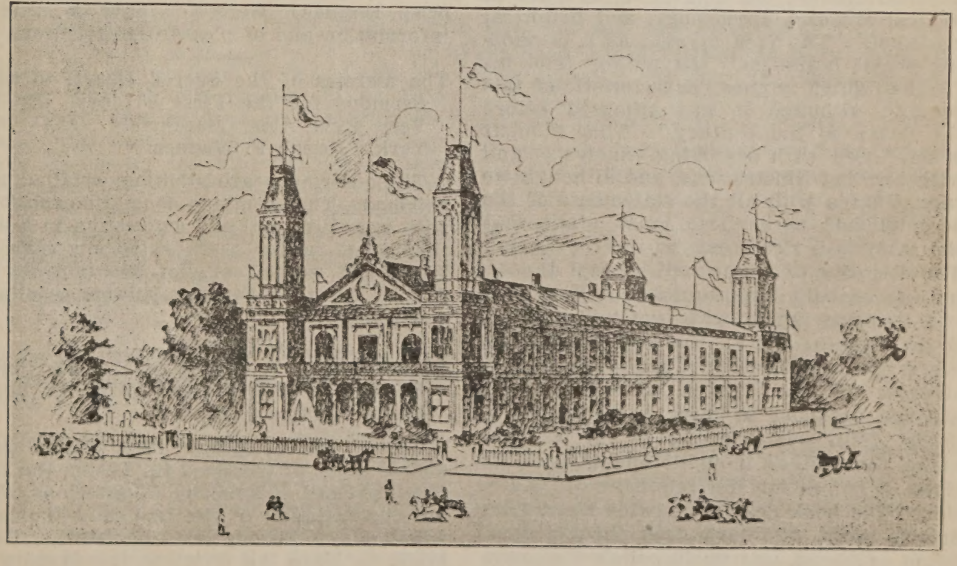
The Saturday matinee concert will be principally orchestral, Bruckner's Nint.

Symphony occupying a prominent place. Mme. Schumann-Heink and the male chorus will perform the Brahms Rhapsody, Op. 53, and Miss Muriel Foster will sing Edward Elgar's "Sea Pictures."

The closing concert on Saturday evening will be Beethoven, presenting the loftiest of the greatest master's works, his Ninth Symphony and his Mass in D. No grander climax could be imagined.

The soloists will include four prominent English singers, three of whom will make their American debut at this festival. Miss Agnes Nicholls, soprano; Miss Muriel Foster, alto, and Mr. William Green, tenor, are entirely new in this country. The bass soloist will be Mr. Watkin Mills, and the contralto will be Mme. Schumann-Heink, a prime favorite with American audiences.

The festival will be a worthy tribute to Mr. Thomas and his years of active service. When he takes his place at the conductor's stand on the opening night of the coming festival it will be the same firm hand, the same analytical mind, the same artistic temperament and the same unerring beat that will lead the orchestra and chorus to Parnassus. The stage will be crowded, the orchestra below and the chorus rising tier upon tier up to the flies; the organist will be perched high among the immense pipes of the organ, and the soloists will be grouped closely about the conductor's stand. In the vast auditorium there will be the very cream of Cincinnati's elite, shimmering with fineries and jewelry, and high up in the gallery the music lover will be studiously conning his score. The rustle of late comers will subside, Thomas will bow to the applauding audience, then to the chorus. He will grasp his baton, stretch forth his arms like eagle's wings. Silence everywhere. Musicians and singers watch. Then comes the downward beat. The instruments will respond, the chorus attack, the audience listen, the critics bend forward. Another festival will be on. Another triumph for musical America and Theodore Thomas will have begun, and another impetus given the greatest of arts in this country, where every art should flourish in its most perfect form.



SAENGERFEST HALL 1870.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Problems and Persons. By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Co. London, New York and Bombay. 1903. $4.60.

Wilfrid Ward is always original, always thoughtful, always forceful. The present work is largely made up of Essays given to the public in the leading Reviews during the past eight years. It is certainly most fitting that lines of thought which have cost considerable labor in their elaboration should be permanently preserved in book form. The Essays on Problems deal with "The Time-Spirit of the Nineteenth Century," "The Rigidity of Rome," "Unchanging Dogma and Changeful Man," "The Foundations of Belief," and "Candor in Biography," those on Persons discuss Tennyson, Thomas Henry Huxley, Two Mottoes of Cardinal Newman, Newman and Renan, The Life-Work of Cardinal Wiseman and The Life of Mrs. Augustus Craven. From this it will appear that the subjects treated are in themselves of great importance and of the widest interest. While the Essays on Persons will attract the largest number of readers, those on Problems will arouse the deepest thought. The essay on the Time-Spirit of the Nineteenth Century shows that its special contribution to our knowledge does not consist merely in the extraordinary development of physical science, but also in its advance in biblical exegesis, archæology, and historical criticism. "The idea of man as a developing social organism," the author tells us, "is that which is most characteristic of this century, although it was glimpsed before the dawn of the century." This thought is developed with searching analysis and with striking illustrations, and although we cannot agree with all the statements of the accomplished author, we must admit that the essay is a rich treat for the thoughtful. The Rigidity of Rome will compel the attention of both Protestants and Catholics. It is an essay replete with profound thought, though, again, not all will agree with Mr. Ward that the so-called rigidity and exclusiveness of the Church were largely an attitude assumed to meet a special emergency. Still whatever may be our personal views, the writer's thoughts and suggestions claim a respectful and reflective consideration. The book deserves a wide circulation among those who love deep thought, profound problems, and finely polished expressions.

Anecdotes and Examples. Illustrating the Catholic Catechism. Selected and arranged by Rev. Francis Spirago. Supplemented, adapted to the Baltimore Catechism and edited by Rev. James J. Baxter, D.D. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price $1.50.

Wisely does the eminent author remark in his preface: "Examples stimulate the imitative instinct which is strong in most people, especially in the young. Hence they are a powerful factor in education. In imparting instruction, also, examples are of no slight assistance, for they serve to elucidate the teaching, to render the lesson interesting and attractive and to keep the attention of the scholar from wandering." We call especial notice to the following valuable hints: "Judgment is needed in the selection of examples. . . . For the young none but the best are good enough. Therefore (1) the narration of improbable occurrences or stories of a ludicrous nature . . should above all be avoided. (2) The anecdotes narrated should be free from superfluous or irrelevant matter. (3) The examples should be interesting, and of an edifying and elevating character." Father Baxter's experienced hand can be traced on many a page and we warmly commend this book to all Sunday-school teachers. The examples are to the point, edifying and told in good, crisp English. Here you have a mine of information and of pleasant instruction.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. Twelve Sermons for the First Fridays. By the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D. New York. Joseph F. Wagner.

These sermons are striking, original and polished. They combine dogmatic exposition with moral counsel and suggestion in a way that must render them extremely popular. The rapid spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, makes this volume peculiarly welcome.

Pippo Buono. A Simple Life of St. Philip. Edited by Ralph Francis Kerr. St. Louis. Herder. Price $1.35.

This is an attractive life, written in a simple style, of the Good St. Philip, the true *Kinderfreund*. The many illustrations bring out the meaning of the text, and the loyal spirit shown throughout the book will do much to place the Saint of the Oratory in a pleasing light before the little folk. We

need many books of this nature. The greater number of the lives of the Saints are written in a style which does not make easy reading for the little people. They want simple, natural, heart-to-heart lives.

Temporal Dominion of the Pope in the Divine Plan. By Rev. Francis Dent, New York. M. A. Butler.

This little volume deals with a subject of deep interest to the Catholic world. Readers will peruse carefully the account of the historical growth of the temporal power as herein given, though we cannot help regretting the absence of foot-notes and of references to leading authorities. The substance of the book is summed up in the following: "The Pope must be a Sovereign or the Church will be a subject, and the servant of one government will not be recognized as the mistress of all. It is in the design of God that His spouse be free, and she will be free, as long as her chief pastor repeats the magic words *non possumus. We cannot* is the all-inspiring cry that saves. Neither wiles nor threats, nor subterfuges can prevail against Christ's Vicar. All others may waver, but he shall be faithful to the end." Copies of this book, if judiciously distributed, would serve to drive away those erroneous views upon this subject, which we find so wide-spread among non-Catholics.

From Doubt to Faith. By Rev. F. Tournebize, S.J. Adapted from the French by Rev. J. M. Leleu. Herder, St. Louis. 1904. Price 30 cents.

We must be grateful to Fr. Leleu for clothing this valuable treatise in an English dress. The book is written for distressed and tempted souls, for minds harrowed by doubt, for all who either have never received the gift of faith or who have lost it. In view of the rampant indifference in our country, we feel assured that this thoughtful work will prove an opportune aid both to clergy and to laity in dealing with the educated inquirer.

The Tragedy of Chris—By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert), St. Louis, Herder, 1903. Price $1.50.

This pathetic story shows that Lady Gilbert's deep mind has lost none of its keenness, her imagination none of its force, and her magic pen none of its deftness. Chris is a tragedy which will interest the young, instruct the old, charm the literary circles and edify the pious.

The Beginnings of Christianity. By Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. New York. Benziger Bros. 1903. Price $2.00.

Catholics may well be proud of this scholarly volume and they may justly congratulate the University at Washington upon the possession of so able a Professor as Dr. Shahan. The studies herein offered to the public, deal with certain general conditions of Christian life in the first three centuries of our era. In one way or another they illustrate certain phases and circumstances of those wonderful centuries before Constantine the Great, when the constitution and institutions of the new religious society were developing on all sides within the vast Empire of Rome. The teachings of Jesus Christ were the pure, sweet leaven that permeated the decaying and unhappy society of antiquity, saved from its mass of corruption some germs of goodness and truth, of beauty and justice, and strengthened the State against those shocks that would otherwise have reduced it to primæval barbarism. The wondrous workings of this leaven are described by Dr. Shahan with the accuracy of a true scholar, with the sympathy of a devout heart; and in the finished style of a literary artist. With masterly skill the author disposes of Gibbon's subtle attempts to explain on purely natural grounds the wonderful spread of the early Church, and he shows that no explanation of this amazing phenomenon can be deemed adequate which leaves out of consideration the very soul of the Christian religion, namely that intense love for and that deep loyalty to Christ crucified, which marked the early Christians. The opposing obstacles, the unfavorable environments, the pride and lust of men, all stood in the way of the new religion, and yet Christianity triumphed over all, and erected upon the ruins of a degraded civilization the new civilization in which liberty was crowned, personal integrity protected and the dignity of woman honored. These are the themes discussed in this truly remarkable book, and we sincerely hope that the reading public, both Catholic and Protestant, will accord this volume the recognition which it so richly deserves.

Portraits of the Sixties. By Justin McCarthy. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.00.

"Portraits of the Sixties" is what its name implies, and in making his pen pictures Mr. McCarthy has worked entirely from his own abundant store of impressions and experiences, thereby giving to his work the charm

of personal reminiscence. He knew all the prominent men and women of the period of which he writes, and was familiarly associated with many of them. Of special interest in his recollections of literary people is the chapter on Charles Dickens. Other chapters that will find interested readers present Thackeray, Carlyle, the brothers Newman, Ruskin, Sir Richard and Lady Burton, and Richard Cobden.

Mr. McCarthy's acute powers of observation are very manifest in this book where his delineation of men and manners tells of his rare experiences and of the genial sympathetic spirit which won him the confidence of the people who made the sixties famous.

Speaking of the brothers Newman he says, "I cannot think of them without recalling to memory a deeply interesting passage in Thackeray's Pendennis." This passage refers to the dispute between Arthur Pendennis and his comrade, George Warrington, when the former takes issue on the meaning of truth, and what it has driven men to do. This discussion presented the issue between the two brothers, and was so recognized at the time of its appearance. In the opening of the sixties Justin McCarthy became acquainted with Francis Newman and came to know him better than he did the great Cardinal. The reason he assigns for this was that John Henry Newman kept quite apart from political movements, while his brother took an active share in the conduct of political organizations. He says: "I have always thought that Francis Newman while acting with the most sincere and unselfish motives, never succeeded in accomplishing as much by his intellect and perseverance as might have been expected from one so richly endowed with noble qualities of mind and heart." He deplores the tendency of this brilliant man to waste his intellectual capacity through his readiness to identify himself with eccentric movements. "Francis Newman did not always seem able to distinguish between a creed and a crotchet." The scene Mr. McCarthy depicts in Exeter Hall, in the little subterranean room, is one never to be forgotten in its strength of contrast between the level to which this gifted, but eccentric man descended, and the heights to which his brother, the Cardinal, had attained, the one condition the result of misapplied energy and wasted intellect, the other the direct result of forces of character controlled by an able mind and directed by a strong spiritual nature.

It was a fortunate circumstance that led to the employment of Mr. McCarthy's pen to write of the men and women represented in Fisher Unwin's collection of portraits.

Lady Anne's Walk. By Eleanor Alexander. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. $2.50.

We may well say of Miss Alexander what she says of one of the personages in her book, "she has the most delicious fancies." Open the daintily-bound volume where you will you are held by its quaint charm, its grace and sweetness. Lady Anne's Walk is no commonplace plot of ground, laid off in stiff beds and borders. It is a delightful place, fragrant with old-fashioned blooms, shaded by lofty trees, and peopled with men and women who lived in the long ago.

Lady Anne, the owner of the garden, was the sister of an Archbishop of Armagh, who contrived for her this calm retreat. "She heard music in the running water, she read the poetry book of nature, she talked with God and the great spirits of all ages whom He has inspired to be his interpreters. She took a large view of life, she loved the land of her birth, and the pleasant places where her lines had fallen. The men and women whom she met held the unfading problem of human interest and human need, and the men and women of the uncertain past came out from the shadows of her historic home, peopled the old waste places, and also claimed her attention and her sympathy." Such was Lady Anne. Can we wonder that such a sympathetic student of her ways as Miss Alexander proves herself to be, should fall under the spell of the garden, and rambling through its walks make pleasant acquaintance with Lady Anne's familiars.

Legend and old-world history are recalled, quaint reflections and criticisms made with generous frequency, and—not of rare occurrence—a bit of feminine gossip or surmise is pleasantly intruded lest the mind may unduly favor serious thought.

A delightful spot to loiter in is this Irish garden, possessed of as great a charm as that German garden where Elizabeth dreamed out her happy days, perhaps an even greater charm, for order does not mark its walks and ways or the flowering of its blooms, which come up much as they will, in riotous profusion or straggling growth, offering as of old, stocks, verbenas, and clove pinks, a handful of leaves from the Provence rose for the potpourri bowl, mullein for the medicine shelf, and sweet lavender such as Lady Anne used to place in her brother's fine white lawn.

This is a book for all the year, but especially for the spring when birds are building, and primroses fringe the stream.

Kind Hearts and Coronets. By J. Harrison. Benziger Brothers, New York, $1.25.

The writer of this charming story easily convinces her readers that "Kind hearts are

more than coronets." From gentle, kindly Mrs. Lindsay to Phil, the irrepressible schoolboy, the members of the Lindsay family are delightful people to meet, and to meet them one by one in the cheery dining room, on a bright spring morning, is an experience to be recalled with pleasure, again and again. Phil, Agatha, France, Hugh, and their mother are very real characters, differing widely in many respects, but united by the love and loyalty characteristic of the truly Catholic home. Hugh the elder son, is the central figure. In him the writer depicts a virile type, the Catholic layman, strong in principle, and practical in the profession of his belief. He makes an ideal head of the family, for whom he has sacrificed his own ambitions, taking up the dull routine of business life to supply their needs, and resolutely putting from him all dreams of being one day a great painter. It is during a brief visit home that we see him first. He is enjoying the attentions of mother and sisters when their pleasure is interrupted by the arrival of a telegram, a summons from his Uncle Eric, the owner of the Lindsay estates, a haughty, cold man who had severed all connection with Hugh's father when the latter became a Catholic. To describe Hugh's visit to his uncle's home, the people he met there, and the scenes that took place would be unfair to readers, who will want to follow for themselves every step in his career. There is not a dull page or a prosy incident in the whole book, and interest increases with every chapter until the culmination is reached in the accomplishment of the hero's heart's desire. It is to be hoped that the author will bring out another story, following the various characters portrayed into their new homes. We cannot have too many novels of this character.

Non Serviam. A Lenten Course of Seven Sermons on the Subject of Mortal Sin. By Rev. W. Graham. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. Price 40 Cents.

The following subjects are treated in this excellent Lenten course: Mortal Sin, Sins of Thought, Sins of Habit, The Sin of Drunkenness, Scandal, Sins of the Tongue, Christ, the Victim of Sin. Plain, practical, and profitable, they are admirably suited for the purpose for which they were planned by the reverend author.

What Shall We Eat? By Alfred Andrews. The Health-Culture Co., New York. 50 Cents.

The question asked in the title of this book is an important one, and no more satisfactory effort to answer it has been made than is to be found between the covers of this practical volume. It opens with a consideration of the purposes for which we eat, and how food material is converted to our needs, and is used in sustaining life. The causes of indigestion and how it interferes with nutrition are taken up.

The Great Captain, by Katherine Tynan; The Haldeman Children, by Mary E. Mannix; The Young Color Guard, by Mary G. Bonesteel; Two Little Girls, by Lilian Mack. Benziger Brothers. New York. 45 cents each.

In these four juvenile books recently issued young people will have an opportunity to gratify individual tastes. Katharine Tynan's story is a tale of Sir Walter Raleigh, told by the last of the Desmonds. That it is well told goes without saying. Mrs. Bonesteel keeps her young readers in touch with Tommy Collins' life in Cuba, and by her vivid word pictures makes them share his experiences. "The Haldeman Children" is a story of home life that will please many. Lilian Mack gives very young readers a pleasant hour with "Two Little Girls." It is a step in the right direction to bring out books of this character at a low enough price to ensure a wide circulation.

A Story from the Philippines. By Katharine T. Driscoll. The Abbey Press, New York.

A collection of charming tales told by Uncle Will to his nephews and nieces, the Darling children, who, while they are attracted by the novel stories, are also instructed in learning of the manners and customs of the Filipinos. There are many excellent illustrations to help out the interest of Uncle Will's descriptions, and the enjoyment of his little relatives will be shared by every child who gets this book.

The Ecclesiastical Year for Catholic Schools and Institutions. Translated from the German of Rev. Andreas Petz. By a member of the Dominican Order. Milwaukee. The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1903.

A book full of sound reflections and of correct information; eminently fitted to spread that spirit of home devotion which forms so attractive a feature of German Catholicity.

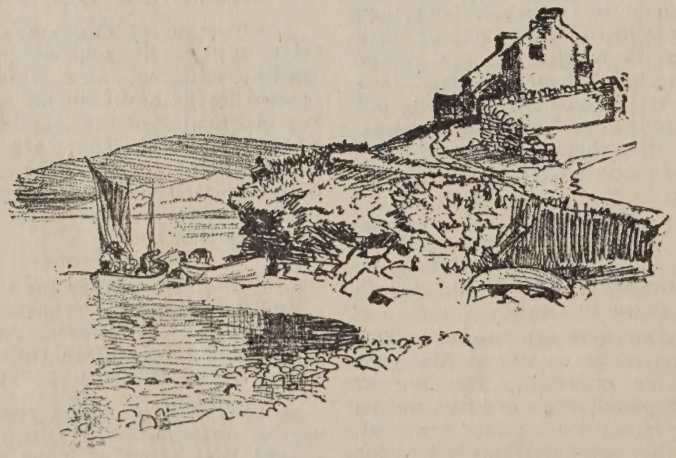
The 35th Annual Report of St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys, Baltimore, Md., shows in detail the work undertaken, the methods pursued, and the results obtained from the intelligent direction of this great juvenile reformatory, where, since the open-

ing of the school, 5461 boys have received the benefits of education imparted through the best system.

The Messenger of St. Joseph, Phila., Pa. for 1904., and a beautiful souvenir of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys, testify to what is being done for the children of the streets by the promoters of this noble charity, which derives its sole support from an individual subscription of twenty-five cents for membership in St. Joseph's association. The souvenir is offered as a premium to any one who will fill a subscription book with twenty-five names.

Sursum Corda, the annual organ of St. Gabriel's Confraternity, makes an attractive appearance in 1904, presenting many literary features as well as much useful information on the work of the organization. This Confraternity is devoted to the spiritual needs of "shut-ins," and to the consolation and enlightening through correspondence of isolated and poorly instructed Catholics. Money is needed to supply Catholic reading matter and religious articles to isolated members, and those who can help a worthy cause should address the directors of the society, Phila., Pa.

St. Patrick as a Lawgiver by Joseph M. Sullivan; The Province of Quebec, Its History and Its People, by George McAleer; What Catholics Do Not Believe, by the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D.; and "The Gospel Story of the Passion of Our Lord, compiled by the Very Rev. Canon Arthur Ryan, are pamphlets that will reward the reader seeking information on the subjects they treat of. The two last named afford further proof of the splendid work being done by the International Truth Society in disseminating a knowledge of Catholic belief and practices.



QUESTION BOX.

Why did the tribe of Levi not receive a portion of the Promised Land?

As the service of the Jewish sanctuary was given to the tribe of Levi, that tribe received no territorial possessions. This is clearly narrated in Deut. x. 8. "The tribe of Levi was separated (from the others) to carry the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and to stand before Him in the ministry, and to bless in His name. . . . . Wherefore Levi hath no part nor possession with his brethren: because the Lord Himself is his possession." In place of territory the Levites were to receive from the others the tithes of the produce of the land, from which they, in their turn, offered a tithe to the priests (the descendants of Aaron), as a recognition of their higher consecration. When the wanderings of the chosen people were over and the tabernacle had a fixed place, a great part of their duty that had fallen upon them came to an end, and they too needed an abiding home. This was secured by the assignment to the whole tribe of forty-eight cities, with an outlying "suburb" of meadow-land for the pasturage of their flocks and herds. The reverence of the people for the Levites was still further heightened by the selection of six of these as cities of refuge.

The duties of the Levites during the journey into the Holy Land were numerous and striking. As the Tabernacle was the sign among the people of their invisible King, so the Levites were, among the other tribes of Israel, as the royal guard, that waited exclusively on Him. When the people were at rest, they encamped as guardians around the sacred tent. When on the march no hand but theirs might strike the tent at the beginning of the day's journey, or carry the parts of its structure during it, or pitch the tent again when they halted. To them also belonged the office of preserving, transcribing, and interpreting the law.

Why were the Israelites kept in the desert forty years?

In the book of Numbers we have the reason thereof given as follows: "According to the number of the forty days wherein you viewed the land, your children shall wander in the desert forty years.' A year shall be counted for a day."

Who were the Fathers of the Church and how does a Father differ from a Doctor of the Church?

By *Fathers of the Church* are understood those ecclesiastical writers of old, who, on account of their learning and holiness of life, have been recognized as such by the Church. Four conditions, according to Schmid, are necessary for a Father of the Church:—

(1) *Antiquity.* Authorities do not all agree about this condition, some close the patristic period with the fourth, others with the sixth, others with the fourteenth century; while others again, entirely object to any limitation of time. The general opinion, however, is that St. Isidore of Seville (+636) may be regarded as the last Father of the West, St. John of Damascus (+ 754) as the last of the East.

(2) *Ecclesiastical learning.* This condition excludes not only non-Christian, but also those Christian writers who have held and propounded erroneous views, or distinguished themselves in profane rather than in ecclesiastical knowledge.

(3) *Holiness of life.* There exists an internal connection between true ecclesiastical learning and personal sanctity, and only those can be considered as Fathers who have helped to produce and to fashion the spiritual life of the Church, not merely by their writings, but also by their example.

(4) *Approbation by the Church.* This approbation may be formal and explicit, or only tacit and implicit.

The *Doctors of the Church* are those ecclesiastical writers who, on account of their learning and holiness, have been expressly honored with this title by the Church. In a Doctor of the Church three qualities are required.

(1) Eminent ecclesiastical learning, (2) Remarkable holiness of life, (3) Express approbation on the part of the Church. Among the Greeks are St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nazianzen and St. Chrysostom. Among the Latins are St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Hilary of Poitiers, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Leo the Great, St. Gregory the Great, St. John of Damascus, St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquins, St. Bonaventure, St. Francis de Sales, St. Alphonsus Liguori. St. Isidore of Seville, St. Anselm of Canterbury, St. Peter Chrysologus and St. Peter Damian are likewise honored by the Church as Doctors in her liturgy.

What is the difference between Heresy and Schism?

Heretics are those who deny some article of Catholic belief; "Schismatics,"

says St. Thomas, "in the strict sense are those who of their will and intention, sever themselves from the unity of the Church." This unity of the Church, he continues, consists in the connection of its members with the head. "Now this head is Christ whose representative in the Church is the supreme Pontiff." And, therefore, the name of "schismatics" is given to those who refuse to be under the Supreme Pontiff, and to communicate with the members of the Church who are subject to Him." Further he thus explains the difference between Heresy and Schism. Heresy is opposed to faith, Schism to charity; so that, although all heretics are schismatics, because loss of faith involves separation from the Church, all schismatics are not heretics, since a man may from anger, pride, ambition, or the like, sever himself from the communion of the Church and yet believe all that which the Church proposes for our belief. Still, a state of pure schism—i.e. of schism without heresy—cannot continue long—at least, in the case of a large number of men. The words of St. Jerome (on Titus cap. 3) quoted by St. Thomas, are to the point: "Schism at the beginning may be understood as something different from heresy, but there is no schism which does not invent some heresy for itself in order to justify its secession." History abundantly confirms this observation. Bodies which at first separate from the Church merely because they think their personal rights have been infringed, are sure, in the end to deny the Church's Unity and to lose the spirit of faith. And so St. Thomas remarks that, as loss of charity is the way to loss of faith, so schism is the road to heresy.

Who was Frankenstein?

Frankenstein was a student who constructed out of the fragments picked from church-yards and dissecting-rooms, a human form without a soul. The monster had muscular strength, animal passions, and active life, but "no breath of divinity." It longed for animal love, and animal sympathy, but was shunned by all. It was most powerful for evil, and, being fully conscious of its own defects and deformities sought with persistency to inflict retribution on the young student who had called it into being. The monster hid himself from the eye of man in the Ultima Thule of the habitable globe and then killed Frankenstein on his way home. The monster is sometimes, but erroneously, called Frankenstein.

What is the meaning of the blessed bread as given in French Catholic Churches?

To understand this custom, we must go back to the customs of the primitive Church. At that time daily Communion was the general practice among the faithful. However, when faith had grown somewhat cold, and when many of the faithful no longer communicated daily, the need was felt of showing by some outward sign that they were in good standing in the Church. Accordingly, the celebrant consecrated so much only of the bread placed on the altar as was needed for the communicants; the rest of the bread was blessed and distributed to those who did not actually communicate though they had the right to do so. The Eulogia then was a substitute, though of course a most imperfect one for Holy Communion. From this practice sprang the custom referred to in French churches.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SPRING SCENES.

Courtesy of Boston Herald.

OPENING OF THE PRESENTATION CEREMONIES AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, APRIL 13.

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LI. MAY, 1904 No. 5

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

BY HERBERT YOUNG.

It is surprising that the little devils who invent popular puzzles in aid of insane asylums have never yet put on the market a puzzle on the presidential election. Probably nature abhors an excess so extreme: two puzzles on the market at the same time. The presidential puzzle no one can escape; and therefore the mechanical affair would not sell. For which kindness of nature let us be grateful! One may forecast the work of a national convention; to name the next President of the United States, in our day, is only a degree inferior to naming the day of judgment. After all how easy is it for God to rule the little world, lost in its own entanglements. It ought to be clear to rulers, diplomats, generals, and monarchs, even to M. Combes the Premier of France, who have the ultimate word in government, and never dare to utter it, that only God can bring order out of the chaos of schemes and counter-schemes, passions, corruptions, and policies, that make up political life; and particularly that acute expression of hopeless intricacy, a popular election.

Nevertheless the Hon. Tim Campbell of New York had the honor to name a future president. Campbell was a lawyer of wit and generosity, and a political leader of renown in the metropolis; he was buried only last April with great pomp from St. Mary's church in New York. At a dinner given in the days of Cleveland's obscurity, probably just after his election to the governorship, the Honorable Tim proposed a toast "to our next president." As the able and jealous Tilden still held the center of the stage, obscuring all precocious candidates, the prediction had merit and courage. Campbell won and retained the friendship of Cleveland up to his death, and their pleasant intimacy is illustrated by an amusing story. While Campbell was a member of Congress he asked a favor of President Cleveland, which looked like an invasion of the Constitution. "Not the slightest objection to granting your request, Tim," said Mr. Cleveland, "but I feel pretty sure the Constitution will not permit it." The Congressman waved away the slight objection. "The Constitution!" said he loftily. "And between friends, Mr. President, what is a little thing like the Constitution?"

Years ago when President Roosevelt was a mere writer of American history and a hunter of western game, probably at the date of his appearance in New York politics, the village pastor of Oyster Bay prophesied his future glory. The occasion was a village picnic, which Mr. Roosevelt, always a good neighbor, attended as one of the local celebrities. Civic orations in honor of the day, Fourth of July, were made by the local orators, and the priest of the parish in a burst of admiration and enthusiasm hailed the young and strenuous leader as a coming President. The prophecy may have looked rather bombastic at that date,

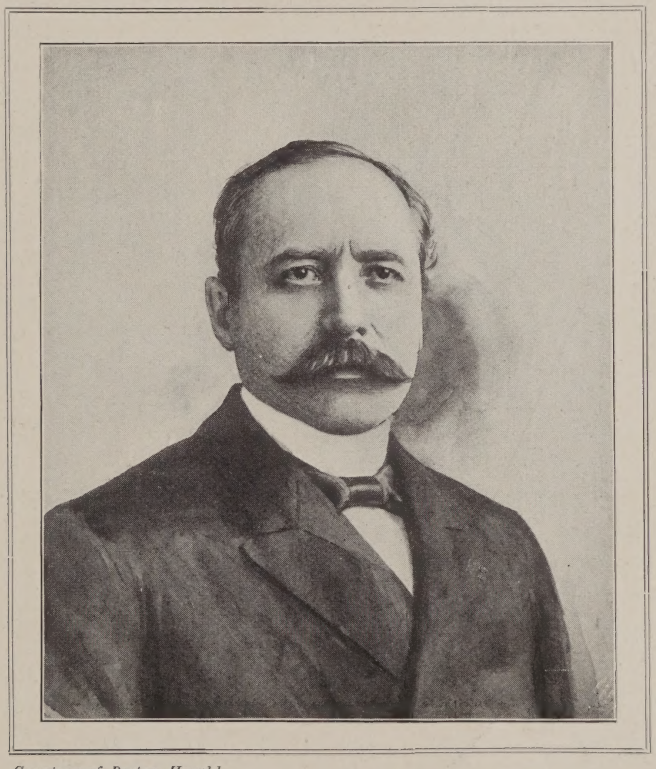
but in the light of recent events its dignity cannot be denied. Although banquets and picnics are natural breeding-spots of flattering prophecy, and accidental orators are given to prophesying, in these two cases one may cheerfully admit that the shadow of coming events fell across the orator's imagination.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The most prominent candidates for the nomination of the two conventions are President Roosevelt and Judge Alton B. Parker; both have been presidential timber for some years; both have an extensive following, large experience, and strenuous ambitions. Mr. Roosevelt is the more picturesque figure, the more daring, and fonder of the limelight. From the day he entered politics until the moment when with a stroke of his pen he handed thirty millions of dollars to the pension lawyers and the pension sharks without so much as a "by your

leave" to Congress, the calcium light man has worked night and day to keep the Roosevelt figure bright in the public eye.

Wherever he is something is going on, not always important, or necessary, or significant, but invariably picturesque. He kept the New York journals busy as Police Commissioner, he resigned his post in the Navy department to form the Rough Riders, his career in Cuba read in the papers like the passage of a cyclone, and the cyclone landed him in the governorship of New York, in spite of the Platt machine. He was forced into the Vice-Presidency to drive him into obscurity temporary or permanent, and the act led to his present exalted postion. In his high office the eye of the world has never left him for an instant; the work of pacifying the Philippines, of aiding Cuba, of securing a Panama Canal, and of keeping strict neutrality in the Japanese war has kept the critics on edge; and the more serious labor of holding the affection and confidence of his party with a view to a second term has kept popular interest at the boiling point. Certainly his career has the merit of brilliancy, even if death interfered at the critical moments. The assassination of McKinley and the departure of Marcus Hanna to eternity simply made Mr. Roosevelt the inevitable man for his party.



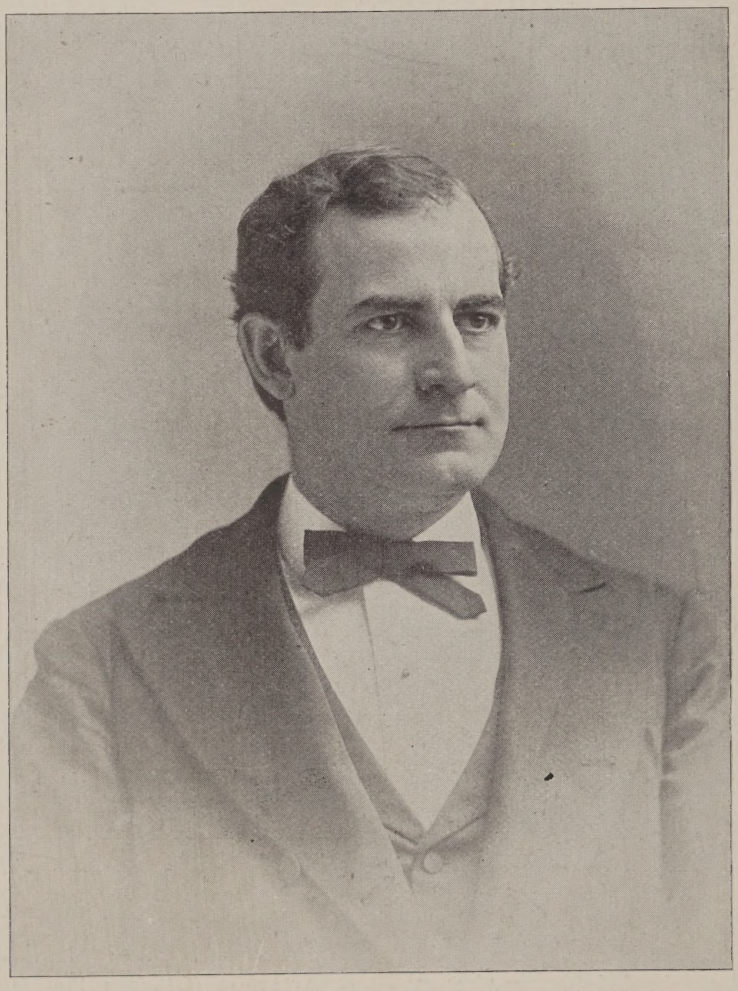
Courtesy of Boston Herald.

ALTON B. PARKER.

His friends and neighbors say he is a very agreeable and sociable man, but he does not look it. His complexion is muddy, his voice raucous; he has the quick restless movement of a weasel;

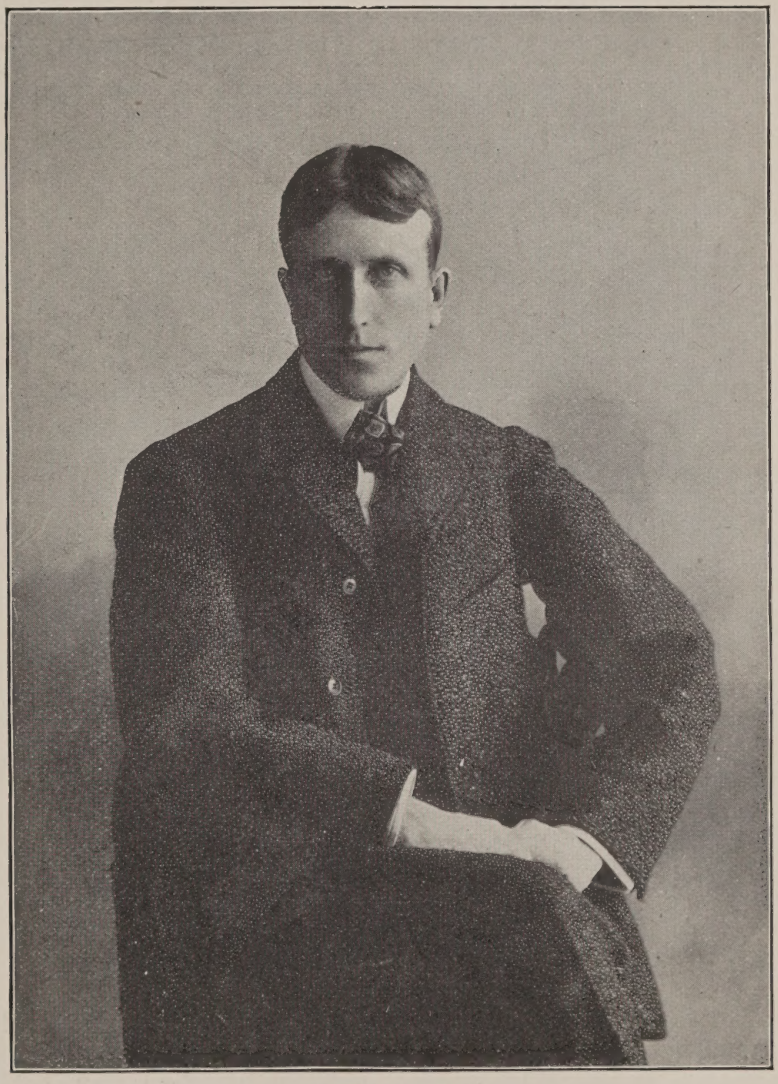
when he speaks his upper lip disappears, and the teeth remain grinning at you most sneeringly. He never seems at ease, and on the few occasions when I had the chance of observing him he did not seem sincere. Yet there can be no doubt that he is a reasonable and patriotic citizen, and a faithful official despite his feverish ambition; it is quite evident that principle rules that ambition, for he might be much surer of nomination and election this fall had he been more subservient to the enemies of the Republic, as Mr. Lincoln Steffens calls the Trust-formers of the time.

Judge Alton B. Parker, the probable Democratic candidate, is a personality of a very different sort. By way of contrast he would appear beside President Roosevelt as a fine bit of colonial furniture, solid, dark, and graceful, beside the gorgeousness of an Empire cabinet. His course has been safe, useful, conservative, and thoroughly Democratic. He was



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

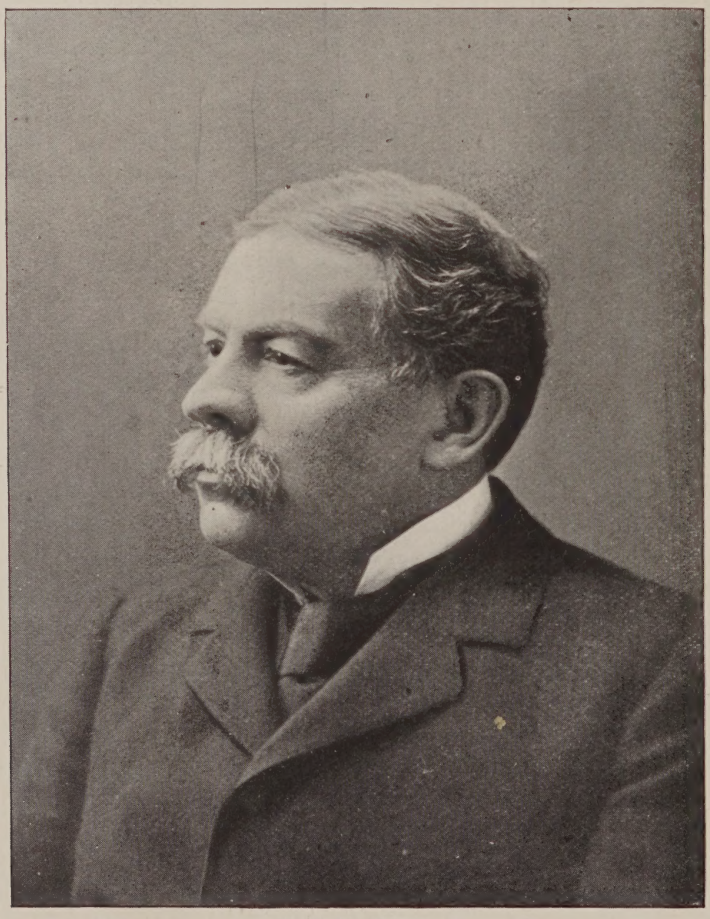
born in Cortland, New York State, just fifty-two years ago, became a lawyer at Kingston on the Hudson, entered on a political career in 1877, and mounted the bench in 1885, where he has since remained, being at present chief judge of the court of appeals. Learned in the law, with twenty years experience on the bench, a student of politics, acquainted with the leading men of the time, he would make an ideal executive, somewhat of the Harrison temper, more judicious than Cleveland in dealing with his party, less impulsive than Roosevelt, and less apt to get dizzy in the glare of the calcium light. His name has been in view for many years as a possible candidate, his fame has ripened slowly, and there has been



WILLIAM R. HEARST.

about it a healthy Democratic growth that attracts the average thinker and business man, to whom election time is more or less threatening.

The question is: will either of these men get the nomination? It is no secret that President Roosevelt is not a desirable candidate in the eyes of the trust-makers, them that his second and last term might develop cyclonic blasts against them. The leaders of the Republican party are sold body and soul to the predatory trusts, and to the predatory part of the tariff; Roosevelt is more devoted to the people and their welfare than to party or tariff; he has seen things with his own eyes since



RICHARD OLNEY.

the political grafters, and the iniquity of Wall Street. His honesty and patriotism are opposed to these sources of corruption and danger, these enemies of the Republic. While he has not done them any harm, nor expressed any feeling about them, his face has been harder to them than iron-wood; and the fear is on he became President; and with his hot temper and rage against the mean and the unjust the wonder is that he did not burst upon the secret iniquity of the leaders long ago. If these people can find a safe man before the convention meets, or during its sitting, a man dear to the people and weak before his ambition or his opportunity,

Theodore Roosevelt will not get the nomination. The chief of his New York delegation is the odious and frightful Governor of the State of New York, Benjamin Odell, whose career may not be written up until he is dead. With a man of this stamp representing the Empire State in the Republican convention, anything could happen. Odell can be depended upon by the unlawful money interests of the country to carry out their plans of future pillage, among which the chief is a President willing to let them loot the nation.

Fortunately there is no other Republican candidate in sight as yet, and Mr. Roosevelt may receive the nomination of the convention almost by acclamation. The case is far different with Judge Parker. His advance to glory will be disputed step by step by two men of national prominence and undoubted power, Mr. Bryan of Nebraska, and Mr. Hearst of New York, the proprietor of five popular daily papers published respectively in the cities of San Francisco, Chicago, New York, and Boston. Bryan cannot be a candidate for the simple reason that he has twice demonstrated his special inability to lead the party to victory. The capitalists and employers and bankers of the country decline to entrust to him the office of President; not predatory capital, but the solid and respectable monied men upon whose fidelity the entire financial and industrial fabric depends. Mr. Bryan knows this fact. His influence however will be strong enough to give him an important place in the convention, and the slate-makers are wondering how he will use that influence. Has he rooted objections to men like Parker? Does he attach any value to the Hearst boom? Could he be induced by a promise of a place in the Cabinet to support the candidacy of Hearst, or to ignore the special fact that Judge Parker is acceptable to the honest financiers of the East?

The appearance of Hearst in the field is one of the picturesque incidents of the present situation. There is nothing phenomenal about it, and nothing ridiculous, as some leaders pretend. William Randolph Hearst is a citizen of renown, young but not too youthful, a famous journalist; and his desire to be the next President implies neither rashness nor impudence. His methods are perhaps new. In the pleasant slang of the hour, he has manufactured his own boom. He has served no apprenticeship in politics, nor to fame. Neither did Grover Cleveland before he entered the White House. The Sheriff of Erie County, the Mayor of Buffalo, the Governor of New York, knew far less of national conditions, had a poorer experience, than the man who, just out of his teens, made a success of the San Francisco Examiner, a second success of the New York Journal, a third success of the Chicago American, and is reaching out for other successes.

His merits are not few. Evidently he began his career with a determination to serve the people. He has preached for years the gospel of discontent, because he regards content as the enemy of progress. With all his power he has denounced the oppression of the laborers and of the poor, now become so sad a feature of our industrial life. He has exposed the robberies, the corruptions of the Trusts, their trading in legislatures, judges and state officials. He has pursued the Coal Trust through its devious subways, and finally dragged it to public disgrace before the Supreme Court. He destroyed the Ice Trust in New York. He has given all the influence of his journals to every movement in behalf of better wages and better conditions for the

laborer. His public service has been wonderful both in its scope and its effect. A member of the inner circle of Democracy said to me the other day: "If Hearst received the nomination the labor unions would elect him."

Will he get it? That he has worried the leaders on both sides there can be no question. When the place of meeting for the Democratic convention came to be discussed by the leaders in Washington, they were amazed at the boldness and numbers of the Hearst agents who demanded that Chicago be selected; and they chose St. Louis in order to save the convention from being stampeded for Hearst, as once it had been for Bryan. Since his election to Congress his methods have been as striking as his methods in journalism. He found seven or eight congressmen willing to recognize him as a leader, and they formed the Hearst Brigade. He undertook among other things to force the Republican Congress into a declaration on the eight-hour rule in government work. The leaders wished to avoid taking any position on so delicate a matter. With the aid of his Brigade Hearst brought them to the critical point, and the party went on record as unfavorable to an eight-hour day. He tried to get on the Ways and Means Committee and failed; he asked for a place on the other committee and was told that he came too late; but such a flood of petitions in his behalf descended upon the Speaker and the committee that for the sake of peace a member resigned in his favor.

A man of this temper is not to be brushed aside. He reminds one of Parnell and his obstruction party of three, scandalizing Mr. Butt and his respectable Home Rulers. I think it easy to predict that he will not get the nomination, even with the aid of Mr. Bryan; for the simple reason that his nomination would divide the country into two camps: the laboring people on one side, and the employers, bankers, political leaders, capitalists, trusts, on the other. His election would amount to a revolution, and we are not quite prepared for that kind of radicalism. If his name showed any strength, if he won the support of Bryan, if he threatened the success of Judge Parker, undoubtedly there would be a stampede to Mr. Olney or Mr. Cleveland as the (one) man able to unite nearly all factions, to assure the conservatives, and to lead a successful fight against degenerate Republicanism. Concerning Mr. Olney it is enough to say that his nomination would place before the people a man of intellect, brilliancy and power; a man who brought England to her knees in the Venezuelan business; a man who respects the authority of Law and believes that laws should be enforced against the strong as well as the weak. His attitude towards the predatory Trust, his devotion to the Washington tradition against European alliance, and his uncommon ability would make him a most popular candidate. It is not unlikely that Cleveland will receive the nomination, despite his wish to remain a private citizen. Yet the rejection of his name and the failure of his present boom will not displace Hearst. He will be heard from even more powerfully at the next convention.

Should the struggle be waged between Roosevelt and Parker the chances would be strongly in favor of the Democratic candidate. The country needs a change of parties for the mere benefit of the change. The Republicans have held office for thirty-six years, and their inability to rule is evident in the tremendous growth of the parasites: the frightful Pension Fund, the Tariff, and the Trusts. The support of our aged soldiers has passed

from a beneficent and patriotic sentiment into a civic disease; the protection of infant industries has become a bondage to capital; the general willingness to favor our captains of industry, to promote traffic has degenerated into the breeding of such monsters as the Carnegies, the Rockfellers, and the Morgans.

We need a return to Democracy of the purest kind, the Jeffersonian if you will. Our politicians have gone money-mad, and the flower of it is seen in the thing called graft. Expansion is only a form of graft; the Panama Republic was born of graft; the expedition to China smelled of graft; our diplomatic fiddling with the Japanese war was the Anglomania graft. The politicians in office and out of office have become the prey of the great money-power, which has prostituted the legal talent of the country to its diabolic uses. The people are nothing to the politicians of either party of course. The priest was dilating to the children of the Sunday school on the meanness of the elder brother in the story of the Prodigal Son. "Can anybody tell me who failed to share in the jubilation over the poor boy's return to his father's house?" said he. "I know," shouted the bright boy, "it was the fatted calf." The people are the fatted calf, and the return of the politicians to power would mean only another roast for them.

It is the return of Democracy which the country needs, and neither the election of Roosevelt nor that of Parker would mean such a return unless the uprising of the people, a mighty declaration in favor of the Democratic candidate, a mighty condemnation of degenerate Republicanism, left no doubt as to their knowledge of the situation and their determination to change it at once and for a generation. The enemies of the Republic are now the dominant power, and they are at work in both conventions. They will not elect, if they can help it, any man or party opposed to their terrible undermining of our free institutions. It is for the people to bring them to well-deserved ruin.

THE CLASP OF HEAVEN.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

When great illumined cities fling their lights
  Down bay or darkling harbor, in its tide
  Low, tremulant reflections dance and hide,—
Rare, scarlet streamers, such as elfin sprites
Weave, fanciful, in their mysterious rites,—
  And when, o'erhead, the stars serene abide
  In silvery state, our poor earth-quivering pride
And heaven's eternity one clasp unites.

For Earth is full of trembling, daring deeds
  And hearts awakened to delicious thrills,
Flashing and breaking. Their incessant needs
  Flame into prayer. Then, lo, the touch that stills!
See. One in Heaven bends over! Mercies shine
And melt our loveless wills to His Divine.

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

"Is it vulgar, my dear?" she asked. "I shouldn't have thought it. I am sure poor Olivarez didn't mean it vulgar. Why, there's hardly a pretty girl I know who wouldn't marry Olivarez if he asked them, for all that he isn't over-particular in some ways, and wasn't brought up to his money any more than myself."

Anne waived away the subject of Mr. Olivarez as though it could not possibly have the remotest interest for her.

"We won't talk about him," she said. "I do remember him. He had shirt studs that were like gig-lamps. I suppose he couldn't help it. But tell me, dear Mrs. Perkins. We were talking of something so much more interesting. Did you ever see your son's wife?"

"Not I." Mr. Perkins' face became purple with indignation. "A little common hussy, to take advantage of my son when he wasn't in a state to know what he was doing! I wish I could have had her punished by law for it."

"Perhaps she liked him," said Anne wistfully. "Why should she not? She may not have known that he was rich."

"I told my lawyer to allow her a sum that would enable her to live respectable. I couldn't have my George's wife disgrace his name, or else I'd have let her be. She calls for the allowance quarterly. That is all I know of her. Indeed, now you mention it, Mr. Drake of Drake, Hollis & Burr—it's a well-known old firm, my dear—did want me to see her. I couldn't do it—a common Irish girl."

"Irish!"

"My dear, I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Perkins in a painful flutter of repentance. "I hope you will forgive me. I wouldn't have let it escape me, not for anything you could give me, if I'd remembered."

"Never mind," said Anne, "if she is not good it doesn't alter the fact that she's Irish. I wish you could see her, Mrs. Perkins, all the same."

"I couldn't bring myself to do it, my dear. You see I took it that she—took him in like."

"If you were so fond of him why should you doubt someone else loving him for his own sake?"

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Perkins, in a wondering voice. Her face looked as though she had been given a pause. If so be it was that she didn't take him for his money. But no, my dear, it was a blow. With all that great fortune waiting for him; and he might pick and choose among ladies of title. He might have, indeed, my dear."

"I wouldn't value that unless they liked him for himself."

"And why wouldn't they?" said the mother. "My Georgie might well have been liked for himself."

"Then you should have given the poor thing he married the benefit of the doubt," said Anne, with the most tender smile.

"I'm surprised at you, I really am, Miss Daly," said Mrs. Perkins. "You look so proud. When I saw you walk across the room that first evening, before ever I saw your face I saw the pride in your back, in your shoulders, my dear, and wondered who you could be. You know you've a very proud back. You won't mind my saying so?"

"It isn't that kind of pride," said Anne seriously. "I think if she were a poor little girl who married him for love, perhaps not knowing that he was rich—you said yourself that he was in miserable sur-

roundings—I'd receive her far more gladly than I would a titled lady who might have—might have, you understand, married him for his money."

"It's beyond me," said Mrs. Perkins, helplessly. "I can only think of the disappointment. It broke my heart, it did indeed, my dear. You wouldn't think it to look at me, but I am really a broken-hearted woman. I should like to say for the girl that Mr. Drake did say that she wasn't greedy about the money. Drake was prepared to allow her much more. She thought a hundred a year quite sufficient."

Anne got up and kissed Mrs. Perkins of her own accord.

"I think I'd see her if I were you," she said.

"I'll think about it, my dear," Mrs. Perkins said in the same bewildered way. "Perhaps I've too much common-sense, and perhaps you've something better. But a little servant out of a Hoxton lodging-house as my Georgie's widow! It would be easier, you see, dear, if I hadn't all the money and the great house and all the servants, and the fine friends who don't mind my queer, common ways because I'm the rich Mrs. Perkins. Of course they laugh at me behind my back. Still, still, if she was a decent girl and loved my Georgie I could get over all that. You're the proudest of them all and you advise me to it. You never think of me as the rich Mrs. Perkins at all, dear, do you now?"

Anne's face was beautiful as she looked at her.

"No, dear Mrs. Perkins," she said, "only as the poor Mrs. Perkins, the poor, poor woman who had a son and lost him."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SOCIALIST.

Coming in one day from a drive in the east wind which had brought the roses to her cheeks and ruffled her soft hair, Anne was informed that the Duchess and Lord Godfrey Ingestre had just come and were awaiting her in the drawing-room.

She hurried in just as she was, in the long violet coat and wide violet velvet hat which Madam had somehow managed to send her at Christmas to replace the ugly one which had set Madam's teeth on edge, to find the Duchess looking as proud and important as possible over the young man in ugly grey flannels, whom she introduced as her nephew.

"You must forgive him, my dear Anne," she said, looking at him delightedly. "He wouldn't put on the regulation top hat and frock coat to pay a visit. He's a sort of working-man, you know."

"Haven't got such things," said Lord Godfrey in a hoarse young voice, which had a suggestion of habitually shouting to the wind. "I hope Miss Daly will forgive me."

"Now don't say that your excellent mother didn't see that your wardrobe was properly provided when you came to years of discretion," said the Duchess, with the air of her nephew being a pure joy. "Or your father, perhaps, was it? You must have had proper clothes at some time of your existence."

"If I had I've forgotten them. I think I remember now that I gave my topper to a friend of mine who is a coachman. I know I gave my evening togs to a very good fellow who is a waiter."

"Isn't he a horror?" asked the Duchess, while Anne looked at him in amazement. It was her first experience of a gentleman turned socialist; but then of course her experiences were very limited.

"I can understand that," she said, however, in a very sweet way, "about the coachman and the waiter being friends, you know. I should find it almost unendurable to be served by anybody who was not a friend."

"I find it almost unendurable to be served at all," said Lord Godfrey. "Service is an odious word, unless it is done for love of course."

"I should like to see you suggesting to your friends that they should drive people and wait on people for love," the Duchess said.

"Oh, of course, as things are at present the poor fellows must live."

"And as things will be?"

"As things will be they will serve us for love, or we shall serve them, that is, taking service in its widest possible sense. There won't be men lackeying other men in the future I think about. That special kind of personal service will only be given to those who are unable to do things for themselves."

"Hear him, Anne!" said the Duchess comically. "This is the sort of thing he has been treating me to ever since he came; I'm afraid that my excellent butler, Baines, will come to me some day and give me notice: he has listened to such heresies. And any day at all I may be told that his lordship is cleaning his own boots."

"I have often cleaned my own boots," said Lord Godfrey sturdily. "I wouldn't let anybody else do for me what I wouldn't do for myself."

"So long as you don't tell Charles that you only accept his boot-cleaning as a labor of love."

"Alas, my dear aunt, your servants are not ready yet for such counsels of perfection. I have to refrain from many things because of the embarrassment they might suffer."

"What a blessing you have such good sense, my dear boy. Yet you did shake hands with those boatmen the other day."

"They weren't embarrassed by it. I always shake hands with people with whom I have been on friendly terms. They were delightful fellows. It is only your domestic servants who shrink from being treated as men and brothers. It is the abominable system."

"I've never cleaned my own boots," said Anne, "but I've currycombed a horse, because I couldn't be sure he'd be well done otherwise."

Lord Godfrey stared at Anne's delicate hands, as though he saw the currycomb in them.

"That's what I call a service of love," he said.

"I shouldn't mind doing anything for an animal I was fond of," said Anne; "nor, indeed, for any animal that needed a service. Nor for children or old or sick people."

"That is precisely how I regard things," said Lord Godfrey approvingly, "and I think it is a shame that able-bodied people like ourselves should permit men and women like ourselves to render us services which should only be done for the old and sick and children."

"Pooh!" said the Duchess, "I keep up an establishment just that my servants may wait on each other. The things that are done for me wouldn't keep one pair of hands busy."

"That may be so, but why shouldn't your own very capable hands do that?"

"Think of all the people you'd throw out of employment, Godfrey. Shall you expect your wife to clean her own boots?"

"I shall clean them for her; that will be a service of love. Not that it would do her any harm to do it for herself."

"Would you believe," asked the Duchess, "that he waits on me hand and foot?"

"Because I like to do it; because it's the expression of my affection for you."

"Ah, dear boy!" The Duchess' face glowed. "It's nice of you to say that. Do you begin to understand, Anne, why I put up with his fads and theories?"

"It is not very difficult to understand," said Anne graciously.

(To be continued.)

THREE CENTURIES OF IRISH EDUCATION.

III.

BY R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

From the time of Elizabeth up to 1778 the Irish Catholics were, save during a brief period in the reign of James II., beaten utterly to the ground. I do not know that I can give a better picture of their state in the middle of the eighteenth century than by quoting the words uttered in 1758 by an Irish judge, in his judicial capacity. A young Catholic lady who had been pressed by her Protestant friends to conform to the Established religion, took refuge from their importunities in the house of a Mr. Saul, who braved the law and sheltered her. For so doing Mr. Saul was prosecuted, and on the occasion of his prosecution, the judge addressing him said that "the laws did not presume a Papist to exist in the Kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of government."

In such a condition of affairs I need hardly state that there were no Catholic schools worthy of the name from Elizabeth's time until the relaxation of the penal laws. Prior to the reign of William and Anne one of four courses had been usually resorted to by Irish Catholics, for educational purposes. Those who were rich enough sent their children abroad; others furtively sought instruction from fugitive priests, or laymen on the roadsides, by the hedgeways, and in the mountain-passes. Many assembled at a neighboring gentleman's house, where a tutor was engaged to teach the children of the family, and whose services were frequently given, and eagerly accepted by the youth of the district. A few attended such of the Protestant government schools as offered some guarantees (as, for instance, the appointment of Catholic teachers), that their religious convictions would not be tampered with. But after the Revolution, government resolved to make the resort to any one of these expedients impracticable in the future. One of two alternatives was thenceforth to be presented to the Irish Catholics, viz., they must enter the Protestant schools to be educated as Protestants, or remain in ignorance. It was decreed by Parliament that no Catholic should, under heavy penalties, go abroad himself or send another abroad, to be educated, or in any wise aid or assist in the maintenance of foreign educational establishments or of those who had gone to them. At home no Catholic was to be permitted to keep a school himself, or to instruct in private houses any children other than the children of such houses. Finally, without risking the penalties of high treason, for the second offence, no Catholic could act as usher or teacher in any Protestant schools in the country. In order that "no pretence" might be given to Papists for saying that there were not sufficient educational establishments in the country, for their needs, it was provided that additional means should be taken to render the schools of Henry and Elizabeth more successful than they had hitherto proved.

These statutes were effective in excluding Catholic assistant-teachers and pupils from the Erasmus Smith schools and kindred institutions; but they were not effective in the accomplishment of their main object, namely, the destruction of the faith and nationality of the Irish people. They shrank en masse now more than ever from English educational establishments, and resorted to every expedient

in their endeavors to evade or brave the laws that proscribed their religion and took away their liberties. Many a time, in those dark days, the smuggling craft which frequented the Irish southern coasts, carried as part of their freight, over the seas, Irish youths, who went to be "educated and brought up" in the "Popish" seminaries scattered throughout the Catholic countries of Europe. At home Catholic priests risked life and limb to stand by faith and fatherland; often wandering through the country; sometimes disguised in the garb of herds, tending the flocks of Catholic farmers in the day, and, when evening came seated by the fireside under the shelter of some friendly and sympathetic roof, teaching the peasants of the surrounding neighborhood to read, write, spell, and perchance telling them—what they were ready enough to believe, and had too much reason for believing—that Rome was their friend, and England their enemy.

Coercion had done its work. At no period since the landing of the Normans down to our own times had the seeds of disaffection been so plentifully sown in Ireland, as during the reign of William III. and Anne; and we are all even now reaping the bountiful harvest which sprang from them. The history of the Revolution, which to Englishmen brings back glorious and happy memories, still after the lapse of centuries, only stirs up bitter recollections in the Irish mind.

In 1781 the first step was taken towards the relaxation of the penal code with reference to education. An act was then passed, allowing Catholics to keep a school on condition of obtaining the license of the Protestant Bishop of the diocese. But this act proved a dead letter. Catholic schools practically under the authority of the Protestant Bishop of the diocese naturally did not work.

In 1792 another Act was passed, allowing Catholics to keep schools without obtaining the license of the Protestant Bishop of the diocese, and removing other restrictions. In 1793 the first Catholic college was founded in Carlow by Dr. O'Keefe, the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. The college was divided into two departments, one for the instruction of students intended for the Church, and the other for lay pupils. This college has always enjoyed a good reputation.

In 1795 Maynooth College, entirely devoted to the education of students intended for the Church, was established and endowed by Parliament.

In 1802 a system of primary schools was founded by the Christian Brothers. The Christian Brothers, it may be stated, compose, not a monastic order, as is sometimes thought, but a congregation united by vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience to superiors. In addition, they take a vow to teach children gratuitously, during their lives. Mr. Rice, the superior of this congregation, submitted to Pope Pius VI. a plan for the education of the Irish poor, and the Pope approving it, a number of schools were quickly opened for the instruction of the "poor Irish boys." With reference to the principles on which these schools have been based and the manner in which they have been worked, I cannot, I think, do better than place before my readers the opinions of the Royal Commissioners of 1854-58 and 1878-81. "The knowledge communicated in these schools," say the former, "embraces not only reading, writing and arithmetic, grammar, geography and book-keeping, but also an acquaintance with such branches of mathematical science as are suited to the tastes and talents of the pupils, and to the stations in life they are destined to occupy. Geometry, mensuration, drawing, and mechanics, become special objects of attention. As to the manner of communicating knowledge, the

most approved methods have been carefully reduced to practice. But it is to the communication of religious knowledge that this institution is chiefly devoted. To this object the members direct their main energies. The teachers are all under religious obligations; they are, in the first instance, carefully selected and trained, and they are placed under a strict system of organization and discipline."

In 1881 there were 170 Christian Brothers' schools in Ireland, attended by 31,614 pupils, of whom 31,596 were Catholics, fifteen Protestant Episcopalians, and two Methodists; there was one Presbyterian pupil.

As to the state of efficiency of these schools, the Royal Commissioners of 1878-81 say: "While the Brothers devoted their principal energies to elementary education, they gave advanced instruction to boys showing special abilities, and many of their pupils were thus fitted for higher positions in after-life. . . . The programme of instruction, though differing in detail, was very similar to that of the National Board, where advanced subjects were taught, (Mr. Moore) found the boys, as a rule, well and intelligently instructed, especially in Euclid and algebra, which were much better taught by the Christian Brothers than in the National schools. The reading-books contained extracts of a religious nature, unfitting them for use in a mixed school. The school buildings by far were the best which Mr. Moore inspected. The Brothers seemed to have studied the science of teaching. Their abilities as teachers were of the highest order and the discipline maintained was almost perfect."

From the days of the Tudors to the days of the Guelphs, the Ascendency party in Ireland had practically their own way on the subject of education, and indeed on every other subject; and the consequence was that the people were left in a state of woful ignorance. Nor was this all; intense hatred of English rule, and of Protestantism, as an appendage of that rule, had been the unlooked-for result.

In 1811 there were Protestants in Ireland who not only regarded this result with regret, but strongly condemned the policy which had been instrumental in bringing it about.

Sufficient, they thought, had been done for conscience's sake in the way of attempting to worry the Irish into the Protestant religion. The alternative of Protestantism or ignorance had been, they reasoned, presented to the Catholics quite long enough. Was it just? Was it wise it should be presented any longer? Was there the slightest chance that, having held out so long and in days when their fortunes were darker, and their hopes more overcast than now, the Irish Catholics would ultimately succumb to even the most sustained proselytizing efforts? And if they did not succumb, was their lot to be one of perpetual ignorance? The result of the liberal spirit shown by these enlightened Protestants was the establishment of the "Kildare Street Society"—an organization formed for the education of Catholic and Protestant children on the principle of combined moral and literary instruction, coupled with the reading of the Bible, "without note of comment." This society received a grant of 30,000*l.* from Parliament, in 1815. O'Connell joined the society, Lord Cloncurry joined it, one representative Catholic denounced it from the beginning—Father McHale, afterwards "John Archbishop of Tuam." He said that with a fair exterior the Kildare Street Society was at heart a proselytizing institution. Subsequent events justified his suspicions.

In 1820 it associated itself with three notoriously proselytizing societies—the London Hibernian Association, the Society for Discountenancing Vice, and the

Baptist Society. Then O'Connell withdrew from it, Lord Cloncurry withdrew from it, the Catholic children withdrew from it; and it perished, and deserved to perish.

In 1831 another attempt was made on a larger scale, to establish schools for the education of Catholics, without outraging their religious sentiments,—the so-called National schools were founded. These schools afford an excellent example of the hopelessness of English statesmen trying to force upon the Irish people, a system of education to which they object. The Irish people—Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians—demanded denominational education. They got mixed schools. These schools, supported by Parliamentary grants were to be open alike to Protestants and Catholics. Four days in the week were to be devoted to moral and literary, and one or two days to separate religious instruction. A board, composed partly of Catholics and partly of Protestants was to have the entire management and control of the system.

The system, objectionable from the fact that it was what the people did not want, was made still more objectionable to the Catholics by being unfairly worked. To begin with, the board was composed of four Protestants and only two Catholics—in a country where the Catholics were to the Protestants as five to one.

Next, the control and management of the system was practically entrusted to a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, without knowledge or experience of the country, or sympathy with its people. With one exception, all the books were prepared by Englishmen or Scotchmen, and pains were taken to exclude Irish history and to suppress all national or patriotic sentiments.

In one of the books we find this statement about Ireland: "On the east of Ireland is England, where the Queen lives; many people who live in Ireland were born in England, and we speak the same language, and are called the same nation." Let us see how in another book Scotland was dealt with: "Edward the First annexed the Principality of Wales to his Kingdom A.D. 1283. He afterwards attempted to do the same with Scotland, but was successfully resisted, particularly by Sir William Wallace. This celebrated patriot drove his troops out of the Kingdom. He was ultimately taken and basely executed by Edward, and a new effort projected to subdue the Scots. But before the army of Edward entered Scotland he died, leaving his crown and enterprise to his son Edward II. This prince followed up the intention of his father, but was defeated at Bannockburn, and there the independence of the Scots was established." It was allowable to speak of Sir William Wallace as a "celebrated patriot," to think with pride on the struggle of the Scots for independence; but it would have been treason to mention the names of Arte McMurrough or Hugh O'Neil, to tell how Sarsfield fought, or Emmet died. "Lines on the Irish Harp" by Miss Balfour; Campbell's poem, "The Harper," and Scott's "Breathes there a man," etc., were suppressed by Archbishop Whatley. But his Grace kindly allowed the use of the following hymn:—

"I thank the goodness and the grace,
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child."

This boycotting of everything national or patriotic was accompanied by the gradual removal of amendment, in deference to Protestant opinion, of the rules originally framed to reconcile the Catholics to the scheme.

The result was a popular agitation against the schools, which kept alive the memories of old wrongs. This state of things lasted until 1860, when, after thirty

years of intermittent agitation, the system was reformed on popular lines. The schools have now become practically denominational.

The great blot of the national system was the neglect, and indeed discouragement of the national language. Irish was not taught in the schools. Of course the object of these English institutions—for such they were—was to Anglicize the youth of the country; and the use of the Irish tongue would be an effective obstacle to that policy. Indeed the Irish language faded away under the national schools. But it has been revived in our own day by the Gaelic League. It is not, however, yet taught as a rule in the "national schools." Any master who chooses can teach it, but many masters do not choose. Of course the study of the language ought to be made compulsory. The thin end of the wedge, however, is in. A tablet with Irish characters is now I believe hung up in all the schools, so that the children and masters are at all events reminded that English was not the ancient language of the country; and the duty of mastering the ancient and national tongue is kept constantly before their eyes. I visited one of the national schools in the county Tyrone, last summer, and I was glad to see a voluntary class learning Irish, on a Sunday afternoon. Several of the masters in the district were present; the manager (the parish priest), was present; and his curates were members of the class. Nothing scarcely was spoken for an hour but Irish: it was an Irish atmosphere; and the scene brought back memories of the days when the O'Neils were masters of Tyrone.

There is a possibility that the present "National Board" will be broken up, and that the schools will be handed over to the County Councils. In some respects this would be a good change, for the County Councils would be more under the influence of Irish national opinion than a board appointed by the government of England ever can be.

The next educational institution to which I shall refer, is the Queen's University, established by Sir Robert Peel in 1845. In connection with the university three colleges were founded, namely, in Cork, in Galway, and in Belfast. The Queen's University is another instance of the hopelessness of forcing on the Irish people, the things they don't want. The Irish wanted a denominational university; they got a mixed university. O'Connell denounced the institution; the bishops and priests denounced it; Protestant Episcopalians denounced it; and after an inglorious career it perished utterly. One incident in connection with the Queen's University is worth recording, the plan was placed before Prince Albert; he saw that no provisions were made for the teaching of Irish; he asked why was there not an "Irish Chair?" He could only be told that there was not; he insisted that such a chair ought to be founded. It was founded. But it was "starved." A miserable stipend of only one hundred a year was given to the professor of Irish, and of course the language ceased to be taught.

In 1854 the Catholic University was founded under the presidency of Dr. Newman by the Catholic hierarchy, and it continued for a period of nearly thirty years to be supported by public subscription, and attended by many of the Catholic youth of the country. Like the Queen's University, it, too, has passed away, or rather become merged in the Royal University, of which more later on.

Throughout the century, several schools, Protestant and Catholic, primary and intermediate, sprang up. Among the Protestant schools may be mentioned the following: St. Columba College, County Dublin, founded in 1843; Coleraine Academical Institution, founded in 1868; and the Methodist College, Belfast,

founded also in 1868. Among the Catholic schools the most famous are Clongowes Wood College, County Kildare; St. Stanislaus College, Tullabeg; St. Jarlath's College, Tuam; St. Patrick's College, Armagh; St. Colman's College, Fermoy; French College, Blackrock, Dublin; St. Brendan's Seminary, Killarney; St. Colman's College, Newry; Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, Dublin; St. Patrick's College, Thurles; St. Ignatius College, Galway; St. Kipan's College, Kilkenny; Diocesan College, Limerick; St. John's College, Waterford; St. Peter's College, Wexford; St. Mel's, Longford; St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, Dublin, and Belvedere College, Dublin.

Reviewing the whole history of intermediate education in Ireland, it is clear that some schools did good work—eminently, I think, the French College, Blackrock, the Academical Institution, Coleraine; the Jesuit College of Tullabeg and Clongowes; the Methodist College, Belfast, and St. Colman's College, Fermoy; yet upon the whole secondary instruction throughout the country was, as someone —I believe Lord Cairns—said: "Bad in quality and deficient in quantity."

The fact seems incredible, but there can be no doubt of its authenticity, viz., that out of a total population of 5,500,000, there were only 10,814 boys in Ireland learning Latin, Greek, or modern languages, in 1871. Or, to put the matter in another way, while in England about ten or fifteen in every 1,000 were instructed in these languages, only two in every 1,000 were instructed in them in Ireland; and what was yet more serious, things were going from bad to worse. Thus while in 1861 the total number of secondary schools in the country amounted to 729, in 1871 the number fell to 574. Impressed by these facts, and believing that the lamentable situation which they revealed was caused by want of generous and general state aid and support, the Government of Lord Beaconsfield took up the subject of intermediate education in Ireland.

The result was the Intermediate Educational Act of 1878, whose chief provisions were as follows:

(1) A sum of 1,000,000*l.* was taken from the Dis-established Church Surplus Fund, and devoted to the purposes of Secondary Education in Ireland.

(2) A board was formed called the "Intermediate Education Board of Ireland," seven members of which were to be appointed by the Lord Lieutenant.

(3) Provision was made for the establishment of a system of exhibitions and prizes for students, and the payment of result-fees to their teachers.

(4) Examinations were to be held by examiners appointed by the board, at convenient centres throughout the country, in the months of June and July, in every year; the subjects in which candidates were compelled to pass being—

(*a*) The ancient languages, literature and history of Greece and Rome.

(*b*) English language, history, and literature; French, German, and Italian languages, history, and literature.

(*c*) Mathematics, including arithmetic and book-keeping.

(*d*) Natural science.

(*e*) Such other subjects of secular instruction as the board might prescribe.

(*f*) The maximum ages at which students were allowed to compete were fixed at sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen years respectively.

(*g*) The board was not to take upon itself any responsibility with respect to the management and control of any of the schools, but the three following rules were to be in all cases observed:

(1) Students were bound to belong to some intermediate school from the 15th of October of the year prior to the examina-

tion, and to have made at least 100 attendances.

(2) Students prepared by private pupils only were not to be eligible.

(3) No result-fees were to be paid to the managers of schools where religious instruction was imposed contrary to the sanction of parents, or where the hours of such instruction were so arranged as to trench upon the time allotted to secular study.

This Act has been in operation for nearly a quarter of a century; but it is doubtful if its operation has upon the whole been as beneficial as was expected. It certainly tends to a system of cramming, a process which is not productive of sound knowledge. However, the Act, like so many English Acts of Parliament passed for Ireland, will probably have to be thrown into the melting pot again. Indeed the chances are that before many years have passed, the whole system of Irish education,—primary and intermediate,—will have to be seriously and thoroughly revised.

Lastly, I shall deal with the question of university education, which calls for prompt attention. The Queen's University having proved an utter failure, this subject was also taken in hand by the government of Lord Beaconsfield in 1878. The Catholic demand at the time was for a charter and for the endowment of the Catholic university; but the Parliament of England would not listen to it.

Lord Rosebery once said: "There is no principle, gentlemen, which seems so simple, but which seems somehow to need so much instilling into some of our greatest statesmen, as the fact, that the potato that one knows and likes is better than the truffle that one neither knows nor likes. And, therefore, when you wish to give a benefit to a nation, it is better to give something that it likes and understands, rather than something that it neither likes nor understands." England has never recognized the principle of giving the Irish nation "what it likes and understands." Instead of justly and freely establishing and endowing a Catholic university in 1879, Lord Beaconsfield's government "tinkered once more at the old tin kettle," and founded the "Royal University." The Queen's University was abolished and an examining board with power to confer degrees upon all approved candidates, irrespective of their places of education was established. In addition, and rather as a second thought, the duty of framing a scheme of exhibitions, prizes, scholarships, and fellowships—for which Parliament was to supply the funds—was entrusted to the Senate of the new establishment, on which every religious denomination was represented. Like the "National schools" and the Queen's University, the Royal University is a "mixed" institution; and mixed education the Irish people will not have. After a trial of twenty-three years the Royal University has really proved a failure, and its end is not far off.

The Irish people are the most persistent people in the world. But self-complacent stupid John Bull will not see it. In all the arrogance of power he thinks that he can force his will upon the Irish on this question of education. The experience of nearly three-quarters of a century ought to satisfy him that he cannot. But, the walls of John's skull are almost impenetrable; they have, however, to be penetrated.

The question of a Catholic University will, in all probability, be pressed upon Parliament in the next session, especially if the present government remains in office. What is likely to be done? At the present moment three plans are under discussion, among those who are interested in the subject:

(1) The establishment of a Catholic University. This is obviously the just and the wise course to take; Ireland will never

be satisfied with anything less; and in the long run, England will have to give way. Except among the most bigoted Orangemen, there would be no effective opposition to this course in Ireland. There are, I believe, many liberal-minded Orangemen who would not object, and in any event the strength of Orangeism is broken. The bulk of Protestant Episcopalians would not object. The bulk of Presbyterians would not object. Trinity College would not object. So far as Ireland is concerned, a Catholic university could be established tomorrow, without serious opposition from any quarter. But England objects—above all, the Nonconformists of England object, and it is probable that no English government—certainly not a liberal government—could propose such a measure with impunity. The present government which has burned its fingers over the education question in England, will be timid about taking a bold line, on the question of education in Ireland. It may therefore be taken for granted that the present government—whose existence is precarious—will not propose or support any proposal for the establishment of a Catholic university.

(2) A Catholic College within Dublin University.

This plan, which means the establishment of a Catholic College in Dublin, affiliated to Dublin University, finds favor with many Catholics and Protestants. Were it carried out there would then be one university for all Ireland, and probably three colleges within that University; namely, Dublin University, consisting of Trinity College, a Catholic College in Dublin, and a Presbyterian College in Belfast. But to secure the acceptance of this plan by the Catholics, it is essential that the governing body of Dublin University should be reformed on a thoroughly representative basis, and to this the present governors of Trinity College would never agree. They would infinitely prefer a Catholic University. And it would be very difficult to carry a scheme affecting Trinity College against which Trinity College would protest.

(3) A Catholic and a Presbyterian College within the Royal University.

This plan would merely be temporary. It might be accepted by the Catholics as an instalment. It would never be accepted as a final settlement, and would not probably be proposed as a final settlement, for everyone knows that the Royal University is doomed. What this scheme if carried out would come to in the end would be this: the Catholic College in Dublin, established and endowed by the state, would ultimately develop into a Catholic University. The Presbyterian College in Belfast similarly established and endowed, would ultimately develop into a Presbyterian University. Then there would be three universities in Ireland—a Protestant Episcopalian, a Presbyterian and a Catholic; and so the cause of denominational education in Ireland would, in spite of all the past effort of the English people, triumph all along the line.

Which of these plans has the best chance of being accepted by Parliament? In the present whirligig of English politics, it would be a bold man who would prophesy—unless he knows, and I do not know. I shall, however, return to the subject on some future occasion. But for the present I close the story of Three Centuries of Irish Education.

SPRING DRAMA IN MANHATTAN.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

One has to look again at the title to keep out cognate thoughts of Spring drama and Spring styles; not that there is much difference, but a writer is in duty bound to stick to his theme. The flowers are blooming, and the drama is not; it is in cold storage. The birds have returned from the south, and the actors also from the four quarters of the earth; the birds are singing to their mates, and the actors are singing to their boarding-mistresses, their only way of paying for their board. In the midst of a desolation beyond description the one event out of the common was the utterance of an authority on present dramatic conditions. Mr. Bronson Howard addressed the public through the *Herald*, in five photographs and fifteen paragraphs, as an ancient dramatist. With the most confident managers, the most daring speculators, the most shining stars, all dumb after a season of dreadful frost; with a silence on Broadway louder than any noise; it was pleasant to hear the voice of authority, confident, serene, consoling. What did authority have to say, as its serene gaze wandered over the wrecks of two hundred dramatic ventures, strewn from Boston to San Francisco? Mr. Howard said that *The Darling of the Gods* was a very fine play, and that most plays were like jelly-fish; that Kyrle Bellew, being an Englishman (and by the way he is Irish), could not help having no tact; that his play of *Raffles* really ended with the first act (although there is no end to the profits of the piece); that in England you can hire a dinner-guest to save the fatal thirteen, and so Hawtrey's *Man From Blankley's* is justified; that actors should talk into a phonograph and get acquainted with their own voices; that Ophelia should not be made up like a mint julep with straws in her hair; that it is conscience alone which makes us gloomy; and that Arnold Daly did not play the poet in Shaw's *Candida* as the author intended! Talk of Spring mutton!

Not a word from authority on the real misfortunes of the hour! Not a reason given to explain, to console, to encourage! Flippancy seems to own all things, even the stock-market. John Thomas, polishing silver in the butler's pantry, could say as much as authority said. One would not mind Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, only that he was such a bad fiddler. However, it may be that the *Herald* did not want more than flippancy from Bronson Howard, and perhaps also, as a wise physician, the expert refrained from prescribing a disease whose effects he could see but whose nature he could not understand. No one has been able to explain why the dramatic business of the past year has been so disastrous, any more than the scientists can explain the severe winter.

The frost was hardly out of the ground when the ambitious star with good financial support made his appearance in the person of Mr. Wright Lorimer, who presented a play of his own concoction with the pleasant title of *The Shepherd King*. The story was taken from the Bible, and the leading characters were David and Jonathan and King Saul. The theme is so familiar that a description of it may be omitted. Any play with David the son of Jesse for its hero rouses the highest expectations, not only because the historic incidents are numerous and thrilling, but also because of the character and relationships of young David. His simple, intense, and royal nature, his friendship for Jonathan, his devotion to Saul and his family, the lofty vocation given to him by God, and the hard circumstances which brought his character into high relief, provide a rich

and varied theme for the dramatist, a fine opportunity for the actor. Mr. Lorimer missed all his opportunities except the merely picturesque. He clothed his drama with good scenery, fine costumes, and splendid stage-setting; he introduced the most striking scenes of David's life; but never once did he touch the passion of that life.

Perhaps Alan Dale, our humorous critic, is too severe or too flippant, but his appreciations of plays like this appeal to fact if not to feeling. Some of his sentences were as follows: "In good sooth this shepherd king was very much of a stage bore, too picturesque to live, or to be allowed to live. As he first came on with a live lamb in his arms, some inkling of what was to follow might be gleaned. . . Later he appeared cherishing a dove and talking of mother. As a specimen of mommer's boy this stage David had everything his own way. . . He showed a most evil propensity to sing with a harp in his hand, and a loud orchestra eking out an accompaniment. . . . He sang hard at Saul, who was in the grasp of evil spirits. Whether David's music soothed him or stunned him, we shall never know. At any rate the poor king, after listening to a particularly atrocious song, sung right into his face by the shepherd, sinks upon his throne. The music has numbed him in some way."

The critic puts his finger on the weak points of the drama. It was spick and span new; the costumes looked as if they had been taken out of the wardrobe; the lamb had been washed; the soldiers had just been dressed in new armor; David's outfit would have suited a masquerade ball. The glitter had all the sparkle of a drawing-room at Windsor, of a dress parade. There could be no passion, or suggestion of passion under these purple circumstances. David went his way through the play in his best clothes, with his best voice, followed by a brilliant calcium light which never missed him. It was all the more disappointing because the chief actor had youth, good looks, and stage experience; he had surrounded himself with a very capable company, far more capable than he; the *Jonathan* and *King Saul* were excellent; and the Biblical scenes were charming, affecting in the highest degree. The home of David not far from Bethlehem, the camp of Saul in the vale of Elah, the palace of the king, and the cave of the witch of Endor were of enchanting beauty. In fact the city has seen nothing more splendid and effective than the setting of this play; and it is quite possible that an experienced stage-manager will be able to bring it up to the mark in realism, to put more fire into it, to develop the natural force of the theme.

As an illustration of the modern American method of writing a Biblical, or a sacred play, it deserves particular notice; for it falls into the category of *Mary of Magdala, Ben Hur* and *Quo Vadis,* which were Christian plays with the Christian marrow carefully though not expressly eliminated. David, as the Bible clearly tells us, was chosen by God to succeed Saul on the throne, which the King had dishonored by his disobedience to the commands of Jehovah. Samuel the prophet anointed the youth in his father's house; and in time the fatal story reached the ears of Saul. Imagine the feelings with which the innocent, high-hearted poet entered the court of his King, accepted his honors, the hand of his daughter, the devoted love of his son and heir, the peerless Jonathan; what grief must have torn him as he thought of the apparent wrong he must one day inflict on his bosom friend; only the terrors of disobedience to Jehovah could have enabled him to bear with his position. Here is the theme of any drama with David as its hero, and a splendid theme it is; but as the religious element stands forth in it prominent, and the public is supposed to dread Christian doc-

trine, even under this partial guise, the artistic and logical theme is dropped for the superficial and scenic. The various scenes of David's life are given in noble pictures, which have no connection except that they come from the one stereopticon.

It was thus with *Ben Hur,* which as nearly as I can remember prattled much about the Master, and spoke of His miracles, but carefully avoided any allusion to His Divinity; it was thus with *Quo Vadis,* which sent a maiden into the arena to die for Christ, but omitted to state on what grounds she accepted her martyrdom; it was thus with *Mary of Magdala,* which made Christ, in the eyes of Judas, merely a national leader, in the mind of the dramatist a moral teacher, and to the other characters a mystery of sanctity and power, but not the Divine! As a result these so-called religious dramas fail to grip the heart. They do indeed present most touching pictures of holy scenes, and the audience puts its own interpretation on them; but they are failures which will never be revived in coming years. It is the merit of Ibsen that his themes are worked out to their terrible conclusion; it is the demerit of our dramatists that they dodge the logic of a theme, if they appre-

KING SAUL AND DAVID.

hend any conflict with the sentiments or prejudices of an audience. Mr. Wright Lorimer dodged the true theme in his *Shepherd King,* and by his weakness took the life out of it. He had the material and the inspiration for a moving drama, and deliberately destroyed it; and this destruction he has announced to the world as a merit, that there is no religion in his play. The amusing feature of the news-

paper criticism is that no one seems to have noticed this attempt to make a religious play unsectarian.

The Irish poet, William Yeats, had a hearing for one of his plays called *The Hour-Glass,* and scored a really fine impression. In spite of the judicious advertising received by what is called the new school of writers in Ireland, there seems to be some doubt about the genuineness

WRIGHT LORIMER AS DAVID.

or the sincerity of its members; and time alone shall tell us whether the school exists outside of the advertiser's imagination. Yet there can be no doubt of the genuine ability of Yeats as illustrated by such plays as *The Hour-Glass;* and his sincerity shines forth in the very choice and handling of the theme. He has been proclaimed mystical from many editorial chairs, because of his themes and his methods, when he should rather be described as practical in his thesis and a poet in its presentation. The subject of *The Hour-Glass* might be stated thus: Impending death overturns our deepest prejudices. To illustrate this truism he selects a wise man with a wife, two children and two pupils; also a village fool and an angel. The wise man is a great scientist and an apostle of negation; he has routed the monks of a near-by convent with his powerful arguments, perverted the whole county to atheism, and has settled down to the enjoyment of his conquest and of his life with the strongest confidence in the correctness of his own opinions on man's destiny.

But at this comfortable moment there

appears to him an angel from that world whose existence he has scouted. Pointing to the hour-glass which stands on his desk the angel informs him that when it shall be emptied his life will have closed, and his immortal soul have fled to the evil place reserved for all deniers of the truth; however, a single hope is held out to him; if in the district where his evil counsels and teachings have prevailed he can find one believer his soul shall be saved. That death which heretofore had seemed a far-off and natural contingency now becomes the single important factor in the last hour of his existence; his boasted science is forgotten and despised, his profound reasonings look like cobwebs. He runs from one to another of his family beseeching them to believe, and they receive his pleadings with good natured sarcasm. Happily he meets the village fool, whom he had considered too stupid to receive his former teachings, and the poor simpleton acknowledges his belief in the good God and in the eternal life With the running out of the hour-glass the wise man dies in the hope of salvation. What could be truer and more pathetic than this everyday theme? It had dramatic interest and moral power, appealing, not to the mystical, but to the common experience of the wisest and the rudest with equal force. In the sad but powerful light of death our proudest convictions get a sickly look, and give us little or no comfort; the physical pain of dissolution is a trifle to the pain of moral desolation that accompanies it; and in consequence the mere atheist turns to suicide while in health, in order that he may depart from life in the possession of

THE PARTING OF DAVID AND JONATHAN.

strong physical confidence. The most powerful feature of the Yeats play was the interview between the Wise Man and the Fool; true to life in the text, and infinitely pathetic in the interpretation of John Malone and William Owen. *Everyman* and *The Hour-Glass* should make excellent plays for our colleges and academies; and leisurely professors might employ their spare time in preparing and adapting these simple and telling dramas for home use.

Along with Yeats we had a homeopathic dose of Ibsen in the dramas of *Rosmersholm* and *Pillars of Society,* in which Mr. William Morris gave a fair performance of the part of Rosmer, Miss Florence Kahn of the part of Rebecca West, and Wilton Lackaye of Consul Bernick in the second play. This latter is one of the healthy, moral and natural dramas written by Ibsen in the days of his sane obscurity; most interesting, full of incident, rich in varied character, and quite normal in its themes, while still faithfully pursuing the methods which have made him famous. The theme is hypocrisy, confronted by the result of its crimes, and in horror converted from its evil ways. It is not however sufficiently Ibsenish to please the devotees, who worship at the shrine of the horrible. *Rosmersholm* was more to their taste, and while it did not receive as finished a presentation from the Century Players as Ibsenites demanded, it was sufficiently rich in gloom and gore. Rosmer is an aristocrat of a family whose career had considerable tragedy to its credit; the genius of disaster is still with it in the presence of a clever devil

WILLIAM COLLIER IN "THE DICTATOR." SCENE IN ACT II

THE DICTATOR. SCENE IN ACT I.

familiarly known as Rebecca West, but more probably Belial or Satan himself; and the first victim of her plotting is the wife of Rosmer. This lady allowed herself to be persuaded that her husband would rise to heights of earthly glory if she were dead; Rebecca persuaded her, and saw her drown herself obligingly in the mill-race before the play opens. Rebecca then devotes herself to Rosmer, to his development as a liberal leader, in the hope that both will rise to some pinnacle of fame; but Rosmer is roused only to passion for Rebecca, the lady is disgusted more at her own failure than at his sensuality, and for revenge tells him how she wrought the death of his wife. The pair then drown themselves in the mill-race. It is a possible story; that is the maddening part of it; and if the Ibsenites would only use the mill-race themselves, one would feel that the law of compensation was still working satisfactorily in the world.

Fortunately Ibsen's stay was brief, two afternoons, and the miasma of his drama was delightfully banished by the appearance of Mr. William Collier in a farce called *The Dictator* and of Mr. Charles Hawtrey in a nondescript with the title of *Saucy Sally*. The former play is a most amusing satire on the comical revolutions of small states in South America, and has the undoubted merit of hitting off the truth in the proper farcical way. The journals often picture for us the disputes of sportive millionaires with piratical cabmen. Mr. Collier, having had such a dispute and left the pirate supposedly dead on the dock to the general joy, flies to foreign countries on the outgoing steamer. He lands in Porto Banyos under difficult circumstances, and becomes the manager of a revolution in which everything goes wrong. Mr. Collier was not a Garibaldi to march upon a throne with a thousand men and capture it. He stayed in the house and did the best he could with his guards and his revolution, which another of a later date and fresher complexion had displaced. His guards were getting 28 cents a day, but he raised them to 30 be-

cause they looked like it. An alarming Senora advanced upon the 30-cent guards, and in spite of their warnings with a violent shove overturned them into an onion-bed. Sixty cents gone, murmurs Mr. Collier. The Senora fell in love with the Dictator. "I would have married him, I wanted to marry him," she explained sadly, "but my husband objected." Mr. Collier passes with unshaken nerves through a mess of complications, yellow fever, threatened assassination, revolution and counter-revolution; his fate is fixed for eleven o'clock; and precisely at that hour all things turn in his favor as if President Roosevelt himself were managing the Panama affair over again. The buoyancy, cleanness, naturalness of the play were most engaging, and if the satire depended largely upon the improbable it was none the less effective. Mr. Hawtrey was not so fortunate in his drama, although it came from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand, the clever editor of *Punch*. The vehicle was too flimsy, too conventional, too familiar, and nothing but the acting of Hawtrey made it worth while. He is an original genius, and made his success in the brilliant and unforgettable *Message From Mars*. He will never be happy until he gets a similar play; not of necessity a phantasy, but a good mingling of the serious with the amusing, so that an audience shall have bread as well as honey in the mouth.

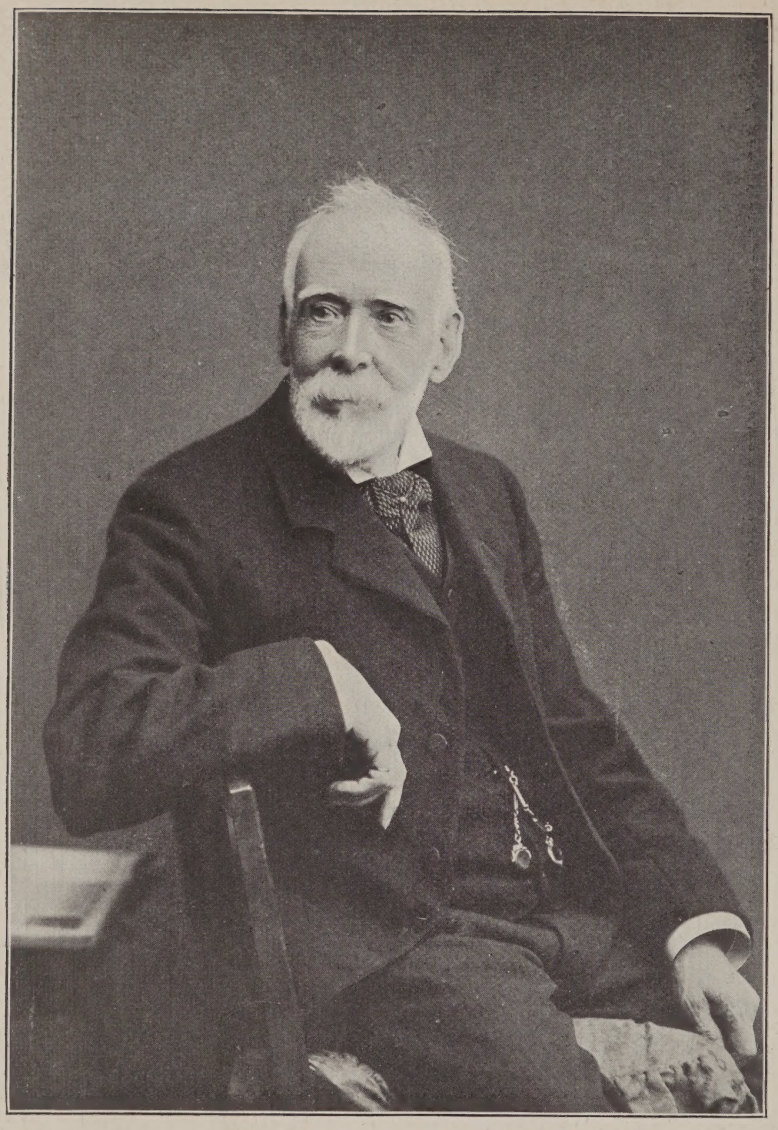
CHARLES HAWTREY IN "SAUCY SALLY."

This nightmare season, like the dreadful winter, draws to an end unwillingly, like a bad play or a poor sermon.

DEAR ROSE.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Dear Rose, whene'er I can I'll praise thee fair,
For I have breathed the June with thee and know
More than most hearts who never gave thee thought
My hand has coffin'd thee. The summer-snow
Thy silvered petals made ne'er fell to earth,
It vanished on my palm. Think! Angel-feet
That never touch the earth have made of thee
A stepping-stone obeying His wish sweet.



T. D. SULLIVAN.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

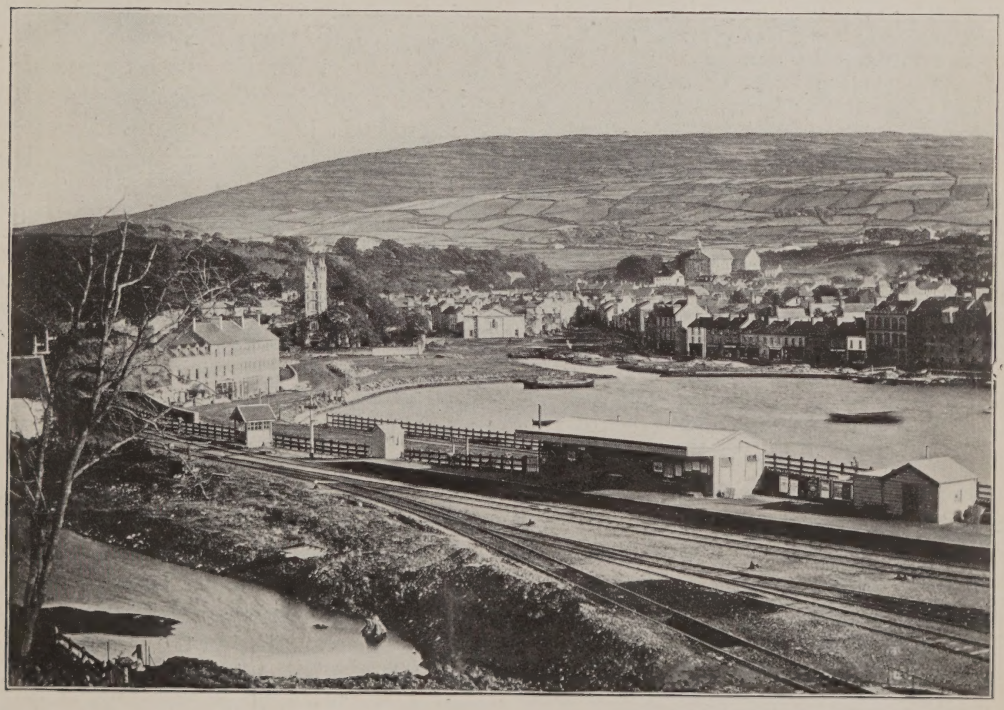
BY DANIEL CRILLY.

In these times of fierce competition, when the strenuousness and enterprise of the age would appear to have brought out the best of everything, it is an extremely difficult task to make a fresh record. But that knowledge does not, to any extent, paralyse either effort or ambition, and it is so generally recognized that the pressure of to-day puts in such peril the achievements of yesterday that those who do happen to hold any kind of record cannot avoid the troubled feeling that they only hold it on sufferance and they move about with the nervous apprehension that some of their rivals may at any moment overtake them and in passing

snatch from them the trophies of which they have been the pleased and proud possessors.

There are some record-holders, however, who can afford to regard the statement of this general proposition with an easy indifference. Their supremacy in their special lines is so far beyond the reach of disturbance that they can contemplate their own position with philosophic calmness. Timothy Daniel Sullivan belongs to that order of the elect. As an Irish national poet he has a reputation which stands out with a distinctness and a character essentially and peculiarly its own. If we but remember his extended term of service, the fruitfulness of his pen, the unwavering fidelity with which he has upheld the national ideal, and the individual note and quality of his work, we can see at once the splendid claim that can be advanced on his behalf. As the author of racy narrative ballads like "Murty Hynes" and "Three Brave Blacksmiths," which fit in so happily with the native moods and traditions of his people, he is without a peer, while his songs, close-knit and compact in construction, faultless in the smoothness of their rhythm, irresistible in their spontaneity, and ringing with an uncompromising national sentiment, give an easy assurance that he is one of that small and select circle of the singers of our land whose memories and whose verse are sure of perpetual recognition.

What Irish song has been chorused so often and so enthusiastically around the habitable world as "God Save Ireland"? What song has ever been linked with such a touching and dramatic story as that which tells how "Dear Old Ireland" was sung by the Irish regiments of the Federal army along the whole six miles of their length, and then taken up by their countrymen in the Confederate lines on the opposite side of the river, on the night after the appalling battle of Fredericksburg?



BANTRY HARBOR

Mr. Sullivan, in a career of stainless integrity and public usefulness which has now extended beyond the patriarchal span of three score years and ten, has to his credit a full half century of substantial song. For fifty years his minstrelsy has gushed forth with the wholesome volume, the pellucid clearness, the ceaseless activity of a mountain spring. Never once has a single chord of his harp been broken asunder. Even when in prison for Ireland he could sing blithely and sweetly. And throughout that long series of years —let the sun shine brightly, or the clouds hang black and heavy in the sky—his muse has been true to one theme, the freedom and glory of Ireland, the happiness and prosperity of her children. With Mr. Sullivan it has been "Ireland All the Time." Or as he puts it himself:—

Come brim your glasses, boys, once more,
And take a toast from me;
The thought is in your bosom's core,
I'll only set it free.
We know that many lands there are
With fairer skies than ours,
And sunny regions, richer far
In shining fruits and flowers;
But spacious lands or small,
Enchanting or sublime,
Here's love to Ireland first of all,
And Ireland all the time.

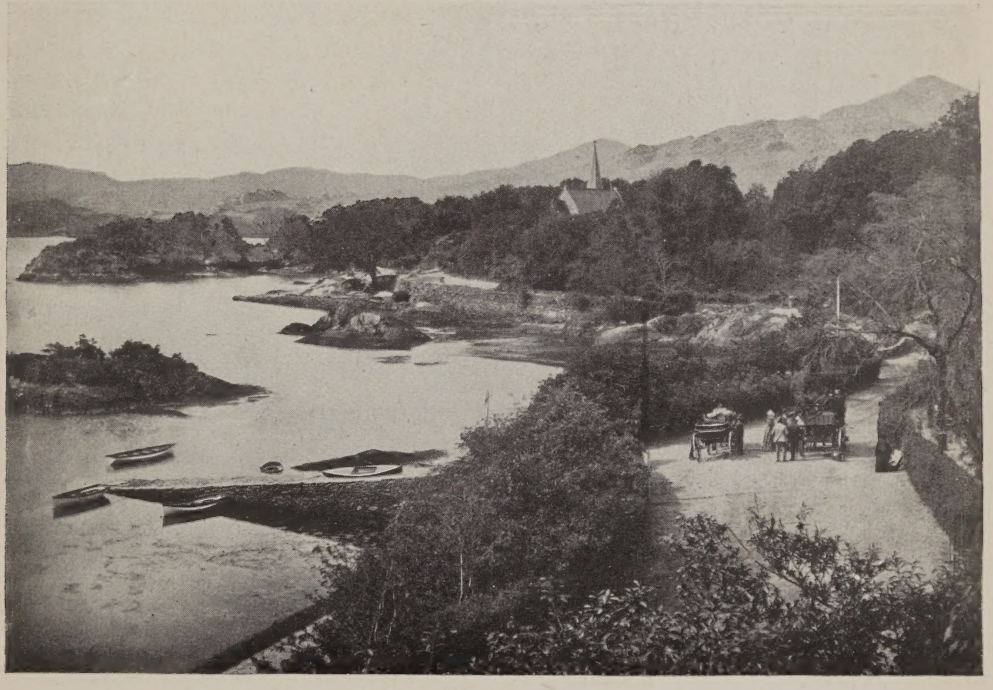
Oh, changes yet will come and go;
There will be ups and downs,
And fortune's tide will ebb and flow
For sceptres, thrones, and crowns.
We'll watch the chance again to raise
The land we all adore,
And make its fame and glory blaze
As in the days of yore.
So pledge, true Irishmen,
With many a clink and chime,
To Ireland now and Ireland then,
And Ireland all the time.

He never loses touch with this note of affection for Ireland and her people. One of his songs has the prayer:—

God bless the men of Ireland,
God bless the women, too;
God keep them as He made them,
Warm-hearted, brave, and true
May trouble, pain and sorrow
No more to them be known,
And may His right hand help them,
To win and hold their own;
God send the light of freedom
On mansion, hut, and hall,
For there's no land like Ireland
Anywhere at all!

Here and there we have had Irishmen who in the course of long and honorable lives might have rivaled Mr. Sullivan's fifty years of constant minstrelsy if they had maintained in its integrity the promise of their early manhood. Their failure, however, to establish successfully any such rivalry throws out into greater relief Mr. Sullivan's achievement. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was one of those men. Had his mind remained plastic and obedient to the inspiration which in the early forties of last century gave him the strength to fashion those resonant and powerful poems, "The Muster of the North," "A Chaunt of the City Meetings," "St. Lorcan's Address to the Irish Princes," he might have stood equal in the term of his service as a national poet with his successor in the editorial chair of the *Nation*. Time gave the requisite opportunity as he only died in February, 1903, and wielded a wonderfully effective pen until the very end. John O'Hagan was another who might have nearly accomplished the task of which I am speaking if his "Paddies Evermore," "Dear Land," "Ourselves Alone," and "The Union," produced contemporaneously with Duffy's work, had been but the prelude to a long series of dashing songs which might have continued to stir the national heart until he laid down his life's burden in 1900. And yet a third who might have been for the last half century a fellow-singer with Mr. Sullivan is Mr. Martin MacDermott —happily still with us in a beautiful old age and still steadfast to Ireland's cause —who, before the crash came in 1848, gave us those exquisite poems, "Poor Exiles Far Away," "Girl of the Red Mouth," and "The Coolun." Others might be named, but it would only be to show that.

as in the case of Duffy, O'Hagan and MacDermott, their muse, for one cause or another, lapsed into an early silence, leaving the author of "God Save Ireland" to establish a record in Irish poetic literature which will stand undisturbed, it may be reasonably assumed, for many future decades. And even if any of those whom I have named had given as lengthened an allegiance to the Spirit of Song as Mr. Sullivan has done there would still be one position held by that gentleman be-



GLENGARRIFFE.

yond the possibility of capture. He would remain, as he has remained, unapproachable in those special and sparkling qualities of which he is such a natural master, and which distinguish so much of what he has written,—a light and airy touch, a quick sense of comedy, a unique power of racy interpretation, a playful humor, an irrepressible gaiety.

The personal record, apart from his poetical one, of the subject of the present sketch began seventy-seven years ago, Mr. Sullivan having been born in Bantry on May 29, 1827. Old Dame Fortune was gracious in bestowing upon him such a natal spot, for surely no boy with a predisposition to poetry could fail to find inspiration amidst the matchless scenes of beauty with which Nature has prodigally dowered that fair region of Cork County. The glorious island-studded Bay stretching out for miles to meet the Atlantic, the wild grandeur of the mountain ranges where every pass tells its story of dauntless fighting men, and every nook and knoll has its distinctive legend, would stir to instant enterprise the most sluggish fancy. Neither bay nor mountain was so churlish as to withhold a secret from T. D. Sullivan's boyhood. The majestic heights of Beara and the wooded dells of Glengarriffe often heard the lilt of his boyish song. Healthy laughter and high spirits went with him as often, under sail, he steered a

skilful course to Castletown-Berehaven, or pulled a lighter craft under oars around Whiddy Island. Perhaps, as between th two, the stronger share of his affection was given to the Bay. The model yachts which he can even yet construct in accordance with the most approved designs, and a couple of which, in his Parliamentary days in London, he often sailed on the Serpentine and the "Round Pond" at Kensington, show what an enthusiastic course

BANTRY.

of amateur seamanship he must have gone through in his boyhood's years. How powerful is the charm which the memories of that distant time have for him still may be gathered from some cheery verses, entitled "Back o' Whiddy," which he published only a couple of years ago.

Off from Bantry pier we start,
  Sailing—or it may be rowing—
Lads and lasses, light of heart,
  On to fair Glengarriffe going:
Oh, the harbour's smooth enough,
  But some heads get queerly giddy
Once we dip in water rough
  Round the point and back o' Whiddy.

Then there's chaffing, back o' Whiddy,
Joking, laughing, back o' Whiddy,
  Fearful tales
  Of sharks and whales
And huge sea-serpents, back o' Whiddy!

Soon we've cause for tender cares,
  (Thanks, oh, thanks, sweet rolling ocean)!
And we hear delightful pray'rs
  Uttered with intense emotion:
Sometimes, too, when waves and wind
  Would try the temper of a "middy,"
Language of another kind
  Is freely spoken back o' Whiddy:
But that's no harm—when back o' Whiddy,

It has a charm—when back o' Whiddy—
  At least I know
  I judged it so
Long, long ago—when back o' Whiddy.

Sing the beauties of Glandore—
  They deserve such celebration;
Say good things of Baltimore—
  A safe retreat, a pleasant station:
Praise what bays and creeks there be
  From Mizen Head to Ringaskiddy,
But after all, the trip for me
  Is that which takes me back o' Whiddy.
Oh, the long waves, back o' Whiddy!
Oh, the strong waves, back o' Whiddy!
  Oh, the joys
  That—girls and boys—
We knew when boating back o' Whiddy!

But in this bracing nursery of Nature the future poet was not simply cradled into song. He grew ardent, as well, in the lore and love of his native land and in his desire to raise her in the scale of nations. He had plenty of object lessons in nationality around him. There were kinsmen of his alive in his youth who could tell him of the French fleet that rode in Bantry Bay in 1796 and could speak sorrowfully of the terrible hurricane that scattered and destroyed that naval armament. The fields which he trod in his early rambles had been in former times the heritage of his own sept. As he grew in knowledge he learned how the lands of his people had been confiscated in 1607, and again in 1641, and a third time in 1691. But above all he became familiar with the chronicle of the splendid heroism with which Dunboy Castle, the stronghold of the O'Sullivans in Beara, had been defended in 1602, and how Donal, the Chieftan of Dunboy, had fought his way, inch by inch, from the mountains above Glengarriffe to the safety of O'Rorke's Castle in Leitrim, in the early days of January, 1603. How closely the spirit of those stories entwined itself around every fibre of his nature, and how effectively it shaped and influenced his thought, is seen in his fine historical poem wherein he follows with unwavering fidelity the fortunes of war as they developed at the siege and fall of Dunboy. This poem which fills seventy pages of one of his books, and is the longest he has written, is marked by much strong and artistic work, the life of the garrison and the changing scenes of the fierce struggle being vividly pictured. The description of the final assault and the life and death struggle in the vault which resulted in Carew's soldiers preventing what remained of the Castle being blown up, to the destruction of the captors as well as the remnant of its defenders, makes one's blood run faster. I have always regarded the opening lines of "Dunboy" as being very felicitous.

Tread where we may on Irish ground
From Antrim's coast to wild Cape Clear,
From East to West, no view is found
Without some ruin, rath, or mound,
To tell of times that were;
Some lone round tower, yet strong and tall,
Though swept by many a wasting age;
Some wayside cross, or abbey wall,
With marks of man's unholy rage;
Some graven slab, or giant stone,
Notched with old signs and legends dim,
Some hallowed nook, with green o'ergrown,
Or mouldering castle bare and grim.
Initial letters all and each,
Of many a wild and curious story,
Mute tongues, that, silent, ever preach
Of Ireland's past of grief and glory.

With John Mitchell's comment on "Dunboy" we can all agree. Writing to Mr. Sullivan from Paris, on the 19th of January, 1861, the author of the incomparable "Jail Journal" said:—"There is much beauty and melody in the poetry; and to versify that story was an act of pious duty to your clan." "Dunboy," which was one of Mr. Sullivan's earlier poems, displayed a merit which was to characterize all his subsequent work. He saw to his hand a story which redounded not merely to the credit and glory of his clan but to the national honor at large and he at once told it, by way of encouragement to his countrymen, in clear, bold, and ringing verse. In the same way, whenever he has since seen a topic which he conceived might be turned, through the vehicle of song, to the advantage of Ireland he has at once seized his opportunity and reached the heart of the people in a poem which has unerringly pointed its moral without requiring the writer to indulge in any mysticism of phrase or any studied affectation. "T. D. S." has never wasted his time in subtle analyses of puerile abstract theories or lost himself in the labyrinths of absurd metaphysical speculations. The canons of art which sufficed to guide such singers as Burns

and Moore and Lowell and Longfellow have answered to all his needs.

It was inevitable that a young man who had the gift of song so fully in his possession should establish a reputation which soon pushed itself beyond the limits of a small and remote provincial town, nor was it strange that he himself also should go further afield than Bantry. His destined opportunity came when in the year 1855 his brother, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, assumed a share in the editorial responsibility of the historic *Nation*. The same year saw T. D. Sullivan leaving his southern home for Dublin, taking with him by way of credentials the manuscripts of a large number of national songs and ballads which he had already written. Some characteristic lines from his pen had previously appeared in the *Nation*. It is not often that the initial verses of a new contributor to a journal have anything sufficiently striking in them to cause the editor into whose hands they came to remember them distinctly for almost half a century afterwards; but that is what befell in Mr. Sullivan's case. His earliest contribution to the *Nation* got the honors of print on February 3, 1855. It was the first of a long series of bright and happy political squibs and lampoons for which the paper was to become famous. Forty-four years later Sir Charles Gavan Duffy had occasion, on March 27, 1899, to acknowledge a presentation copy of Mr. Sullivan's "Songs and Poems" published a little time before. In the course of his letter—which I hope to quote at length later on—the founder of the *Nation* said, "I would gladly have met more of your political humor, where you have no living competitor. I remember five and forty years ago when you broke into the *Nation* with,

"'Barney McBirch
Declared it was all for the good of the Church!'"

At that period Duffy, both in Parliament and in his newspaper, was battling bravely and incessantly, but, alas, unsuccessfully, against the venal gang of which John Sadleir and William Keogh were the leaders. These dishonest politicians as is well known, after posing as violent and incorruptible patriots, had betrayed the people's cause by accepting office under the Whig Premier, Lord Aberdeen. To help them to brazen out their treachery, and to foster the spirit of disunion in Ireland, so far as they could, they had established an organ of their own in Dublin called the *Weekly Telegraph*. The editor was one William Bernard McCabe, and it was this person whom Mr. Sullivan christened "Barney McBirch," the reference being to a notorious hireling named Birch who had been employed by Lord Clarendon, a former Lord Lieutenant, to slander and defame the '48 men. Duffy thought "Barney McBirch" an excellent hit; he utilized the suggestive nickname in the *Nation*, and never forgot it to the day of his death. In quoting a couple of verses from Mr. Sullivan's squib, it is necessary, if the reference to "the Church" is to be understood, to explain that, unhappily, some of the Irish bishops and priests of that day thought it their duty to countenance the political recreancy of Keogh and Sadleir:—

Billy Keogh was a "patriot" clever and bold;
'Tis little he cared about Treasury gold—
"Let the Government be
Whig or Tory," said he,
"'Till the tenant bill passes 'tis nothing to me;
Would I vote for them? No!
Is it me, Billy Keogh!"
Oh, hoho, &c.

Then followed a couple of verses in which the writer sketched a supposed conversation between Keogh and Sadleir, after which came:—

But soon what they cared for the tenants was seen,
They made themselves snug under Lord Aberdeen,
Left Bill in the lurch.
But Barney McBirch

Declared it was all for the good of the Church,
As who ought to know
But the Telegraph Co.?
Oh, hoho, &c.

This was not the last occasion when Mr. Sullivan's pitiless lash was to bite into the bone of the renegade, Keogh. Sadleir, overwhelmed by financial difficulties, committed suicide on Hampstead Heath, London, in 1856. Keogh, to whom Fate was more tender for a time, obtained the reward of his treachery by being appointed Solicitor General in 1852, Attorney General in 1855, and mounting to the Bench in 1856. In 1872 his conduct on the trial of an election petition against the return of Captain (now Colonel) Nolan as member for the County Galway, amounted to a grave scandal and made him the most detested man in Ireland. Press and platform rang with denunciations of his wild abuse of the patriotic bishops and clergy of the West, and amongst the vigorous castigations then dealt out to him none cut more keenly than the series of satirical poems of which he was made the subject by T. D. Sullivan. A few years later the unfortunate ex-patriot lost his reason and became a raving lunatic. In August, 1878, he attempted to murder his valet with a razor; in the following month he took away his own life.

I have purposely dwelt with emphasis on these Keogh incidents with the aim of showing by one definite illustration a dominant characteristic of Mr. Sullivan's work. That is the constancy and continuity with which he has followed in richly varied song and ballad the trend of public events in Ireland for the past fifty years. His political verse has been one long and evenly sustained demonstration of energy. He has not labored spasmodically. On the contrary his muse has always been alert and ready for action. It was exactly the same in every changing circumstance of Irish politics. We find Mr. Sullivan now shooting folly as it flies, now piercing with the shafts of his ridicule some piece of pretentious humbug, again laughing some quack or trickster out of Court, again cheering with his strain of hope and confidence the struggles of his fellow-countrymen. We know that we may follow the course of an eventful campaign by reading the despatches of a triumphant general and that the fortunes of some great parliamentary reform may be traced in the speeches of the statesmen who advocate it. In the same way the vicissitudes through which the Irish national movement has gone for half a century is faithfully mirrored in Mr. Sullivan's poetry.

Perhaps the only thing that can be brought into successful rivalry with the greatness in quantity of Mr. Sullivan's work is the wealth of unwaning popularity which it enjoys. It is doubtful if any single one of his pieces ever "missed fire." His lighter efforts belong at times to the order of squibs—they are never damp squibs. In the wide range of his achievement each poem he has written has, in its own sphere, the essence of lasting life. This is equally true of his fine historical poems like "Blanaid," "The Land of Youth," "Timoleague Abbey" and "The Voyage of the O'Corras"; his serious narrative compositions like "Poor Little Jemmy," "The Priest's Leap," and "The Death of King Conor McNessa"; his long humorous pieces like "The Wounded Detective," "The Man and the Monkey," "The Killarney Scare," "Mr. Gladstone and Irish Ideas," and "Something Serious"; and his lyrical poems like "O'Neill in Rome," "To the Muse," "The Old Exile," "Between Decks," and "My Faith." These inspiriting writings of his taken in conjunction with other factors such as a life of probity, a genial, winning personality, a rigid and fearless adhesion to duty, an utter absence of anything like "crookedness," or "slimness," in his public conduct,

have all combined to endear him beyond most of his contemporaries to the inner affections of his fellow-countrymen. But it is not in the least minimising any one of these qualities to say that T. D. Sullivan in any other character must take second place to T. D. Sullivan, the song-writer. He is *facile princeps* the bard of the Irish national movement from 1850, especially of the Land League period, and onwards through the remainder of the century. There is a lilt, a melody, a magnetism about his songs which carry the heart with the fiery impetuosity of a Celtic charge. They have all the essentials of the perfect song—a simplicity of diction, a happiness of phrase, a deft use of sentiment, a lyrical sweetness, and an artistic brevity. They never, in length, go beyond the border line where patience is apt to break.

Nor did they acquire fame through any lack of competition. The period in which Mr. Sullivan wrote was one rich in the volume of its national poetry. It produced, speaking of Ireland alone and not including Irish-America, writers like Robert Dwyer Joyce, T. C. Irwin, Dr. Sigerson, John Francis O'Donnell, Charles J. Kickham, Michael Hogan, ("The Bard of Thomond") John K. Casey, ("Leo") Rev. J. J. Murphy, ("Fion Barra") and J. J. Bourke ("Tiria"). All these men wrote brilliantly and extensively. But what songs of theirs ring out today at the plough or the crossroads, or are found shaking the rafters at a country merry-making? Casey's "Rising of the Moon," which appeared originally in the *Nation* of December 24, 1864, has won an assured popularity; Kickham's pathetic and beautiful little ballad, "She lived beside the Anner," is occasionally heard, and Joyce's "Boys of Wexford"—divorced from the air to which it was originally written and only brought recently into the living currency of song by William Ludwig's adoption of it on concert platforms—has been accidentally rescued from entire neglect. That, however, practically exhausts the songs that have been given to popular minstrelsy by the national writers of Mr. Sullivan's day. How vastly different has it been in his case! His racy, spontaneous ballads, like "Murty Hynes," "Hogan's Gable End," "Three Brave Blacksmiths," and "We'll Have the Land for the People" have been heard at fairs and country firesides for years, his longer narrative pieces, like "Poor Little Jemmy" and "The Wounded Detective" became long ago part of the standing stock-in-trade of the amateur reciter, while his songs, like "God Save Ireland" and "Dear Old Ireland" are the common property of the Irish race.

It has to be remarked, too, of Mr. Sullivan's songs that they have not merely become popular—they became popular instantaneously. Speaking of the immediate acceptance of "God Save Ireland" by his fellow-countrymen the author himself tells this story:

> "The Manchester executions took place on the 23rd November, 1867. Just a fortnight afterwards, in the *Nation* of Saturday, December the 7th, 'God Save Ireland' was published. *On the next day*, Sunday, I heard it sung and chorused in a crowded train on the Dublin and Howth Railway. I was at Howth Station when the train came in, and you may guess my surprise when I heard the words and music as it drew up."

Stories of this kind might be told about many of T. D. Sullivan's poems. It would be a pity to omit the following one. In the *Nation* of December 27, 1857, one of his characteristic, cheery, little songs appeared without his usual initials. It was written to a Christy Minstrel tune, "The Lone Starry Hours," at that time very popular in Skibbereen and Bantry. The song ran:

> Hurra for the wild wintry weather,
> When the nights pass so gaily along,
> As we sit by the fire altogether,
> And drown the loud tempest in song.

Hurra! let the peals of our laughter
Arise and be heard far away,
Our lives may be gloomy hereafter,
Then let us be glad while we may.

Hurra for the wild wintry weather—
The Summer has bright leafy bowers;
But, 'tis thus, round the fire altogether,
Young and old spend their happiest hours.
Hurra! let us all swell the chorus
Till it rise and be heard far away;
Perhaps some dark cloud gathers o'er us,
Then let us be glad while we may.

The verses were immediately taken up in the writer's native district and when the Phœnix National and Literary Society of Skibbereen developed into a revolutionary organization, in May, 1858, and spread through the surrounding country, the "boys" at once adopted the song because they thought its words and sentiment suited their position exactly. On the night of December 4, 1858, a number of the Phœnix men met at a party in the house of one of their number to do honor to a comrade who was about to leave Skibbereen. The last song that was sung before the party broke up was Mr. Sullivan's "Hurra for the Wild Wintry Weather." A few hours after, in the early morning of December 5, Rossa and all his companions were arrested on a charge of treason. Over twenty of them met as prisoners in the Skibbereen Police Station on their way to Cork Gaol, and Rossa tells us in one of his sketches of that stirring time that when they thus met they "Commenced joking at the ominous appropriateness of the last song sung by Mortimer Moynihan." It must be confessed that the song *was* ominously appropriate in the refrain—

Hurra! let us all swell the chorus,
Till it rise and be heard far away,
Perhaps some dark cloud gathers o'er us,
Then let us be glad while we may.

This was not the only song written by Mr. Sullivan that commended itself to the Phœnix men, and, curiously enough, this second song had a double association with the name of the fabulous bird which the eager young Cork nationalists bestowed on their revolutionary organization. "Dear Old Ireland" was written on a fine August evening in 1857 as the author sat by the side of a little lake in the west end of the Phœnix Park near what is called "The furry glen." It was published in the *Nation,* on the 15th of that month, and the members of the Phœnix Society, who were familiar with the air to which it was written, at once made their own of it and turned it into their marching song. It was one of these young men, Mr. D. J. Downing, afterwards Captain in the Federal Army, who sang it outside his tent on the evening of the battle of Fredericksburg as related in a foregoing part of this article.

Two dominant features which distinguish Mr. Sullivan's portfolio of songs are these—they are simple and they are eminently singable. The words were easy to his own hand. And these, as I have already said, he often fixed in the minds of the people by the happy device of wedding them to some air that had caught the popular fancy at the moment. In the case of "God Save Ireland" he found the air he deemed suitable in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." Now that the song with its words and music has become imperishably linked with the Irish National cause there are some delicate and over-sensitive souls whose superfine feelings are hurt at the idea that what has grown to be the National Anthem of Ireland should be associated with what they term "a commonplace American tune." To my mind it is of little importance what a national anthem is worth intrinsically as music, the real question is how far is it effective in serving the purposes for which a national anthem ripens spontaneously into operative life. What does it matter how commonplace or devoid of originality an air may be so long as it has the power to swing a multitude into the majesty of he-

roic movement, so long as it nerves the heart, and turns into fine and hardened steel the rough iron of men's determination? This is exactly what "God Save Ireland" has the power of doing as it stands, and that being the case æsthetic hypercriticism counts for very little. But in the meantime Mr. Sullivan himself should be heard on this point. This is what he says:

"I have been told that I ought to have written my lines to a native and not to a foreign tune. Now I feel bound to say that in my opinion it was the air that made the fortune of the song. This was not because of any special excellence in the melody, but because it was popular in Ireland at the time, and because of associations connected with it. The song "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," to which the music was written, was one of the chants of the Federal Soldiers in the American Civil War; it found favor with the Fenians in the ranks, and out of them; and it got quickly across to Ireland. I heard it sung once or twice in Dublin under very touching circumstances. When the tragedy at Manchester took place the idea occurred to me of making the beautiful prayer of the martyrs the theme and refrain of a national song, and I saw at once that I should adapt my verses to that martial American strain which had already become naturalised and nationalised amongst us. That was how the air of "God Save Ireland" came to be selected. . . . In my opinion the combination of Irish words and American music in an Irish national song—of the 'advanced' order—is an eminently fitting and proper thing. America has been a mainstay of our national struggle in all its phases and developments. Americans and Irish-Americans financed the Fenian movement, and have generously aided us in our constitutional endeavours. So I think the wedding of my Irish lyric to an American melody, far from being a mistake or a misfortune was, on the contrary, quite a felicitous arrangement. The pair have travelled far and wide since their union, and I am glad to say they are likely to live long and happily together."

By way of reply to some of those captious critics, "T. D.," as his countrymen familiarly call him, published the following squib in a Dublin paper:

"American music! Oh, fie! what a shame!"
Our high-mettled patriots fiercely exclaim;
But their horror I think rather funny—
For American help we unceasingly call,
All over the States we have men on the trawl,
And we never feel humbled or outraged at all
When we pocket American money.

That his three score years and ten have in no way marred the skill or blunted the fancy of "T. D. S." is shown by the poems which he writes today with all his old-time ease and finish. Here is a pleasant little piece of philosophy framed in his seventy-third year:—

Young friend, you're fond of sport and play—
In that there's nothing wrong;
But, as I love you, let me say,
Don't be a boy too long!
You've got your name and fame to make,
Your path to carve or choose—
Believe you me, though young you be,
You've got no time to lose.

An early start in honour's race
Is just the way to win;
A late set out, a lazy pace,
Is something like a sin:
If you but think the matter o'er
You'll come to share my views,
And say to me, "Well, yes, I see,
I've got no time to lose."

And don't forget, as on you go,
How high soe'er you rise,
The goal is set, not here below,
But far beyond the skies.
I got a hint myself, to-day,
From dear old Father Hughes—
"T. D.," said he, "at seventy-three
You've got no time to lose."

What could be happier than the thought which inspires the following verses written so late as last year! It may be recalled that a few gentlemen at that time associated themselves with Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York in seeking to determine the exact spot in Dublin where Robert Emmet, the young martyr patriot of 1803, was buried. The mystery, however, was not cleared up although the most patient investigation was made. It was in this connection that Mr. Sullivan wrote his little poem under the caption of "Emmet: Respectfully inscribed to the Investigators of his alleged burial places":

Search ye no more; for vain the quest
To find where Emmet's relics rest;
And after all, perhaps, so best:
He lived and died for Ireland—

What matter now for parish bounds,
Neglected plots, or tended grounds,
Unlettered slabs, or grassy mounds—
His burial place is IRELAND.

The island is his monument;
Of him the hills are eloquent;
His spirit with the air is blent
That fans the fields of Ireland:
We deem his presence ever near,
His deathless words we still can hear,
We see his face, pale, calm, and clear,
Where'er we be in Ireland.

For Emmet lives! His patriot soul
Is with us; and while ages roll,
Be ERIN'S fortune joy or dole,
'Twill cheer the heart of Ireland—
Upturn no more sods, wood, or stones
In pious hope to find his bones;
He is not dead! In trumpet tones
So speaks the voice of Ireland.

No character sketch of the author of "God Save Ireland" could be regarded as complete without some illustration of the lighter side of his muse. His playful humor, his quick sense of perceiving what was droll in a situation, have given his fellow-countrymen many a hearty laugh as the years rolled by. How strongly the spirit of frolic has taken possession of him at times may be realized, when I state that on one occasion he had the hardihood to demonstrate in verse the forty-seventh problem of the first book of Euclid. In explanation of the following racy squib it may be told that some three or four years ago the editor of the *Daily Express* of Dublin entertained at a banquet in the Irish Capital a number of gentlemen interested in the success of the "Irish Literary Theatre." The company also included several well-known gentlemen who were closely identified with the work of the Irish Industrial Revival, amongst these latter being Sir Horace Plunkett, the Vice-President of the Board of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland. This strange conjunction of Art and Agriculture prompted "T. D." to write these racy lines which he called "Firkins and Fairies":

The banquet was fine and the speeches delicious:
Indeed, 'tis admitted on every hand
That nothing so high-toned, sublime, and auspicious
For many a year has been known in our land.
No wonder the scene has been highly commended,
For everyone knows 'tis the richest of treats
To get intermixed and judiciously blended
The wisdom of Plunkett, the genius of Yeats.

With much that was mystic, sublime, and symbolic,
And truly enchanting—when once understood—
Came sober suggestions on matters bucolic
That many believed to be equally good.
There thoughts were expressed 'twas a glory to utter,
And facts were set forth that no scoffer can blink,
Making plain to the world that æsthetics and butter
Have closer connection than some people think.

Awhile we were whirled into regions ideal,
By lofty emotions our spirits were swayed;
Again a few words brought us back to the real,
And turned all our thoughts to legitimate trade.
The evening, in fact, brought such charming elation,
Such promising projects, such brilliant conceits,
That now we include in the joys of our nation
The dairies of Plunkett, the fairies of Yeats.

These three pieces, taken at random from Mr. Sullivan's more recent work, establish beyond question I venture to affirm, that in daintiness of thought and dexterity of construction he is as strong and racy today as he was in the past.

Decidedly the most distinguishing characteristic of T. D. Sullivan's political poetry is to be found in its hopeful and cheery spirit. All his life he seems to have held that "doleful lamentations" over deaths, defeats, and disasters were not the sort of pabulum on which to rear a race of sturdy patriots. Forty years ago he pub-

lished in the *Nation* a song to an American air of which the following is the first verse:—

Never be down-hearted, boys, never know despair,
Never say dear Ireland is lost at last—
Keep the good old flag, boys, floating in the air;
The dawn is on its fringes and the night goes past!
Moments so cheerless
Often have tried
Hearts that were fearless
In war's red tide;
But never be down-hearted, boys, never know despair,
Never say dear Ireland is lost at last—
Keep the lov'd old flag, boys, floating in the air,
The dawn is on its fringes and the night goes past.

In later years he has again and again written in the same spirit, protesting against a too prolonged weeping and wailing over our political losses and misfortunes. Thus in May, 1896, apropos of some mournful anniversary processions to Glasnevin Cemetery, he published the following:—

I cannot conceive why the youth of our nation,
The sons of a genial and quick-witted race,
Should seem to believe that a long lamentation
Is what accords best with our cause and our case;
Nor why we are told that our tears should keep flowing
For heroes or chieftains long since passed away,
When forward we all should be looking and going,
With faith in our future, let happen what may.

'Tis true in the turmoil and trouble of ages
Defeats and disasters we often have known,
But nations the proudest in history's pages
Have met with reverses as sharp as our own.
And never a people—for very plain reasons—
Have bettered their lot, having got such a fall,
Whose talk was of tombs at all times and all seasons,
Whose favourite tune was "The Dead March in Saul."

I doubt that the crooning of doleful narrations
Gives cheer to the heart or gives strength to the hand;
I'm sure that the shouting of wild accusations
Can bring neither glory nor gain to our land.
The fame of our great ones is safe in our keeping,
We know all they did and endeavoured to do;
But where is the use of eternally weeping
For Malachi, Dathi, or Brian Boru?

If it were only his poems which stood to the credit of Mr. Sullivan's record, his life's accomplishment would be one of large proportions. The case for the singer who hymns the cause of his Fatherland was put admirably by Tennyson when he said—

The Singer for his Art,
Not all in vain may plead,
The Song that nerves a Nation's heart,
Is in itself a deed.

Measured by this standard the author of "God Save Ireland," and "Dear Old Ireland" has wrought many a good deed. But his devotion has not been given exclusively to his muse. He has known in his time many other activities. He can claim that with his brother, A. M. Sullivan, he was practically the pioneer of our cheap national literature, which has been the chief mental food of Irish boys for the last two generations. In conjunction with his brothers A. M. and D. B. Sullivan, he edited, and wrote several of the memoirs in, "Speeches from the Dock," a book which, with A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland," enjoyed a phenomenal sale both in Ireland and out of it for years. The editing of that splendid collection in four volumes of selections from Irish National literature, the "Irish Penny Readings," was entirely his personal work. One of his labors of love was the task of collecting the fugitive pieces of Richard Dalton Williams, whose muse, like his own, ran from grave to gay at will, and these

he published with a charming memoir of the poet prefixed to the volume. The dominant note in most of his writings is, as might be expected, one of geniality and good humor but he gave evidence in his "Story of England," and in "A Record of Traitorism, or the Political Life and Adventures of Judge Keogh," that in the direction of retaliation he could strike back with fierce and savage vigor. A "Life" of his brother, A. M. Sullivan, has also come from his pen, and the reading public in Ireland is eagerly awaiting a volume of personal recollections which, it is understood, he will shortly publish.

It may be said to have become almost a commonplace of Irish public life that the editorial sanctum of the nationalist journalist is only the ante-room of Parliament. Before Mr. T. D. Sullivan's turn came this was shown to be so in the case of Charles Gavan Duffy, John Francis Maguire, Sir John Gray, A. M. Sullivan, and Edmund Dwyer Gray. The assertion, however, was particularly applicable to the old *Nation* office, no other editorial staff in Ireland, now or heretofore, being able to say that it sent so many of its members to serve the national cause in the British Parliament. In November, 1876, when A. M. Sullivan, having joined the English Bar, left Ireland for London to pursue his profession, his brother, T. D., became sole editor and proprietor of the *Nation*. It was easy to foretell what would happen. In the movement which culminated in the triumph of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar over the old party which had been led by Isaac Butt, the *Nation*, as conducted by the new editor and proprietor, gave an eloquent and effective support to the more advanced policy. Then when the general election of 1880 came "T. D. S." was persuaded to enter the House of Commons as member for Westmeath. For twenty years he continued to sit in Parliament representing in succession Westmeath, the College Green Division of Dublin, and West Donegal. He bade farewell to Parliamentary life in October, 1900. In this interval he took an active share in the municipal Government of Dublin.

In 1886 he was unanimously elected Lord Mayor, an honor that was again conferred on him the following year when he was unanimously re-elected Chief Magistrate of the City. In November, 1880, he was prosecuted, along with Mr. Parnell and others, for conspiracy, the indictment laid against them running to nineteen counts. After a trial lasting twenty days a disagreement of the jury balked the efforts of Dublin Castle to secure a conviction and in the result the prosecution was abandoned. In 1889 he was one of the Irish members who were practically on trial before the Parnell Commission in London, and he then shared in the triumph which the Irish Leader scored when Richard Pigott and the *Times* forgeries were so dramatically exposed. He was not, however, always so fortunate in baffling British law as it is administered in Ireland. In December, 1887, during his second term of office as Lord Mayor of Dublin he was indicted for publishing in the *Nation* reports of suppressed branches of the Irish National League. This time the Crown officials played their cards successfully and they had the satisfaction of seeing the Chief Magistrate of the Irish Capital—"a man of stainless character and pure and patriotic life," as one of the leading London daily newspapers described him at the time—sent to prison for two months, although happily it was ordered that he should be treated as a first class misdemeanant. This victory brought no advantage to those who had secured it. The reports of the suppressed branches continued to receive publication, while the sentence on Mr. Sullivan opened the eyes of thousands in Great Britain to the infamy of the system under which such a man might be imprisoned as a common

criminal. The trial attracted much public attention. Many English and Irish members of Parliament were present in Court when the sentence was pronounced, the colleagues of the accused in the Dublin Corporation were in attendance in their robes, and these latter gentlemen at their next meeting after the trial conferred the freedom of the city on the Lord Mayor in approval of his public conduct and a a protest against his imprisonment. During his incarceration in Tullamore jail his muse kept cheerful company with him, and on his release he published a little collection of pieces which he had written while "in the hands of the enemy." These he called, "Prison Poems; Or Lays of Tullamore," and to illustrate the kind of thoughts that came to him in his confinement the following touching verses may be quoted:—

Of all the letters sent to me
To cheer my prison days,
To bring me love and sympathy,
To buoy me up with praise,
'Tis only some that come to hand,
For—lest they'd harm the State
A lot are held, I understand,
Impounded at "The Gate."

They will not be destroyed, I'm told,
Whate'er their nature be,
But just as safe as hoarded gold
They'll all be kept for me.
Perhaps their interest may increase
As they go out of date,
But on the day of my release
I'll get them at "The Gate."

I'll have to pass—the time is near—
Another portal through;
Ah, would I had no cause to fear
What there will meet my view!
A long account, a large amount
Of errors small and great—
A woful tale to make me quail
And tremble at "The Gate."

Yet let me hope that mixed with those
Some brighter things may be,
And that the prayers that oft arose
From loving hearts for me
Were never lost, cast down, or crost,
But went to Heaven straight,
And by God's will, are potent still
To help me through "The Gate."

Such are some of the leading features in Mr. Sullivan's long and blameless life. In whatever character we view him nothing leaps to light but what has enhanced his own personal reputation and redounded to his country's honor. We see him as a poet whose songs and ballads are sure of enduring life and whose buoyant humor and spirit of unflinching faith in Ireland's future, as revealed in his verse, have given joy and encouragement to the children of the Irish race all the world over; as a journalist who—not to speak of later and brighter times—preached, with a manhood that never wavered, the gospel of courage and hope in those days of despair that followed the treason of Keogh and Sadleir and the exile of Gavan Duffy—as a patriot who never lowered the national ideals or thought of consequences to himself in discharging what he conceived to be his duty.

I have placed in the forefront of this survey of Mr. Sullivan's career his work as an Irish national poet. Let me fortify my own estimate of that work by submitting copies of two letters which I am privileged to make public for the first time. The competency of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Lady Wilde to express a critical opinion on the subject of national poetry will, I think, be generally accepted. Those who enjoy the privilege of Mr. Sullivan's friendship know that he has a horror of anything savoring of self-advertisement and it is quite characteristic of him that these handsome tributes to his power as a national song-writer have never until now appeared in print.

Lady Wilde's letter ran as follows:

140 Oakley Street, Chelsea,
November, 1891.

Dear Mr. Sullivan:

I have always thought you the best, strongest, and most characteristic of all our Irish poets, and in addition you have the perfect musical ear which makes a discord impossible in your verses. All these qualities of your head and heart are to be found in the pathetic and beautiful renderings of the

old legends given to us in your new volume. Accept my warmest thanks for this presentation copy, a most kind and welcome proof that you hold me still in your remembrance. But you should have added your portrait to this volume, for the author of "God Save Ireland" belongs now to our National History. Should you have a photograph to spare, pray let me have it. It will gratify me very much.

Ever with the highest esteem
Your affectionate friend and countrywoman,
FRANCESCA SPERANZA WILDE.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote as follows:

12 BOULEVARD VICTOR HUGO, NICE.
27th March, 1899.

DEAR MR. SULLIVAN:

Thank you very much for your little volume of "Songs and Poems," where I met several old friends, and many new ones, with whom I was glad to make acquaintance.

In my opinion there are half a dozen songs in this volume which express a passionate, convinced devotion to Ireland which no one has matched except Davis, and, perhaps, McGee, whose vindication of Phelim O'Neil touches me anew whenever I encounter it.

I would gladly have met more of your political humour, where you have no living competitor. I remember five and forty years ago when you broke into the *Nation* with

"Barney McBirch,
Who swore that 'twas all for the good of the Church,"

and I have read every squib of yours which has fallen in my way from that time to this with keen enjoyment.

The greater part of the volume revives the national music which accompanied and inspired the march of the people. There are modern critics who will tell you that this sort of thing is only rhetoric, but this sort of thing belongs to the school which produced "Scots wha hae," "Rule Britannia," and the "Marsellaise," which will outlive the whole school of ballad-mongers.

My eighty-fourth year will commence in a few days, and I am weary with the thought that my life will end without seeing the Promised Land.

Very faithfully yours,
C. GAVAN DUFFY.

With these authoritative and happy appreciations of Mr. Sullivan as a national poet I may pass from his public life, only to add that his popularity in the larger, outside world of literature and politics has been but the reflex of the popularity he has enjoyed in his social and personal relations. Few men have moved and had their being in a wider circle of friendship, or been the recipients of a more abundant measure of respect and affectionate regard. Taking him altogether it may be said that "T. D. S." has been an institution in Ireland for the last half century. May I strike a personal note and say—what cannot be said in every instance—that those who have worked in the closest professional association with him as journalists are those who estimate him most highly. In the last issue of the *Nation* for 1873 there appeared a poem, entitled "Tim: A Firelight Reverie," from the pen of John Francis O'Donnell, whose virile and resonant verse was a notable feature in Irish journalism in that day. O'Donnell and "T. D. S." knew each other well—for a long time both of them wrote at the same table in the editorial room of the *Nation* and they were intimately familiar with each other's thoughts, temperament, and character. "Tim" was a curious and clever poem, running to eight stanzas of irregular length, in which references to O'Donnell's home life, his little children, "T. D. S.," and the old *Nation* office in Abbey street were strangly blended. It opened:

In the winking firelight dim,
Sits curious little Tim,
Elbow based on either knee,
And such laughs rippling o'er the rosied face!
Mirth of the angels he was wont to be
Ere the good God, beholding Time and Space,
Sent Tim to thee and me—
My Wife—with arm slung softly round his neck,
His head against your breast—
The Dove and the Dove's nest.

Little Jenny, another of the children, insists on knowing why her brother is called "Tim," when in reality his name is "Hugh." Then the father in explaining the enigma proceeded to give a fine etching of Mr. Sullivan, whose first Christian name supplied the key to the mystic "Tim." O'Donnell's character sketch of

his friend was drawn thirty years ago. The intervening three decades have only given a richer relief to the lines of the portrait.

"They call him Tim?" 'Tis Jen
Insists, again, again,
"Surely we all know he was christened Hugh!"
Then I; "Amongst my many walks with men—
And they were many—I encountered one,
Heart catholic, a gracious, fruitful brain,
And true to duty as the faithful sun.
He never did the wrong, wrong men devise,
Nor lit the fire on a despondent's track—
Ne'er looked his enemy with friendly eyes
And, turning basely, stabbed him in the back—
That's why we call Hugh, "Tim,"
Miss Jenny, proud and prim,
My "Cocked Nose," as we call you. How you smile
That serious smile, my Jenny! Oh, some night
Beneath some roof in the resurgent Isle
That man shall kiss you!"

With one more quotation from the poetry of T. D. S. I close this paper. I have said in an earlier page that "never once has a single chord of his harp been broken asunder"—I might have added "not even the lightest and tenderest of them all"—in proof whereof I here append the following lyric from his pen, written and published only a few months ago. It was entitled "What I Would Do":

If I could weave my heart, love,
Into a tissue fine
As clouds that blush and brighten
When Autumn eves decline,
I'd shape a flowing scarf, love,
For even one moment's wear
Around your dove-like neck, love,
Upon your bosom fair.

If I could form my heart, love,
To gems and jewels rare,
I'd bind them for your brow, love,
I'd twine them for your hair.
With gold I'd set and shape them
Into a message sweet,
And for one moment's reading
I'd lay them at your feet.

If I could make my heart, love,
A harp of dulcet tone,
To yield Æolian music
By evening zephyrs blown,
I'd place it near your casement,
That so its melody
Might mingle with your dreaming,
And plead my cause for me.

SHAKSPERE AND THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

BY WILLIAM E. WATT.

The first dramatist to attempt to be funny by misrepresenting the Irish was Shakspere. Knowing nothing of the people, he sought to make sport for British audiences with the appearance and speech of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle. It was a complete failure. Look at the second scene of Act III. in Henry V. where Captain Macmorris appears. Not the slightest approach to the character or language of the typical Irishman can be found in the part. The language is a mixture of Welsh and Dutch peculiarities. His oath, "By Chirsh," might have come from a Welshman. So might his use of "ish" for *is,* from a Dutchman, but never from an Irishman. A Dutchman might be heard to say "trompet" for trumpet, and he might say, "The trompet call us," instead of *calls;* but there is nothing in these forms representing the speech of the Irish of Henry Fifth's time. Neither is there anything Irish in the man or his conduct. He has no part in the play; he helps us in no way as readers or auditors; he is merely introduced for the purpose of raising a laugh in thoughtless persons who are prejudiced against the Irish.

This foolish attempt at the production of a character by the great playwright is one of those inexcusable things of which he was frequently guilty, and from which a little forethought and the smallest care for truth might have saved him. And yet it is not like those slips he made when he put a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia, or when he introduced white paper in the time of King Lear. We can more readily forgive him his slips of ignorance than his evident intention to make ridiculous a struggling and unfortunate people.

A TRUE IRISHMAN.

If Shakspere had lived in any sort of intimacy with the court of Queen Elizabeth he could have found among her courtiers at least one representative of the Irish worthy of his pen. Hugh O'Neil, the grandson of that Con O'Neil, whom Henry VIII. made Earl of Tyrone, was resident there, having been educated at that brilliant court. By his superior mental and physical accomplishments he demonstrated that young Ireland at that day was equal to the best in Britain. He afterwards brought the Irish people into union against English tyranny, and was considered the most formidable antagonist the British had ever met in the island.

But the great dramatist did not know the Irish any better than some of our present writers who make plays with "Irishmen" thrown in. It is true he had few incentives to exploit the valor of the Irish; but that does not excuse his puerile attempt at making them appear ridiculous in this play. In his day the English were trying to exterminate the Irish by strategy and treachery. One of them invited four hundred of the bravest of the natives of Leix and Offaly in the name of the Queen to a great banquet at the fort of Mullaghmast. He coolly murdered all of them but one, Lalor, whose agility enabled him to escape the feast of blood. Under Lord Grey, Sir Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser assisted, in Shakspere's day, in ravaging the frontier countries to such an extent that, Froude puts it, "the lowing of a cow or the sound of a plowboy's whistle was not to be heard from Valentia to the Rock of Cashel." Raleigh did not hesitate to win favor by butchering the Irish

in cold blood, and the gentle Spenser says the misery of the unfortunate inhabitants was such "as that any stony heart would rue the same."

BUT ONE IRISHMAN INTRODUCED.

In view of the fact that the British were harrying the Irish to death, driving them to the mountains and bogs from which they could by no means dislodge them, but where the refugees could gain but the scantiest subsistence,—in fact, where nothing to this day has ever been made to grow as food for man,—it is not gentle in Shakspere to introduce but one Irish character in all his plays and put him in the most ridiculous and false light possible.

Captain Macmorris is ushered in by the comic Welshman's declaring him an ass. "By Chesu, he is an ass, as in the world; I will verify as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, . . . than is a puppy-dog."

With this brilliant and auspicious introduction the representative of Ireland enters the realm of the great plays of Shakspere. He speaks four times. His first words, instead of being a proper salutation to the military gentlemen present,—an act of courtesy no Irish officer ever omitted,—are a complaint about the way the fight is going on. "By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in one hour; O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!"

Then the Welshman tries to show him he is an ass by public examination in the art of war as practiced by the Romans. Macmorris sensibly objects, but in abominable language, "It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trompet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done so Chrish sa' me, la!"

Then this representative Irishman of Shakspere's creation derides his own country! Fluelen speaks of it, and Macmorris is made to say, "Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. That ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?"

He then leaves the Shaksperian stage with this declaration, which I presume shows the opinion the writer had of an Irishman, "I do not know you so good a man as myself; so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head."

GOOD MATERIAL IN IRISH HISTORY.

The people who upheld and manifested the first and purest Christian faith, the highest civilization, and the noblest culture in the British Isles for three centuries after St. Patrick could have afforded the poet better material than he chose. The revolution of the year 1000, which overthrew Malachy II. and put Brian Boru on the throne as over-king of Ireland, and the succeeding marvelous years down to 1014, when on Good Friday was fought the terrible battle of Clontarf, with the good old king cut down while in his tent kneeling before the crucifix, would have made good material for a Shaksperian play, far better than much of the matter used in Cymbeline, Lear, and other plays. But Shakspere knew nothing of these people. Their praises are recorded in the chronicles of Wales, Mann, and Scotland, and in the annals of Ademar and Marianus, while the Sagas of Denmark and the Isles sounded forth the events of "Brian's Battle"; but Shakspere

had not at hand any translations of them to work on as he had for Julius Cæsar and others.

BRITISH PREJUDICE RAMPANT.

But the poet had his fling at the Irish occasionally, although after one failure he seems to have abandoned depicting them in person, for he regularly refers to them in contemptuous terms. In many parts of his works he throws out scathing sarcasm against the religion which made the Irish unanimous against Henry VIII. Holy water and church customs are flippantly spoken of by him even in plays representing scenes before the introduction of Christianity. One from Midsummer Night's Dream will serve to show his animus:

"Can you endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon?"

While the English government was constantly calling upon the Irish for funds to help in its foreign wars, at the Globe theatre under the Lord Chamberlain's direction were being thrown out nightly such expressions as these:

"Now for our Irish wars;
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live."
—Rich. II. i 154.

"The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen."
—2 Hen. VI. iii 367.

In the same scene the Duke of York commends Jack Cade thus:

"Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again
And given me notice of their villainies."

The Dauphin (in Hen. V. III., vii 56) uses the Irish when he wishes to make a man appear ridiculous: "O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers." In the same play, prologue to Act V., Elizabeth says:

"Were now the general of our gracious empress
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword."

When we consider that the Irish at that time were simply trying to avoid extermination at the hands of the English, it is rather ungentlemanly to put the women into this sort of talk, even though the men say with Richard II., "Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland."

Hotspur speaks of his dislike for certain singing, and chooses as a simile what he considers the worst possible music. Referring to the noise made by his female hound, or brach, he shows his preference for it, even when she seems to use the Irish tongue for her performance, "I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish."

Shakspere thought the Irishman a hard drinker, even though he did not know him. He puts into the mouth of Ford, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, the following bright deliverance: "I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, and an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself."

IRELAND DESPICABLE TO SHAKSPERE.

Although he had never seen Ireland, he was sure it was an un-beautiful country, and when he has Dromio describe the countries he found in the greasy kitchen wench who claimed him by error, he reserved that country to the lowest degradation. The woman was so greasy and fat that she was declared to be likely to burn longer than the whole world if she should live till domesday, and so round that she was a veritable globe on which countries could be found out. This is where Shaks-

pere is said to be in his happiest vein (Comedy of Errors, III. ii 119). The play is such a gem that children are made to read it in the public schools of America, to talk about it, and write essays on it, boys and girls together. It is further studied in the high schools and academies, and then the great universities of the land give courses on it. The Irish ought to revere Shakspere. He made the first stage Irishman which was not Irish. His example is followed to this day because he was so great. The debt of Ireland is to him.

The writer does not contend that there are not sublime passages in Shakspere and that his plays are not great. He does not wish to belittle or detract from the real worth of those writings. But he has become nauseated with the fond praise of those who claim everything good in literature is to be found in Shakspere's writings. He feels there is a great deal of nonsense in this indiscriminate adulation of what is not praiseworthy, and that it is time to use discretion regarding his productions as well as those of other writers.

Shakspere has indeed written with the liveliest imagination of the wicked things that are to be found in the human heart. But he has not sounded its depths. The good man and the noble self-sacrificing woman were unknown to Shakspere. It is unjust to the coming generation to permit teachers and professors to claim more than is due the great writer. He is indeed strong. He is rank in many instances. But his writings are not suitable subjects for school children to study seriously. There are selections which will do well taken apart from the plays; but there is no play of his that is fit to be used in any grammar school, and few of them should be studied entire in any high school, especially in those where there are students of foreign parentage who wish to master the English language as it is spoken today.

This article is not prepared from specially selected matter which helps a preconceived plan of attack upon the great bard. It is simply a record of what there is in the plays regarding the Irish. There is nothing good on the subject in them. But it is hoped the article may have some influence in bringing to their senses some who have gone Shakspere mad. Many literary persons look at these plays as a Puritan used to look at his Bible. No matter how it looks to common sense, it is a "Thus saith the Lord." There is no man's writings which merit that,—especially of the sixteenth century. The Irish in me rises up against this senseless adulation.

THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE WITH THE PALAZZO PRETORIO (NOW MILITARY OFFICES), THE TORRE GRANDE, AND THE NEPTUNE FOUNTAIN.

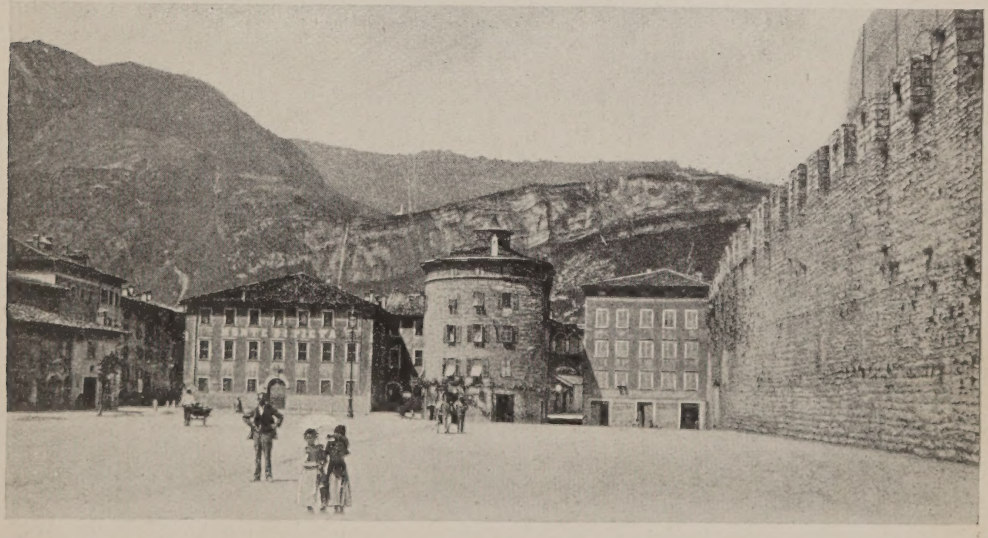
This fountain, though handsome, is of less artistic value than an older fountain near at hand. The battlements shown on a tower behind the Cathedral, are called Spanish. The form often recurs in Trent. In this neighborhood were fought several battles of the Spanish "War of Succession."

TRENT, THE CITY OF THE FAMOUS COUNCIL.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN TRENT.

In years gone by the pilgrim went to Trent, and rejoiced to be there, but it used to be an uncomfortable halting place. Fortunately things have altogether changed, and there is excellent hotel accommodation now to be found in the old city of the prince-bishops, and of the famous Council.

There was lately a great gathering of conscripts at Trent, and the place wore a very military aspect. At all times indeed there are many soldiers in uniform to be



THE MARKET PLACE AND THE OLD CITY WALLS.

THE APSE OF TRENT CATHEDRAL.

The building of the Cathedral was continued through about 400 years, having been begun in the 11th century. The Council sat in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, A. D. 1545 to 1563.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF TRENT, THE GARDENS, DANTE STATUE.

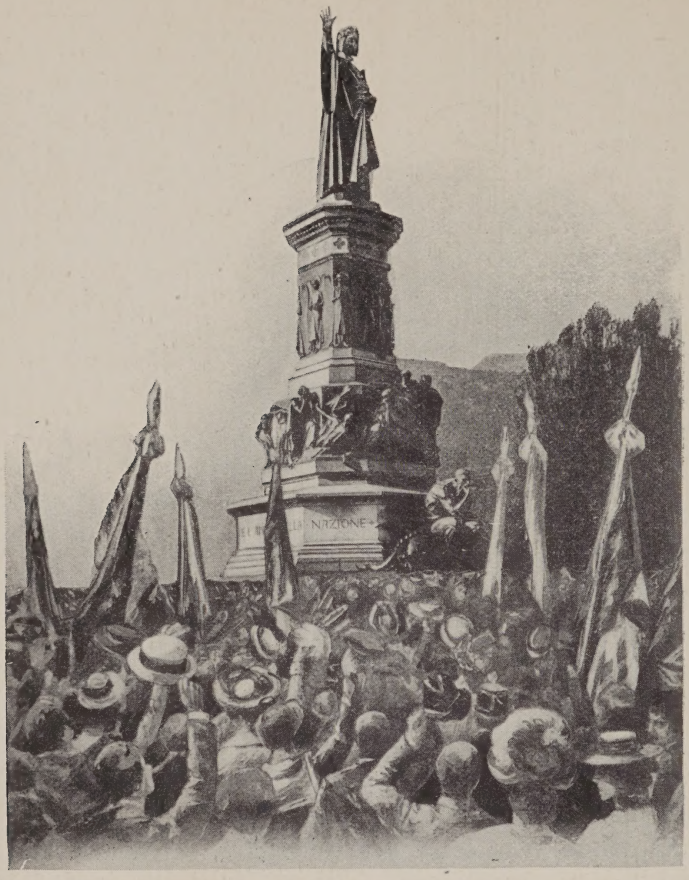
THE OLD CASTLE, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE-BISHOPS OF TRENT, NOW A BARRACK

seen, and access to several of the most interesting sights can only be obtained by leave of the commandant, or of some other officer.

Of late there has been much discontent because the government endeavored to make German "the language of the schools" in this part of what is called "L'Italia irredenta," (or "unredeemed," or "still-enslaved," Italy), but Austria has had to give way somewhat on the point and the people will henceforth be free to grow up in their old beloved tongue.

Not having been in Trent for ten years, and great changes having taken place in the interval, to-day I promptly lost my way. Enquiring *in German* of a young woman standing by a fountain how I was to find Santa Maria Maggiore she answered *in Italian,* just a little sharply: "I cannot understand a single word of German." Was the answer dictated by pol-

THE RAILWAY STATION AND NEW HOTEL



THE DANTE MONUMENT IS IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN, NEAR THE RAILWAY STATION.
Its sixth birthday (the sixth anniversary of its unveiling) has just been celebrated with much enthusiasm

TORRE VANGA.
One of the many ancient towers of Trent, that collectively give so picturesque and unique an appearance to the historic city.

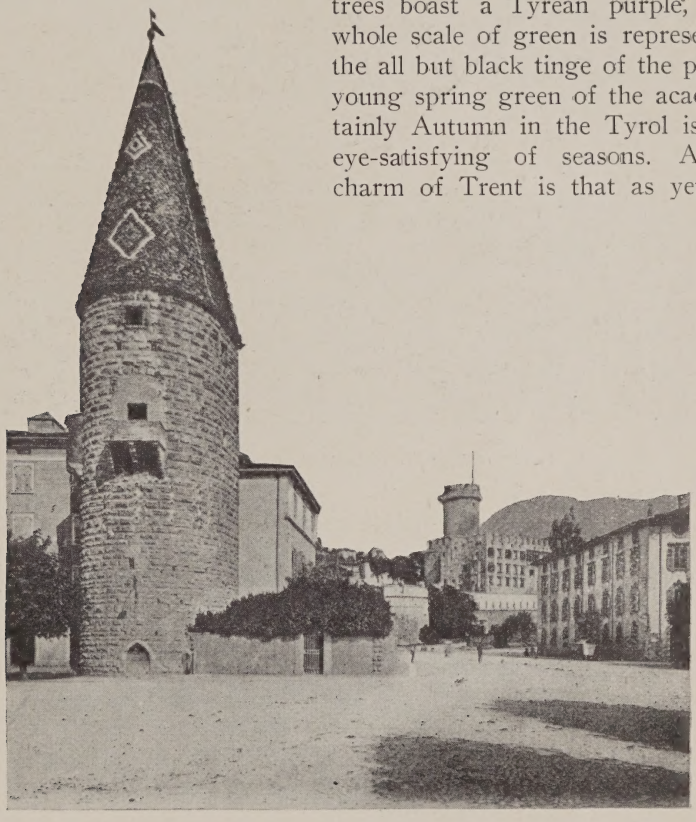
icy? Was it a sort of pose? Or was it a simple statement of fact? I cannot tell; but very angry feelings have been dominant of late on the language question here.

Higher up the valley of the Adige, between Meran and Botzen, the floods of 1901 left a huge deposit of rocks and much red porphyry, the latter ground to powder. Fields and vineyards were deep in this disastrous coverlet of blocks and fine red sand. It seemed difficult to imagine the porphyry of those great mountains south of Meran reduced to absolute pulverization, porphyry being one of the hardest of stones. But all around Trent there are red sandstone quarries. These quarries yield a close-grained, bright-col-

ored stone. Can this local stone be porphyry disintegrated and turned again into stone? There is quite enough likeness between the mountains of the upper valley, the *débris* below Meran, and the rock in the Trentine quarries, to suggest this geological kinship.

Trent owes much of the beauty of the scenery surrounding it to the vivid red of the rocks that show through the sparse growths of the cliffs, the steep mountain-sides, and to the red earth of its rare fields.

In Autumn the Tyrolese mountains are clad most gorgeously. Americans say that only here is there a Fall comparable to that of the home-land. Biberries, sumach and cherry trees are in absolutely scarlet leaf. One October day I had the opportunity of comparing their tints with the painted markings, scarlet and black, along the military road, in the defile above Trent, leading towards Arco. Poplars and ferns are then in bright golden leaf, mountain ash, briony, and certain pear trees boast a Tyrean purple, while the whole scale of green is represented from the all but black tinge of the pines to the young spring green of the acacias. Certainly Autumn in the Tyrol is the most eye-satisfying of seasons. A supreme charm of Trent is that as yet it is not "trodden flat by the feet of the traveling English,"—as Mrs. Browning said of Bagni di Lucca and her fellow country people, some forty years ago. Trent is fresh. It has its own characteristics. It has not suffered the abrasion inevitable in cosmopolitan tourist resorts.



THE GREEN TOWER, TRENT, WITH THE CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

This tower is roofed with the brightest green and yellow tiles, set on in the shape of an extinguisher, at a tipsy angle. The stone balcony is a fine architectural feature. In days gone by, the townsfolk of Trent must have heard many weighty pronouncements uttered from this balcony of the Torre Verde.

CAMULOS, FROM THE NORTH. RAMONA'S EARLY HOME.

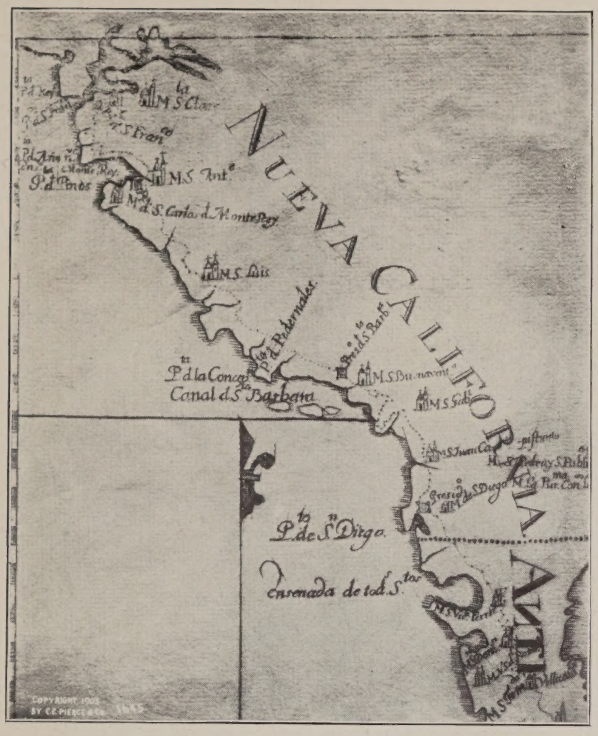
ON "THE ROYAL ROAD."

EL CAMINO REAL.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

The present is a time not only of preservation but of reconstruction in California. In her half century of statehood, it was only a decade ago she wakened to the fact that some of the biggest things on earth were hers and that some of the greatest stood in need of preservation. For instance, her trees, the biggest in the world, were being slashed down so rapidly by the lumber companies that it seemed only a matter of a few more years when all would be felled, unless a halt was called. The weather and the more destructive hand of the vandal were making such havoc with her long chain of noble Franciscan Missions that something had to be done to save even the ruins. Individual lovers of the beautiful and picturesque, seeing and regretting such irreparable destruction, united in the effort to stop it. A woman was the first to call public attention to the demolition of the ruins, and under her leadership the first society for the preservation of the Old Missions was founded in Los Angeles. She was then city librarian, which position afforded her the opportunity of meeting many citizens of means and leisure and of kindred instincts, and they were easily interested in the work of her society. But a change of librarians deprived the movement of her leadership, and the continuance and widening of the scope of the outlined work was turned over to the Landmarks Club.

About the same time another woman began a vigorous campaign for the Camino Real, and succeeded in having it finally accepted by the Landmarks Club as an



OLD SPANISH MAP OF CAMINO REAL.

inseparable part of its undertaking in southern California. Several of the Missions have been preserved from further decay by new tile roofs, similar to the original, at a cost of several thousand dollars. But the Camino Real, the literal English translation of which is "The Royal Road," the great highway more than five hundred miles long, connecting all the Missions from San Diego to San Francisco Solano, built by the Franciscan Fathers, still stands as they left it. A new and infinitely more far-reaching and powerful organization has recently emanated from the efforts and examples of the Landmarks Club. The Camino Real convention, held in Los Angeles on the thirtieth of January, 1904, was attended by delegates from almost every organization of any standing in southern California. County board of supervisors, board of city trustees, farmers' clubs, Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West, women's clubs, pioneer and historical societies, chambers of commerce, were represented. There were also many local Camino Real associations, from Santa Barbara to San Diego, represented at the convention. The central organization of all these forces effected at the convention may be looked to for an early beginning of active work on the thorough rebuilding of the Camino Real, on broader and more substantial lines. It is to be no patchwork, but, in the vigorous language of Mr. Charles Lummis must be "a uniform, modern, good road."

For the present at least this society limits its efforts to that section of the Camino Real extending between San Diego and Santa Barbara. Mr. Hearst, of newspaper fame, fathers a movement for the reconstruction on the northern section. The historic interest as well as the scenic beauty, and the material and practical value of the great highway, justify the promoters of the enterprise in confidently hoping for state aid in their work. Nor can the state well afford to withhold such aid. The west has nothing in the way of historic ruins or of attractive scenery to equal the Old Missions and their fine surroundings. An automobile, carriage, or bicycle ride over the Camino Real, from mission to mission, will undoubtedly be the most romantic and delightful outing to be enjoyed on our continent. The big redwoods, the big mountains, valleys, and ranches, each have their peculiar attractions. Along the Camino Real may be had more of that which appeals to and awakens and stimulates the spiritual, the

ideal, sensibility in men, and this is,—after all the talk about "the almighty dollar chasing,"—just what most sane, healthy minds are looking for. It was moreover just this that urged the intelligent pioneers of the movement to a successful ending of their campaign.

The inception of the old Camino Real dates back to the establishment of the first of the Franciscan Missions, at San Diego, 1769, seven years before the Declaration of Independence. The mission building was but a temporary structure built of stakes and branches of trees for walls, with tile roof. But it was sufficient shelter and protection in such a clement climate and among peaceful Indians till a better and more substantial one could be built. The good padres in charge of the expedition of establishing the missions were not slow in discerning a more sightly, safe and otherwise advantageous site for their permanent buildings. It was therefore on the first journey of the padres that the ground of the Camino Real was broken, some five miles up the old mission valley, to where now stand the ruins of the mission buildings. The historical records extant are not sufficiently definite to warrant the statement of the exact time or direction of the first extension of the Camino Real. It might be challenging error to say that it was when the expedition under guidance of Padres Crespi and Gomez started up the coast for Monterey, about a fortnight after the first landing at San Diego. We know, however, that the San Carlos Mission at Monterey was the second of the twenty-one established. So if the first trail or path traveled by the padres and their following is to be the line of demarkation the new road will be on their tracks for some distance at least. But it seems more probable that the men appointed to shape the course of and survey the new Camino Real will be instructed to follow as nearly as possible the highway traveled from mission to mission, after all were built. This is the once well-trodden "King's highway," traveled for half a century or more by the padres, the Spanish dons and donnas, the senoritas and cabilleros. Over it thou-

NEAR CAMINO REAL, PASADENA.

sands of the then heathen, uncivilized Indians flocked from all quarters of their wilderness and mountain haunts to the missions for a first sight of their new gods and redeemers, for it was as such that the aborigines at first regarded the Franciscan missionaries. Nay it was as redeemers they looked upon the padres to the last, and well they might, for raising them from the savagery and the squalor in which they found them to the status of industrious Christian men and women.

The most attractive and picturesque sights ever seen on the Camino Real were during the "Rodeo" and "Fiesta" seasons, when the missions were at their best. The Spanish or Mexican don and dona, the senorita and cabillero, were all expert horsemen or women then, and a numerous cavalcade headed toward some spacious ranch to attend the week's social festivities was worth traveling far to see. Beauty and chivalry were there combined in their most picturesque and fascinating array. The gold and silver trappings of the horses glittered in the bright sun. Grace and elegance were in every movement of the riders. The placing of a yellow or red rosebud in an olive-cheeked senorita's raven hair was a work of art in itself.

The pity of it all is that in rehabilitating the Camino Real you cannot restore to it something of the lost beauty and loveliness which then glorified it. I am of course speaking of animate beauty, for the inanimate remains, and to it has been added the more modern, and perhaps to most people the more pleasing and satisfying improvement of city, town, hamlet, and fine country house.

Departing from its original starting point, the new Camino Real will take you along a five mile stretch of the old mission valley dotted with ranchers' homes, surrounded by orchards and vineyards on either hand, the ruins of the old mission in sight ahead, a little to the left of which stand the two Indian schools. An odd glimpse of the Pacific Ocean shows through a canon or cranny, and the air is fragrant with the scent of orange blossoms from a big grove on the right. Cross the valley and river bed to the west side and then skirt along the mission olive orchard with its feathery silver plumes nodding and waving and beckoning to you. These trees were planted by the mission padres more than a hundred years ago and are still bearing fruit. Beyond the mission grounds the Camino Real takes you through a more sparsely populated but no less picturesque stretch of country. The trees increase in size, and mountain streams exhaust themselves on the foot hills. But you listen in vain for the Indian shepherd's voice or pipe, which your environment induces you to expect.

Scarcely half an hour from the end of your first day's journey the wide San Luis Rey valley opens up and the road leads across it to the grand mission church on a spur of rock reaching well out toward the river. You must of course regret the absence of the olden hospitality of the missions that met you at the entrance of the grounds, took the best of care of your horses, gave freely of its best while you sojourned, and, if your horses were not sufficiently rested, sped you on your way rejoicing with a fresh, and, if possible, a better pair. Yet if modern conditions do not admit of such good cheer there is still much of the real Franciscan life and spirit in evidence at San Luis Rey. The church building itself has been well-nigh rehabilitated to its original completeness, a successful Franciscan college and monastery being maintained therein.

Thence to Pala, where the evicted Warner's Ranch Indians are now pleasantly located on their new reservation, the Camino Real runs through a wilder and more romantic section of country. Or by keeping to the more beaten main highway, nearer the coast line, to the ruins of

San Juan Capistrano, you get a more extensive and satisfying view of the several forms of the old Spanish-Mexican life. There are a number of the old adobe houses still occupied by the descendants of the first settlers. At the depot you see a crowd made up of a diversity of types, from the pure Castilian down to the full-blooded Indian and Mexican. In contrasting all these types, including the up-to-date American millionaire and his family riding in their ten thousand dollar tourist automobile you can hardly avoid the conclusion that the Indian's picturesque personality fits him best to the soil and surroundings. This is impressed on you as you remark how much better the mission style of architecture of the little depot harmonizes with its environment than the Queen Anne or Shoppel house just back of it, and the impression becomes more vivid as you see the hills around and about you dotted with droves of cattle, and catch glimpses of mounted Indian and Mexican cowboys.

There is no mile of the Camino Real northward toward San Gabriel but has its own peculiar attractions. To the tenderfoot on his first sight-seeing excursion over the Camino Real, these attractions are most delightful surprises. The senses are gratified almost constantly. When nearing the end of the third day's journey you come in sight of some of the fine suburban houses about Los Angeles, in which the mission style of architecture is the dominant one, and you are still further convinced of the truth of your former convictions. You see how such structures, and only such, are entirely congruous to their background of foot hills and mountains. You feel how well adapted they are to the clear blue sunny California sky and mild climate, and you hope that the waysides of the new Camino Real will be plentifully beautified by such in the future.

As you near San Gabriel you feel that you are approaching classic ground. The spirit of the ideal past with its train of holy and felicitous memories greets and accompanies you as you go on. A sense of almost divine peace, a more selfless love of God and of His infinitely beautiful creations, enhance the pleasure of seeing with the natural as well as the spiritual eye many of the scenes which inspired Helen Hunt Jackson in the creation of her Ramona. A visit to the ranch house at Camulos and the old Coronel hacienda where the story was conceived well repays stopping over for a day or two. But if you must go on with the procession over the Camino Real to San Fernando you will there see in the recent repairs to the old mission some of the best work of the Landmarks Club. Rarely is one privileged to sit at the festive board with more congenial spirits than those we met at the banquet given at the celebration of the completion of the repairs. Men and women of all races and creeds met to felicitate one another over the preservation of the ruins, exemplifying by their labors in a common cause the sublime truth of the words which Longfellow puts in the mouth of Michael Angelo: "That art which has the consecration and the stamp of holiness upon it must prevail over all others." But this is going too far astray from the Camino Real.

Resuming the broad road the next day's journey brings one through no less a pleasing stretch of country than that gone over. Reaching the old Santa Barbara Mission ends that portion of the Camino Real taken in hand by the new Camino Real association. There are so many historical and traditional remembrances clustering round the fine old structure that you could linger hereabouts for days to recall the best of them. Nor are the old things all. New men with new-made millions have added much to

the material wealth and structural attractiveness of the city. The finest of those mansions built by eastern millionaires have the old mission style as the dominant element in their architecture. Many of them crowd pretty well up hill toward the Mission grounds, and a few vie with the fine old church itself in topping the hill.

The wholesome emulation if not actual rivalry between the citizens of the northern and southern parts of the state must produce notable results in the rehabilitation of the Camino Real. It should and probably will be a test of the public spirit of the two sections, the palm rightly going to the one having its part of the road done soonest and best, yet the chances are that there will be a truce before the finish, the state intervening with a big appropriation to accelerate the important work and to unite all her forces thereon. There are good and many reasons why Catholics in and out of the state should in every possible way do at least their share in helping the work forward. It was the self-sacrificing Catholic missionary spirit and whole-hearted valor of the Franciscan padres that gave existence to the missions and the Camino Real. What have we Catholics of today done toward the preservation or reconstruction of either?

WHOM SEEKEST THOU?

BY AGNES E. SULLIVAN.

Whom seekest thou with bitter thoughts downcast?
Behold! The night is past,
And earth is radiant with the peace new-born
This Resurrection Morn.

Shall He await again the traitor's kiss
Who bore the Cross for this?
For such who seek the angel's voice rings clear:
"He is not here."

Not here where darkness lurks and shadows fall,
Like Death's unwelcomed pall,
O'er hearts grown weary in the anxious quest
Of what seemed rest.

Break forth from out the winding sheets of sin
Your souls long slept within,
And rise to hope and trust, to life anew
And days more true.

And from your hearts imprisoned wake the song
That there has slumbered long,
When He shall come across the dewy sward—
Your risen Lord!

OUR TRUE POSITION.

RUSSIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXVIII.

This vast country contains the greater part of Sarmatia, Sythea and Scandinavia. The Tartars and the Moscovites in latter times were the principal occupants of these extensive territories, and in the intermediate period after the immigrations of the Goths, the Vandals, the Sclavi, the Russi, the Hunni, the Tueri, and kindred tribes, extended themselves over these undefined regions. Russia extends through Europe and Asia and formerly comprised a portion of America. In this essay we shall confine ourselves to a very brief and general statement of the conversion of these tribes to Christianity and the causes that led to its decay in European Russia.

Little progress was made in planting Christianity in this vast region prior to the ninth century. In the seventh and eighth centuries some knowledge of Christian religion was obtained by these wandering tribes from slaves whom they had taken from the civilized nations of Europe in some of their incursions. In the beginning of the ninth century, Michael, the Stammerer, and his successor Theophilus, emperors of the East, persecuted the Catholics, especially the patriarchs of Constantinople,—Saints Nicophorus and Methodius. Theodora, the widow of Theophilus, ruled during the minority of her son, Michael III., whom she educated in the Roman Catholic faith. About the year 848 the Chazari, who were a tribe of Tueri that had migrated from the banks of the Volga, sent a solemn embassy to the Regent and her son, and begged to have Christian missionaries sent to them. Theodora applied to St. Ignatius, patriarch of Constantinople, who sent a number of missionaries under a priest by the name of Cyril. He was a native of Thessalonica,—a man of great learning, and in a short time he influenced and baptized the tribe, organized churches, and when his work was well established he returned to Constantinople.

St. Methodius and St. Cyril afterwards preached the faith in several parts of what is now Turkey and the southern portion of Russia. This part of the empire was held by the Sclavi who had emigrated southward.

In the year 892, Rurick, Sinens and Tynwor, three brothers came by invitation from the Warengi on the borders of the Baltic, and governed the Russi and Sclavonians in their vicinity. Rurick, being the survivor, became sole ruler and erected his residence near Lake Lagoda. His son, Igor, transferred his seat of government to Kiow. Olga, his wife, surviving him, and going to Constantinople, was instructed in the faith and was there baptized and received into the Church. Her grandson, Wladimir the Great, embraced Christianity and was baptized; he married Ann, a Grecian princess, and built the city Wladimiria: he had the Gospel propagated in other portions of the Russian Empire.

In 987 the Roman Catholic patriarch of Constantinople, Nicholas Chrysoberga, sent a number of missionaries, under the authority of Michael, into the country, in which they established the faith and extended considerably the influence of Christianity. In the year 1156, George, duke of Russia, built Moscow; and it was

only in the year 1552 that Ivan or John II. took the title of Czar or King of Moscovy.

That part of Poland which belongs to Russia was converted to the Catholic faith principally through the zealous labors of St. Adelbert. This great apostle was born in Bohemia in the year 956 and was in baptism called Wvytiach, which in Sclavonian means "Help of the Army." Being placed by his parents under the care of Adelbert, Archbishop of Magdeburg, the greatest care was taken of his education, and the Archbishop in confirmation gave him his own name. He was promoted to holy orders in 982 by Diethmar, Bishop of Prague, and in that same year was appointed successor to this prelate, who died soon after. He was consecrated by the Bishop of Mentz. Finding but poor results from his preaching in Prague he went to Rome and had his resignation accepted by Pope John XV., and in 989 retired into a monastery; but in 994 the same Pope, at the request of the Archbishop of Mentz, compelled him to resume his See, but with the understanding that if his work there should prove fruitless he might retire whither he would. After some time spent in missionary work among this vain, pleasure-loving people, he went to preach to the infidels and pagans of Poland and Hungary. He instructed Stephen, king of the latter place, and received him into the Church.

He was ordered again by Pope Gregory V. to return to Prague but was refused admittance by Boleslas, prince of Bohemia. He then retired into Poland where Miceslas was then duke. His son, Boleslas, became a particular friend of Adelbert and aided him in every way possible in bringing great multitudes of people into the Catholic Church. This holy Bishop was martyred by a body of Prussian infidels on the twenty-third of April, 997.

Miceslas having embraced Christianity in 965, upon his marriage with a Christian princess, daughter of Boleslas, duke of Bohemia, caused the gospel to be spread throughout his dominions. His son continued the good work during his reign.

Further north lived the Russi. They were the most northern European Sythians, having descended from the ancient Roxolani mentioned by Strabo and Pliny. The word Rosscia in their language means scattering, and they were supposed not to be permitted to live in towns and cities, but were scattered over a large tract of territory.

About the latter part of the tenth century, a young Saxon nobleman, named Boniface, leaving the court of the Emperor, Otho III, joined the Order of Camaldoli under St. Romuald, and, after a long preparation, presented himself to Pope John XIII. to preach to the infidels; having received the necessary faculties he was consecrated Archbishop of his mission by Taymount, Archbishop of Magdeburg, and passing through Prussia he entered the territory of the Russi where he made many converts; he baptized one of the kings of that place and large numbers of his people. Soon after he was seized by the pagans and beheaded, together with eighteen of his companions, in the year 1009. The spread of the faith continued after the death of Boniface.

Finland was converted to the faith by St. Henry, Archbishop of Upsal in 1151. In the following century, St. Hyacinth of the order of St. Dominic, a noble Silesian, extended the faith greatly in Poland, and subsequently passing into Moscovy and the neighboring nations he preached with splendid results until the destruction of Kiow by the Tartars in 1123, when he returned into Poland, where he remained for some time and then proceeded to join some other members of his order who were sent into Tartary. Thousands embraced the faith. One of the princes together with several nobles

assisted at the Council of Lateran in 1245. They became apostles among their people. St. Hyacinth penetrated through Tartary as far as Thibet and the East Indies and founded many churches. He returned to Poland and entered Red Russia where he made many converts. He died at Cracow in 1257.

The proximity of southern Russia to Constantinople, from which their forefathers had received the faith, and the similarity of their discipline, would appear to cause the Moscovites easily to be led into schism, but such was not the case, for we find strong evidences of the Russians continuing Catholic during centuries notwithstanding the unfounded assertion made by non-Catholic and even Catholic historians. We have already noticed that Wladimir, the son of Igor, was the duke who principally established the faith in Kiow and the rest of his dominions. His successor was his son Jaroslas, who was succeeded in 1078 by Wsevolod I., his grandson, in whose reign Ephrem, Metropolitan of Kiow, promulgated the bull of Urban II. for the feast of the translation of the relics of St. Nicholas of Bari on the ninth of May. His son, Andrew Bogoleski, transferred the ducal residence from Kiow to Wladimira. In 1156 George, Duke of Russia, recovered Kiow and built Moscow, so-called from a monastery called Moskoi which previously stood there, and had its name from Mus-men, *i.e.*, the residence of a body of select men. Under George II., Duke of Moscovy, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, many of the Russians were involved in the schism, but in 1244 they were formally united to the Holy See. Alexander, the son of George II., succeeded to the throne in 1246. He is honored as a saint in the Russian Church, and lived and died in communion with the See of Peter. He is called Saint Alexander Newski from the great victory he obtained over the Poles and Teutonic Knights in Lavonia. His death took place in 1262, at Gorodes. The Czar, Peter the Great, established a community of Basilian monks to his honor near St. Petersburgh, and in 1725 Catherine instituted the second order of Russian Knighthood, under his name. In 1304 Daniel, fourth son of Alexander, became ruler and made Moscow the ducal residence. In 1415, during the reign of Basil, Photius the metropolitan of Russia, residing at Kiow, joined the Greek schism and being deposed on that account, he retired into Great Russia and there spread his errors. His successor in Kiow, Gregory, assisted at the Council of Constance. There was then in Russia seven Archbishops and a proportionate number of Bishops.

The schism made rapid progress. In the year 1588 the Archbishop of Moscow, was declared, by Jeremy, the schismatical patriarch of Constantinople, Patriarch of all Russia, and recognized as such by the schismatical patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, upon condition that he should be chosen by them. Thenceforward most of the Moscovites were engaged in the schism. But the archbishops of Kiow still continued Catholic as did almost all Polish Russia, which, since the year 1600 has been under a metropolitan of Kiow; but in 1686 Kiow being ceded to the Moscovites, they established a schismatical metropolitan therein.

The first Czar of Russia was Ivan or John IV. in 1552. During the reign of the Czar Michael Alecis Witz Nicon, an ambitious and crafty man was the schismatical patriarch: he told the Czar that it was a useless and derogatory custom for the patriarch of Moscovy to seek for confirmation from Constantinople or the other patriarchates; that he derived his power from the Holy Ghost and ought not to seek it from man. The Czar countenanced him and he quickly increased the

number of archbishops and bishops in the state. Having regulated church affairs to his liking, he next assumed a right to guide the decisions of the senate and to direct the Czar in making peace or war, lest he should act against conscience, and insisted that he should decide upon the justice or injustice of the laws previous to their promulgation. The Czar and the senate opposed his pretensions, but he would not yield, and excommunicated several of the senate and excited a rebellion in which much blood was shed. The Czar, finding the patriarch still unsubdued, assembled a Council in 1667 which consisted of three patriarchs, twenty-seven archbishops, one hundred and ten bishops, and one hundred and fifty other Russian ecclesiastics. This synod deposed the patriarch, ordering that he should be confined in a convent during the rest of his life and fed on bread and water. It also decreed that the senate should have votes in the election of the patriarch and that he should be amenable to their judgment. Also that the Patriarch of Constantinople should have no right to the head of the Russian Church, nor any authority therein but such as the Czar should think proper to bestow on him. That no more property should be given or left convents or churches; and that the patriarch should have no authority to erect new dioceses or establishments without the consent of the Czar and the senate.

(To be continued.)

THE KNIGHTS AT WASHINGTON.

BY M. B. O'SULLIVAN.

One memory of Washington stands out sharply. It was a scene never to be forgotten—the great stretch of country, the grey stone buildings, the lowering sky, the open field—the assembly ground of a vast concourse—and, the centre of attraction for all eyes, the elevation in front of McMahon Hall, reserved for the prelates, the faculty, and the deputation of Knights on whom devolved the duty of presenting to the University the endowment fund for a Chair of American History. The mammoth check, a remarkable document, ten feet high, handsomely engrossed and duly certified, had a place of honor, and high above floated the national colors and the colors of the order, the seal blazoned against a dull background standing out in fine relief. Men and women moved to and fro over the campus, talking, laughing, making bantering comment, or conversing seriously on the purpose of their presence on the University grounds. At the press table an able staff waited, alert, expectant, but none-the-less ready to extend courtesies with the generous goodwill of newspaper men the country over. On the left the United States Marine Corps Band gave a touch of scarlet to the landscape, and wrought on the waiting thousands the spell of patriotic music, "Maryland, My Maryland," "Songs of Home," "My Own United States," and "The Star Spangled Banner" quickening the blood into warmth despite the rather bracing air.

Expectation was rife. Presently the music hushed into silence. There was an impetuous forward surge of the assembly, and then, as an erect figure arrayed in robes of state appeared on the platform, a great wave of enthusiasm gathered and broke, and cheer after cheer greeted the presence of the head of the Church in

America, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, attended by a retinue of prelates and the National Council of the Knights of Columbus.

It was an occasion to make even the most indifferent Catholic proud of his heritage, and to stir in all hearts the emotion freely voiced by a young enthusiast in the words "I'm glad I'm a Catholic," a ringing exultant profession of faith echoed by many a one that day. The boy attracted many an admiring glance as he stood in a little open space, his head thrown back proudly, his eyes shining, his soul stirred to its depths by the magnificent manifestation of loyalty and devotion to the Church. Imitating the paternal action he had bared his head, and cheered lustily, his strong young lungs serving admirably to express the intensity of his feelings.

The ceremonies opened with prayer, the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia, invoking God's blessing on the country and on the University "that it may illumine the intellects and warm the hearts, and unify the spirits, that shall here learn to perpetuate the great benediction bestowed on man." Ten thousand voices joined in the Our Father, repeating the beautiful, familiar words with impressive earnestness and fervor. Then followed Monsignor O'Connell's address of welcome, in which he felicitously characterized the gift of the order as a monument "that will tell to ages to come, while this granite endures, what sentiments of faith, of patriotism, and of culture, animated the Knights of Columbus of the present generation." Mr. Edward L. Hearn, Supreme Knight, responded in an able speech, dwelling on the need of such an institution, a need "direct, imperious, and valid," and affirming that the cardinal principle of the action of the Knights in founding a Chair of American History "is to dig down through the years, through the centuries, to bed rock, and there, locating Truth, to stand firmly and fast upon it." In the eloquent peroration Mr. Hearn made the presentation, calling upon His Eminence and the reverend Trustees of the University to accept the gift and apply it "to seeking the truth about our country's history, about the connection of the Catholic Church therewith, and the great influence of the Catholic Church in the making thereof.....Seek out the Truth, and teach it to us, to our children, and to the whole world."

That the Supreme Knight voiced the sentiments of his brothers was manifested by their frequent demonstrations of approval. Nor was individual appreciation lacking. "Isn't that all right," demanded a K. of C. standing near by, and unconscious in his excitement that he was giving public expression to his admiration of his chief, "Isn't that all right?" "I tell you Ed Hearn's all right!" And waving his silk hat high over his head he joined vigorously in the three cheers called for in honor of the leader. This little happening was only an incident, but incidents here and there in a large assembly, during a moment of intense excitement, afford no small satisfaction to the close observer—they are so expressive, so characteristic, and indicate so unerringly the trend of thought and feeling.

A moment more, and the demonstration of loyalty to their lay representative gave way to tumultuous applause as the Cardinal advanced to the front of the platform to accept the endowment fund, in the name of the University. The heavy cloak of black cloth had fallen from his shoulders, and as the prelate stood before his people his cardinalitial robes made a setting of crimson splendor accentuated by a stray gleam of sunlight that for a brief while pierced the grey of the sky. But neither the sheen of silk nor the flashing of jewels in ring and cross could divert attention for more than a moment from the luminous face and smiling eyes that held the rapt interest of the listening thou-

sands while simple, direct, fatherly words of counsel, appreciation and encouragement sank deep into all hearts,—to be tenderly recalled again and again in the years to come, when the pageantry and formalities of the occasion shall have been forgotten. The one regret the scene inspired was that more very young people were not present to have indelibly impressed on their memory such an object lesson in respect for authority, such a forceful illustration of the strength and dignity of Catholicism, and to take from the lips of the head of the Church in America the solemn charge delivered to their fathers, "Let your motto ever be: 'Loyalty to God and to Country.'"

The Rt. Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D.D., Bishop of Sioux City, Iowa, crystallized the thought present in every mind, when he spoke of the occasion as being one of those notable events showing forth the strength and unity of the Catholic body, and rejoicing the hearts of both clergy and laity. "I congratulate the University on this grand testimonial to its just claims and its high merits, and I compliment the Knights of Columbus upon the honorable and proud achievement of this day," said Dr. Garrigan, to whose initiative the success of the undertaking was largely due. That the abundant fruition of the seed sown at New Haven had given deep gratification to his apostolic spirit was evidenced in the words he addressed to the assembly:

"I recall with genuine pleasure to-day the gracious consideration given to the messenger of the University by the representatives of the Knights of Columbus assembled in New Haven in March, 1899, and I am glad to bear witness to the spontaneous unanimity with which they accepted the proposal to endow a Chair of American History here. Although the measure was but feebly presented and vaguely outlined, yet it immediately commended itself to their enlightened minds, and the eminent fitness of the Knights of Columbus taking care of the history of this Continent, which was so providentially opened up by the great discoverer whose name they bear, appealed instantly to their high sense of patriotism, truth and justice. To-day this vast assembly of the Knights and their friends, from the length and breadth of this vast country, from the North and the South, from the East and the West, and even from beyond our own territorial lines, gives public approval to the action of the New Haven Convention of 1899, and this great demonstration is as unanimous and as eloquent for the measure, as were their representatives in solemn conclave assembled five years ago."

In eloquent eulogy the reverend speaker expressed his belief that while the order might do many good and great things for church and for country in the years to come it would be difficult to surpass in national usefulness and religious beneficence what they had already accomplished.

"This act will live in effect, as long as this University will live. It will be active while generations come and pass away, and will serve both Church and State, truth and justice, when the foundations of this young institution will begin to crumble with age. It will extend back to the landing of Columbus (1492) and will comprehend the beginnings, the growth and the developments of this vast continent, during the past five hundred years. It will project itself into the future, teaching new generations the honorable parts, the heroic sacrifices, the valuable contributions of brain and brawn, which our people have generously and continuously made toward the upbuilding of the American nation. We hope it will contradict the famous proposition of De Maistre: that all history is a conspiracy against truth. It will certainly set the Church right before the learned world; prove her to be the mother of Christian civilization, and compel historical writers in future to do justice to her motives and her efforts for education, for charity, for the cultivation of civic virtue and pure morals. As it receives its inspiration from, so it partakes in the activity of the greatest of all the virtues, and like it, is thrice blessed, blessed in them that give, blessed in them that receive, and blessed in the future students of historical research."

The force of example, the attitude of the order in regard to the Church, the submission of the members to her decrees, and the benevolent spirit actuating the work of the organization, were the salient points of an earnest address by Mr. John Delany. Cardinal Gibbons then gave the Benediction, and the ceremonies closed with the singing of the Te Deum. A moment later the vast assembly drifted away to waiting carriages and trains. The

great event was over. A memorable chapter had been written in American Catholic history.

. . . . . .

What a city of contrasts Washington is with its palatial residences, wooden shacks, magnificent public buildings, and hovels that would be razed to the ground in any eastern city; with President, and Senate, and Congress, and Supreme Court—the executive and legislative paraphernalia of the nation—and its arrogant insistence on legal right to dictate where white people shall sit in a public conveyance, and where colored Americans may be permitted to ride. It was a novel experience for Bay State people to see a group of colored women enter a car and remain standing, though several seats in the upper end of the car were vacant. "They don't dare to take them" said an excursionist. "Just read those signs. We're in the wrong seats." Presently the conductor requested the white passengers to move forward and leave the rear seats "to our colored representatives." "Is that a rule of the company or a law of the state?" asked a woman who held decided opinions on the question of equal rights in public service.

"A law of the state," replied the conductor, with an air of finality that discouraged further questioning.

And this was coming from Mount Vernon! after seeing where Washington lived and died, and the vault where he lies at rest with Martha Washington—untroubled that the Constitution is marred by the tracing of the color line. One wonders what Lafayette, who crossed the ocean to aid the cause of freedom, thought of the traffic in human chattels as he looked from his chamber window over the fair estate tilled by slaves. If he were here to-day and were democratic enough to patronize the street car what would he think of those signs conspicuously displayed in the Nation's Capital so many years after Abraham Lincoln had made his noble fight for the only "foreign element" brought in chains to free America!

These historic rooms teem with suggestions. The old mansion by the Potomac gives rise to many a grave thought, but with an excursion party there is little time to consider serious issues. And perhaps it is as well that modern day levity intrudes its cheery presence even here, and that the spirit of fun will not down. "Bark from the cherry-tree cut by George's immortal hatchet," exclaimed a knight, holding up a slab of bark detached from a log in the wood-pile near the shed-like restaurant outside the gates. "Break it up and send it to your friends for souvenirs," an ungenerous thrust at certain souvenir collectors who had made strenuous efforts to secure bits of bark, ivy leaves, tufts of clover, etc. A mania "for carrying off anything portable" as one guide harshly characterized the taste for souvenir collecting has been unjustly attributed to women tourists, and this mistaken impression subjects them to much unpleasant surveillance while visiting historic places. This is true even of Mount Vernon, which was saved to the country by the patriotic efforts of a woman. Imagine admiring the harpsichord given by Washington to Nellie Custis, and the china given by Lafayette, from behind high steel guards, or striving to study the sculptured scenes on the mantel in the banquet hall, with a brass rail thrusting one yards away from the object! Are not custodians aware that the feminine garb of the present day does not provide even the shallowest pocket? And is the much be-pocketed masculine tourist supposed to covet only hotel spoons and similar tokens of travel? In the President's room in the Capitol we were shown gilded shields that served to fasten back the heavy silken draperies, and were informed that on one occasion a woman visitor had succeeded in breaking the set, carrying off one of the shields

in the folds of her gown! That must have been "before the war."

Apropos of the reference to the President's room: "What constitutes punctuality in the Capital?" If a reception at the White House is scheduled from 2.30 to 3.30 why should the guest who arrives at 3.22 be too late to shake hands with the Nation's chief Magistrate? It was exactly 3.22 by the "Colonel's" watch when one party entered the White House grounds on the afternoon of the fourteenth, but only two members of the group had the felicity of being received, and these two—regardless of their dignity as wives and mothers—ran up the walk and through the portal like fleet-footed schoolgirls, arriving just in time to hear a gracious word of greeting, and to have ruthlessly dispelled any illusions they might have cherished as to the President being handsomer than his pictures. "He isn't as nice-looking as our own boys," asserted a pretty little woman whose life seemed to centre in "John" and "my big boy" and "my little boy." Her appreciative comment was rewarded by a drive around Washington.

The presidential reception afforded the one instance of undue haste noticed during the stay of the Knights in the city. There was no need of rushing for cars. They seemed to be always waiting, and never in a hurry to reach the end of the trip. "Is this Georgetown?" asked a sightseer as a car slipped into the shed some miles out of the city. "Yes, out this way." Obeying the instruction the excursionists stepped out—to be confronted by the steepest flight of steps that ever led even to heights of learning. "Is there no way round?" was the general query, unsatisfactorily answered by "Yes, but you didn't take it," from a philosophic motorman, who was much more interested in the brake than in the distress of his passengers. But when the crest of the ascent was gained no one remembered to grumble.

In Georgetown College there are no steel guards or brass rails, but rare indeed is the collection of curios gathered within its walls—beautiful laces, china, paintings, old coins, pontifical medals, natural history specimens, illuminated missals—marvellous examples of color-work and manual skill—furniture quaintly fashioned and great solid pieces like the council table in the reception hall, once owned by Leonard Calvert, the first Governor of Maryland. Of deep interest were the library, the Dahlgren Chapel, the scientific departments, the assembly hall with its magnificently frescoed walls and ceiling, the cardinals' portrait gallery, the long refectory for the students, the low-studded, brick-tiled kitchen with its great boilers and ovens, the tower stairway giving egress on each story to a balcony commanding a noble view of the country, the river, the canal, the college grounds, and in the distance Arlington cemetery, where sleep 16,000 soldiers "who gave their lives that the country might live."

What heroism marks the country's history, the first page of which was written when the Genoese mariner knelt on the shore of a land shining golden in the rays of the morning sun and thanked God, who had discovered to him a New World. A span of four centuries bridges time between that Friday morning, October 12, 1492, and this present year of grace, but the spirit of Columbus lives, and finds expression in the 100,000 Catholics to whom the Reverend Rector of the Catholic University addressed the following words, during the presentation ceremonies:

"You come here to-day to enlarge the sphere of this Pontifical Institution and to open here a foundation of learning whence students from all parts of this land, and for ages to come, may draw knowledge of this country's history from an uncontaminated source. This noble and useful work, I am sure, must be a motive of joy to the soul of him who first gave this country to the domain of history and whose name you have inscribed in honor on the banners of your organization."

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

In our missions we are accustomed to devote one of the Sundays to a solemn exposition of the Most Holy, and the people are invited to visit the church as often as they can on that day and to spend as much time as they are able in adoration. On the Saturday before this exposition was to take place in Dungarvan, an ecclesiastical student from Mount Melleray, who was spending his vacation in the town, with his mother, was occupied with the sacristan in decorating the high altar with innumerable lights and flowers, and wishing to know if the six tall candles were straight, came to my confessional where I was busily engaged, and asked me to go and direct him. I accompanied him at once to the predella and finding that some changes were necessary I bade him go behind the reredos, remaining myself in front of the altar. He inadvertently pushed one of the heavy six foot candlesticks over its step, and it came thundering down on my head, knocking me backward to the foot of the altar steps, and inflicting a serious wound on my forehead, to be followed by a very ugly swelling. I was insensible for a short time and was bleeding profusely. A doctor was sent for who dressed the wound, and I was able to return to my confessional after an hour's delay. The poor fellow who was the innocent cause of the accident, when he saw what he had done, then and there made a vow that he would endeavor to fill my place, if he were accepted, and though he did not succeed in killing me, yet instead of returning to Melleray, he applied for admission as a novice, and in course of time became a priest among the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

Some conversions took place in this Catholic town of Dungarvan during our missions there. I refer my readers to a notable one which I have recorded in my essay on "Remarkable Conversions." As a rule we did not seek to make many converts from among those who were outside the one true Church; we felt that our chief vocation was to evangelize the poor and to preach the Gospel to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, or the household of Faith. The time of a mission is generally both too short and too hurried to enable those who are engaged in it to impart sufficient instruction to such as are seeking after the truth. But we do not neglect to introduce such seekers to the priests of the locality, so that after our departure the little spark may be kindled into a bright light and a burning flame. I do not apply these remarks to the admirable and fruitful missions to non-Catholics which are at the present day so much in vogue, and which are doing so much good especially in the United States of America. It will be easily understood that these non-Catholic missions are not preached because they are not needed in Catholic Ireland.

An amusing incident took place during our first visit to Dungarvan. I was deputed to give a catechetical instruction to the children every day, except Sunday, at midday. During this time the other Fathers after taking a slight lunch in the sacristy would walk in the large grave-yard outside the church, and recite their Vespers and Compline. One day when Father G— was thus walking to and fro, reciting his Vespers, a respectably dressed countrywoman seated herself on one of the large flat stones, with the evident purpose of attracting his attention. She was rocking herself from side to side with the hood of her cloak partly drawn over her head, and was sobbing audibly. When he had finished his Vespers he stopped in front of her, and said: "What is the matter, my good

woman? You seem to be greatly troubled." She looked up at him and replied: "Oh! wirra, wirra, Father, what'll I do at all? I've committed a sin that I don't believe the great God in Heaven can forgive me for it!" "O don't say that," said Father G— "But tell me what you did. and perhaps I can help you." "Well then, Father, I'll tell you the whole truth. I live about twelve miles from Dungarvan, at the foot of the Commeraghs. I have a good farm there, and I used to have a great many cocks and hens, and I was very proud of them, God forgive me! So one morning not long ago, when the girl who went out to milk the cows came running back to tell me that a rogue of a fox had broken into the hen-house and had killed all my beautiful cocks and hens except one old cock that was no good, I up and cursed all of his name, breed, and generation to the end of time. I came into Dungarvan to-day to do my marketing, and when that was finished I said I would do something for my poor soul, for I knew I was in mortal sin, and I also knew there was a great mission going on. So I went into the chapel there abroad, and when I went round I read the names of the holy fathers over their boxes, for I am a good scholar, thanks be to God, and there I saw Father Fox. O wirra, wirra, what will become of me at all?" Father G.— tried to console her and told her to go with him, as the children had just left the chapel and that I must have returned to my confessional. Just as I sat down I saw Father G.—pulling forward towards me the good woman whom he had in tow, having hold of her cloak; and when he came close to me he said, "Father, will you speak to this poor woman? She is breaking her heart, because she thinks she has cursed you." I soon sent her home happy, by telling her that though I bore the same name as "the rogue of a fox" who had destroyed all her cherished poultry, yet I had no claim to belong to his breed or generation.

As a proof of the vast crowds who were gathered together to take part in our first mission in Dungarvan I need only state the following fact. It is our custom to invite those who come for the renewal of their baptismal vows at the close of the exercises to bring with them a wax candle, which is held in the hand during the baptismal promises and is afterwards placed in a basket at the chapel door as the people retire to their own homes. They are recommended to do this, not only as a suitable offering to the altar, but also that when they see candles burning there, either at Mass or at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, they may be induced to renew their obligations in the presence of their Lord and Master. But the fact to which I would draw your attention is that when we returned to preach another mission in Dungarvan, at the end of three years, there was still a large supply of altar candles in the sacristy, though the parish priest was noted for his lavish display of lights, especially for Benediction. He assured me he had not purchased a pound of candles during the intervening period and would not need to do so for some years to come.

I invite you now to accompany me to the ancient city of Thurles, the residence of the Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, where the Diocesan College is situated, and where there are two convents, one of the Ursulines, and the other of the Presentation nuns. At the time when we gave a great mission there some years ago, these convents were called the two greenhouses, because the two superiors were sisters of the name of Green. As these orders of women are both enclosed, and there was a considerable space between the two convents, there was no possibility of the Rev. Mother Green of the Ursulines visiting her sister, the Rev. Mother Green of the Presentation nuns, nor vice

versa, so they adopted a code of signals by which they could hold communication with each other every morning and evening. The parish was widely extended, and there had never been a mission there before, and as the Archbishop wished that every parish should have its own mission, when he found that the throngs which crowded around us became overpowering he restricted our faculties to those who belonged to the parish of Thurles. But the tricks which the would-be penitents played in order to get to confession were both varied and amusing. We had announced that no one coming from the Union Workhouse would be kept waiting, as it was not always easy for them to obtain permission to get out, and when we had repeated applications to the effect that they belonged to the Union, we remarked to one of the curates that the Union must be very large, but he told us that these tricksters belonged to the union of parishes under the one Dean, and that they had no connection with the Workhouse at all.

With regard to the Union Workhouse we converted half the Protestants in the institution for there were only two there who were not Catholics and one of those applied for reception into the Church. As the unjust and partial law of the land bestowed the same salary on the chaplain to the Catholics as it gave to him who was presumed to minister to the Protestants, with the sole proviso that those belonging to either the one or to the other must be in the plural number, they were obliged to bring a poor lunatic from Cashel, otherwise the Anglican chaplain would have been deprived of his salary. We were informed that the good man was actually without any stipend for his exacting labors for nearly a month, but on the arrival of the insane woman from Cashel, having again two souls to look after, his salary once more amounted to the same sum of money as was reluctantly given to the priest who had several hundreds of Catholics under the same roof who looked to him for spiritual aid and consolation. But this is but one specimen of the harsh and tantalizing manner in which our co-religionists were treated under the reign of Protestant supremacy.

I have already mentioned that in going from the cathedral to the college we had to traverse the main street of the town. On one Saturday during our mission the horse fair was being held in the street. As I was endeavoring to thread my way through a crowd of men and horses, a young farmer,—who was exhibiting the paces and descanting upon the points of a mare which he was anxious to sell, shouting out that he would not let her go under twenty pounds,—saw me, and rushed towards me. Catching hold of me by the cloak with one hand, while grasping the rein of his mare with the other, he insisted on my blessing her. I foresaw that I would be his prisoner for an indefinite period if I did not do something to please him, and as there would be no harm in blessing a horse any more than others of God's creatures, whether animate or inanimate, I went through some sort of a ceremony, more visible than audible, I believe, and I was immediately released. All eyes were turned on me, and I must confess I was not sorry to be free again, for the mare who was not yet broken in was dancing and prancing perilously near to me. I then succeeded in forcing my way to the college gate, but while doing so I heard the young farmer's stentorian voice as he cried out, "I asked twenty pounds for her a while ago, but I will not let her go now for a penny under forty pounds, or double that sum, for the Holy Father (meaning me) has blessed her." Whether he succeeded in driving his bargain or not I cannot tell, all I can say is that when we returned to our work in the cathedral after dinner there was no sign of either horse or man, and my curiosity

was not sufficient to induce me to make enquiries, lest I should be detained for any similar benediction ceremonial.

There was no part of Ireland in which our services were more frequently asked for than in the county Tipperary, and the adjacent counties of Waterford and Limerick. I may safely say that we could not accept one half of the invitations which were showered upon us. At the commencement of Advent we generally prearranged our programme for the ensuing year. The majority of demands for missions included either Lent or the month of May, but as our laborers were very limited we were compelled to decline a far greater number than we could accept. The immense crowds that assembled at these missions included thousands in many instances that had no chance of getting to confession, excepting where we received help from the surrounding secular priests who were all charitably disposed to each other, but the people came to listen to the sermons, and to take part in the impressive ceremonies, and even though they might not have received the Sacrament of Penance, they returned to their distant homes jubilant and happy. The village of Ardfinan is one of the lovely localities which I shall always look back to with delight. There is a union of three parishes there. Ardfinan, The Grange, and Ballybacon, the pastor and his two curates live in the first named of these places. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in the extensive neighborhood on the occasion of our long anticipated mission; the Ardfinanites were now to share in privileges which had been accorded to such important centres as Clonmel, Cahir, Clogheen, etc., not to speak of places more remote, such as Waterford, Dungarvan and Cappoquin. Triumphal arches, flags, and banners were in evidence in all directions. A band was to have escorted us through the village, but through some accident it was too late. But we had the full benefit of its noise, if not of its melody while we were at dinner in the presbytery. The instrumentalists had five drums and two fifes and these had been borrowed from friends in Clonmel. As not one of this queer band had the least knowledge of music their aim was to compensate for their ignorance by making as much noise as they could. A few days afterwards one of the drummers, who was an altar boy, told me that to his great dismay he had broken his drum, and being bound to return his instrument intact he was at a loss to know what he should do. Later on seeing that his face had brightened up I asked him what he had done about the drum, and he told me that he had killed a kid, and had had the skin dressed, so that he obtained sufficient leather wherewith to repair the accident. On asking him how much he would have to pay in restitution for the kid that he had stolen, he replied that it would only amount to about half a crown. Kids and goats were evidently cheap enough in that part of the world.

There are few subjects of more importance which claim the attention and judgment of those who are preaching missions than that of restitution. Penitents who have made themselves amenable to the eternal law of justice are sometimes so completely dejected by the apparent impossibility of restoring what they had taken or kept unjustly that they are often kept away from the reception of the Sacraments. The confessor on the other hand is bound not only to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances of the theft or injustice, but also with the capability of the penitent to compensate for what burdens his conscience. Thus if it were the Government that had been cheated he might suggest that a certain number of postage stamps should be purchased and then destroyed; if some individual had been injured to a comparatively small degree, or the means

of the person bound to restitution were but limited, he might enclose some postage stamps in an envelope and have it directed to the person for whom it was destined. The latter may wonder from whom the stamps have arrived, but he certainly will not throw them into the fire. Care should be taken in such cases to keep an exact account of the amount of restitution which is being made. If some one who is tolerably well off knows that he is bound to restore to the last farthing, he may do so directly himself, or as often happens, he may ask his confessor to perform this duty for him, as no one is bound to accuse himself. I have often been requested to render this aid to those who were in trouble, but I always insisted on certain conditions. First that the penitents should give me the name of the person to whom the money was due, and secondly that he should give me his own name and direction, so that I should demand a receipt from the creditor, whether the debt was wiped out by instalments or in full. But in spite of all precautions the confessor may sometimes find himself to be the recipient of more abuse than gratitude. In one of our missions I received a large sum of money to hand over to the leading merchant in the town. On the day after the mission I called upon this gentleman and handed to him a roll of bank notes. After counting them over he refused to give me a receipt for them, and said in a loud voice, in the hearing of his clerks, that I had kept ten pounds for myself. I managed not to lose my temper at this outrageous accusation, but left his office, quietly saying that I should inform the parish priest of all that had happened. The P. P. was so indignant about it that he immediately called upon this gentleman, and finding him to be obdurate in the matter, he threatened to denounce him before the congregation, if he refused to send me both the receipt and an apology. This of course he promised to do, and he kept his word that same evening. I heard no more on the subject except that the news of his scandalous behavior, spreading through the town and neighborhood, materially injured his business. If restitution has to be made to some person or persons unknown, or beyond reach, then and then only can the immutable law of God be satisfied by means of charitable offerings, or through prayer. One of the most notable instances of faithfully discharged restitution through my intervention occurred at one of my missions where the person who accused himself being then in the receipt of a good salary promised to send me twenty pounds every three months for a year and a half, a promise which he regularly fulfilled until the end of the term.

(To be Continued.)

CARDINAL SVAMPA.

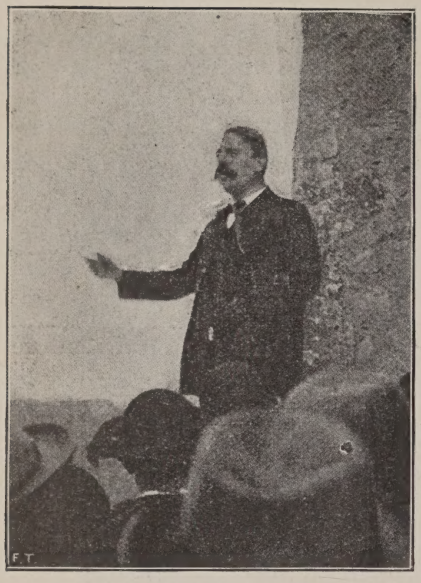
CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY IN ITALY.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

In the January number of the important review, *Il Secolo XX* (published by Treves Brothers, at Milan), Don Ernesto Vercesi discusses "Christian Democracy" and the two influences now at work in the Catholic Party in Italy, as evinced during the recent Congress at Bologna.

Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna represented the Holy See at the Congress.

Don Vercesi defines the aims of the so-



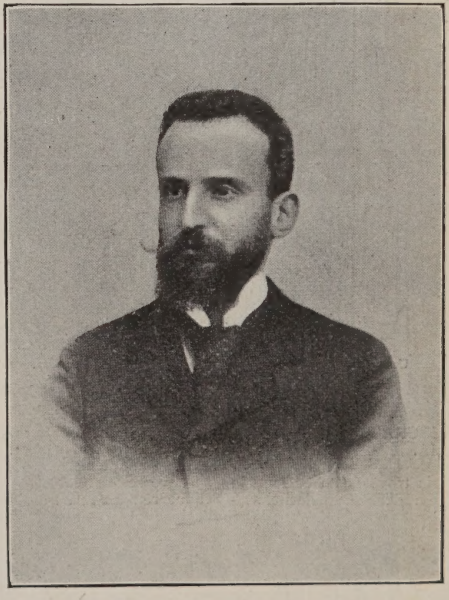
DR. BEPPINO MICHELI.

President of the Giovane Montagna.

ciety, about which he writes, as democracy in harmony, not in conflict, with Christianity. That such harmony can exist is proved, he says, by the fact that the most cultured and authoritative of Catholics—none other than Pope Leo XIII—affirmed the possibility of such harmony. Don Vercesi points to Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Spalding as enthusiasts for the democratic institutions of the United States, and of their liberty. He recalls the visit to Rome, in 1887, of Cardinal Gibbons—when His Eminence succeeded in preventing the formal condemnation of the "Knights of Labor"—and adverts to Monsignor Ireland's phrase, which became a popular watchword: "The Church and the People."

The writer glances at France during the Third Republic. "A considerable number of Republicans," he says, affirmed that "Republicanism spelt democracy; democracy, revolution, and revolution, anti-Catholicism." Fausegrive, however (in *La Quinzaine*, of November 1, 1903), declares that the "unbelievers were no more clever in establishing this series of equations than were a number of Catholics, who obstinately affirmed its truth." And here the author finds the explanation of the Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes policy. If Leo XIII's French aims fell to the ground, impartial minds must admit that it was because the democratic trend of the Pope's counsels was systematically countered by a large number of French Catholics. The consequences of their action are falling heavily upon them now. There is a world of significance in this little side-glance at French affairs.

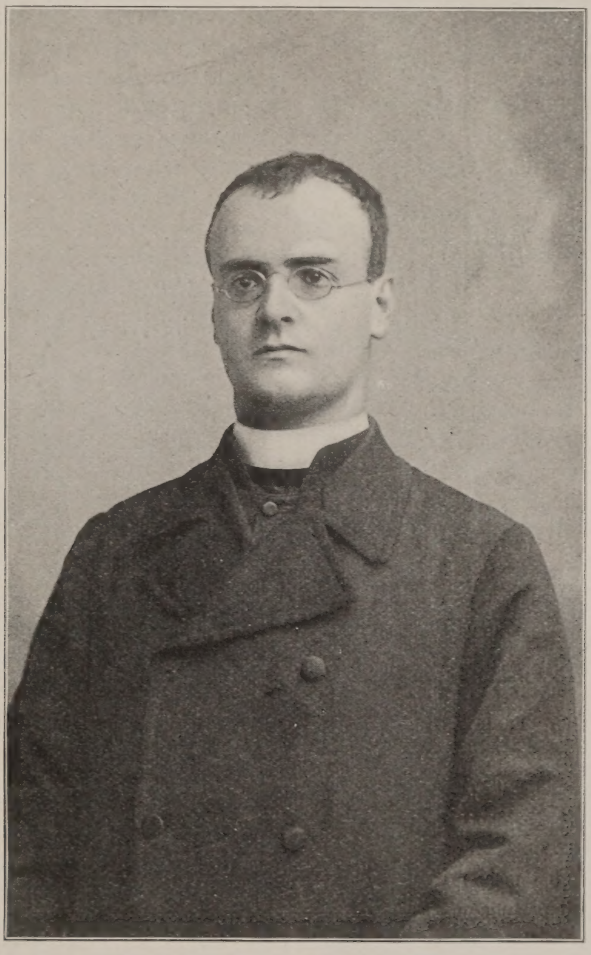
Don Vercesi's article differs from most Italian review-articles, in that it is concentrated food for the mind. He does not develop or elaborate themes. He deals in no repetitions; and yet he does not take for granted on the part of his readers a too great amount of previous knowledge.



COUNT GIOVANNI GROSOLI.

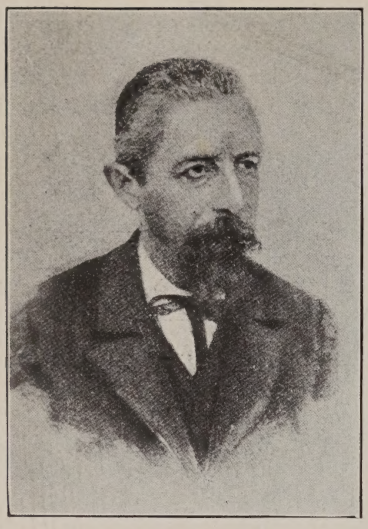
The new president of the Opera Dei Congressi. A rea leader among Catholic laymen in Italy, brought up under the influence of Professor Toniolo.

The reverend writer recognizes that these are days when the prevalent wind blows from the democratic quarter. In Italy the traditions of the people will secure this breeze a freer course than elsewhere. But there will be some opposition to the republicanism. But facts have already contradicted both these alarmist views. There have been congresses at Genoa and at Padua (the last in 1896), "at which a nucleus of young and studious men, under the guidance of Professor Toniolo of Pisa,



DON ROMOLO MURRI
The head of the Cultura Sociale.

current. The *Intransigenti* (Irreconcilables) will look on democratic action as diverting energy from "the Roman Question"; and the Conservatives will consider the movement as a stepping-stone towards showed forth very clearly that, in this Peninsula, the ideas of a Christian Socialism had already grown ripe"—and without detriment to loyal Papistry, or loyalty to the House of Savoy.



PROFESSOR GIUSEPPE TONIOLO.

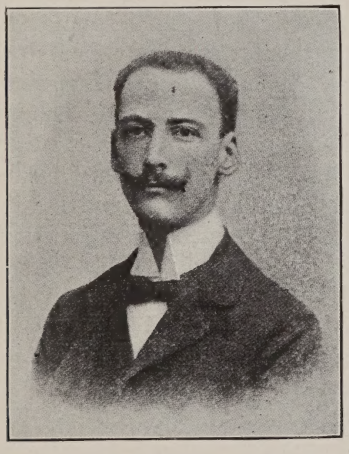
It is five years since Professor Toniolo published an article on "The True Meaning of Christian Democracy." Don Vercesi calls it a "classic" of the controversy. Toniolo sharply drew the line between political and social democracy. He made it clear that there have been, in times past, aristocratic republics and democratic monarchies. The new democracy is favorable to the uplifting of the lowly, and the widening of the bases of government. Christian democracy does not dread universal suffrage. It throws its roots down into mediæval Italian communes, and draws nourishment for present aspirations from the likeness between them and the glorious past.

FATHER SEMERIA

Of course "the Roman Question" is a great criterion. Catholic Young Italy asks: "*How* do I play the *touch* to try if thou be current gold indeed?" And the attitude toward the Papacy is the answer. The party still uses the old words, Guelph and Ghibelline for the principles of Pope-above-State and State-above-Pope. Catholic Young Italy is emphatically Guelph; —but Guelph with a difference! The elder Catholic Party clung, and clings, to a sort of amalgam of Bourbon-Papal-Legitimist supremacy. It condemned, and condemns, the ideas expressed by the term, "United Italy." It looks with disfavor upon the practice of those Catholics who lay their wreaths upon the tombs of the men who, at Brescia, at Bologna, or at Milan, died to drive out "the Stranger." It does not approve of prayers in public for those who fell in '48 in the struggle for freedom.

But the Young Catholic Party, while it is ardent in its love of Italy, and rejoices that the Austrians are on the other side of the Alps, is intensely Guelph in all that regards the freedom and independence of the Holy See. The Young Christian democracy, according to Don Vercesi, "desires that the Fatherland shall be great and powerful; but, being Catholic, it is convinced that the Pope must not become Chief Chaplain in *any* kingdom; because, for the sake of the Catholics of the whole world, he must be able to declare himself

really free and independent." And, at present, his independence is "guaranteed" by the Italian Parliament. Now, what a Parliament has done, it is in a position to undo; and what becomes of the supposed "independence" of the Papacy, if the Parliament, which *made,* desires to *unmake,* it? Since the recent fire at the Vatican, the question has been raised whether the art treasures, there collected, belonged to the Italian government or to the Pope. A word in the act declares them "inalienable"; but lawyers are divided as to *which* State, or Government, *may not alienate*—the Italian, or the Papal!



ANGELO MAURI.

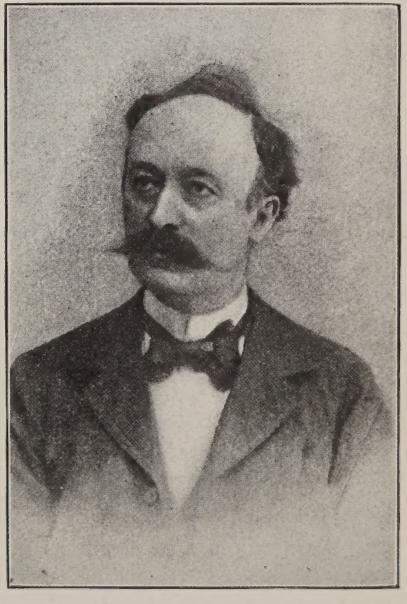
Editor of Il Momento, a Turin paper. A most eloquent speaker.

Leo XIII's Encyclical Letter, known by its first words, *Rerum Norarum,* is the very foundation of the doctrine and action of Italian Christian democracy. Don Vercesi calls that encyclical, the act of consecration, by Leo XIII, of many of the principles of the "Union of Fribourg" (and of the serious-minded Italians who annually went to the Fribourg meetings to study social problems).

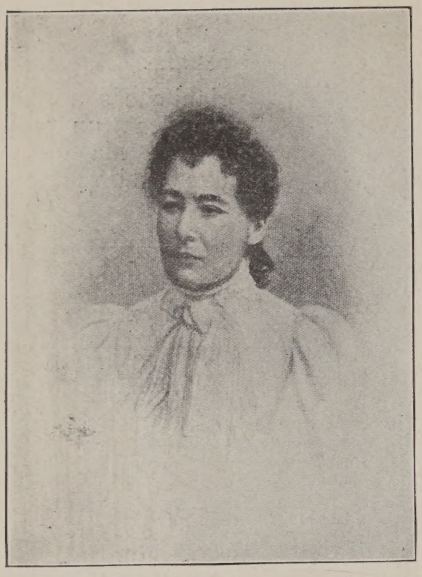
Bishop Ketteler he styles "the Karl Marx of Christian democracy." Millerand he considers "the most weighty of French Socialists." Of Italian women-workers,

FILIPPO MEDA.
Director of Osservatore Cattolico.

Don Vercesi names but one, Luisa Anzoletti; and of her (and of the Marchese Crispolti) he says that they may not ac-



PROFESSOR NICOLO REZZARA.
An organizer of the Catholic Party in Italy.



LUISA ANZOLETTI.

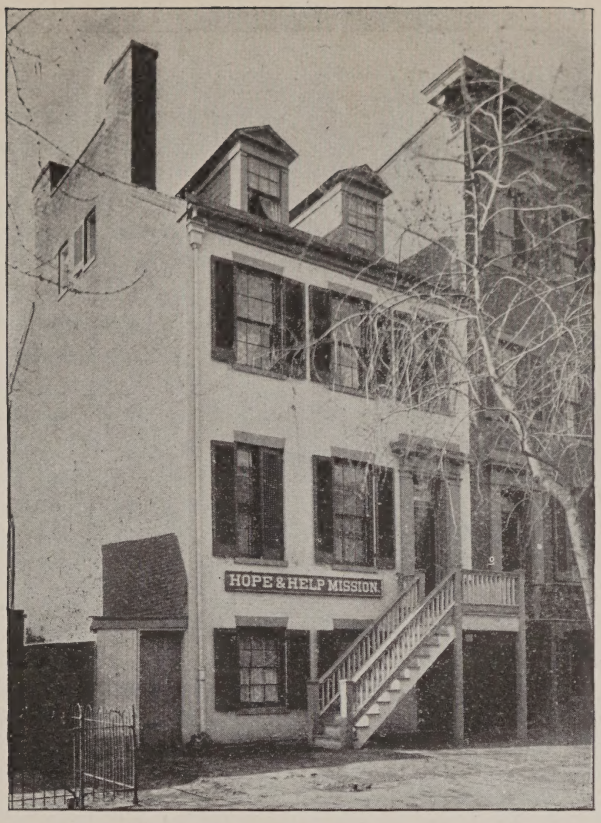
cept, *to the full,* the social program of Young Catholic Italy, but they feel drawn by the force and *modernity* of its views.

Two points are developed at some length;—the conflict at the recent Catholic Congress at Bologna; and the "law of *non expedit.*" As to the first;—Count Paganuzzi (the former president of the congress, representing the ideas of the elder Catholic Party, busy and enthusiastic about many useful works, such as village banks; co-operative stores; and other agencies for the uplifting of the poorest classes; but belonging to the Irreconcilables, as above defined), attacked the new president, Count Grosoli, on the subject of a change in the "Permanent Committee." Grosoli decided that instead of being a body composed of seventy-two members, drawn from all parts of the Peninsula, and meeting only about twice a year, this Permanent Committee should have but a small and manageable membership—to wit, fifteen—drawn from the neighborhood to which the president for the time-being should belong, and meeting *often.* The late Pope had favored Grosoli's views, and Paganuzzi remained inactive during the last years of Leo XIII's pontificate.

With Pius X's election, he, and those in sympathy with him, determined "to try a fall" with the new president. Count Grosoli was assailed with the epithets "Czar!" "Tyrant!" "Bismarck!" and his adversaries declared that his high-handed proceedings called forth an appeal to the Pope. Count Grosoli held himself well in hand during the stormy beginnings, and then declared that he had taken occasion to lay all his proceedings and his plans for the future, before the new Pope; and that they had been viewed with favor by His Holiness. The "Elder Party" was routed, but rallied again under a newspaper attack on the veracity of Count Grosoli. Thereupon the *Osservatore Romano* published an official announcement that, in the matter of the reconstitution of the Permanent Committee, a former congress "had not gone beyond the limits of the powers obtained through Count Grosoli, who continued to enjoy the full confidence of the Holy See." Thus victory is assured to Grosoli and his followers.

As to the "law of *non expedit*"; readers will be aware that the Pope, in years gone by, pronounced it "inexpedient" for Catholics to vote at political elections in Italy. Don Vercesi points out that, where labor-questions are at issue, to be disfranchised —no matter in what way—is a distinct disadvantage for the proletariat.

There are questions affecting the work of women, and of children, specially calling for treatment. The registered *voter, who does not vote* is a cipher in politics—even in public meetings. Don Vercesi is quite sure that his Christian Democrats will obey the law as long as it is in force; but, if the *non expedit* were abrogated here, as it has been (in part), in France, our writer is persuaded that an immense change in the complexion of party politics would occur—the Catholics of Young Italy, whose spokesman he is, being free to exercise the suffrage.



HOME OF MRS. SURRATT IN WASHINGTON.

TWO HISTORIC SHOTS.

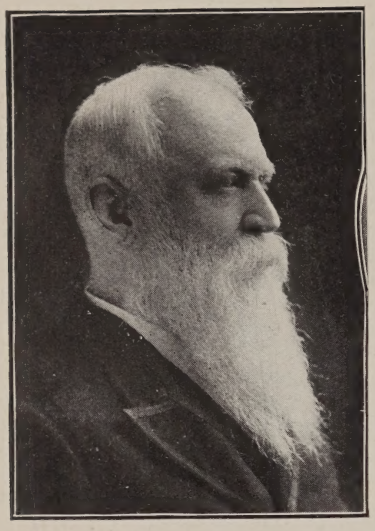
THEY WILL ALWAYS BE IDENTIFIED WITH OUR NATIONAL LIFE.

BY SMITH D. FRY.

One of Them Was Cannon Shot Which Rang From Fort Moultrie; The Other the Pistol Shot of Booth's Pistol that Killed Abraham Lincoln.

Great men and great events pass before us so rapidly in kaleidoscopic review, like the moving pictures of a kinetoscope, that men of modern times must needs read rapidly, think quickly, and act with celerity in order to keep pace with the acts and scenes in the drama of human life.

There was a cannon shot fired from Fort Moultrie (at Fort Sumter) in the early days of 1861 which changed the destinies of this republic. It reverberated throughout the world. The men and women who were heads of families then have nearly all gone to that bourne whence no traveler e'er returns. All readers of history know of it, but there was another cannon-shot fired from a battery beneath a Palmetto flag, some weeks earlier, of which few people have heard or read. It was fired at a vessel called the Star of the West, as it was bringing supplies to Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. That shot



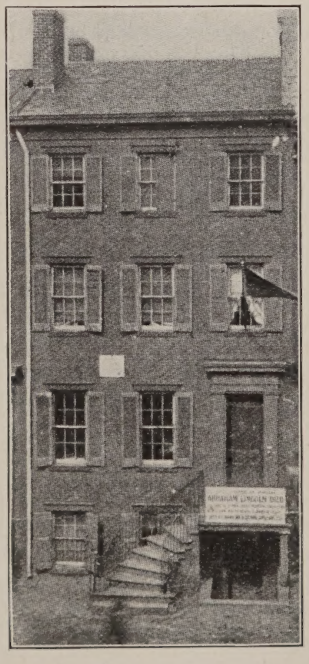
SENATOR STEWART.

did not precipitate civil war, for there were commissioners and committees selected and appointed afterwards to avert a war between the states. But the shot which was fired at the flag waving over Fort Sumter caused an internecine struggle of four years' duration.

The men and women born between the years 1861 and 1865 have no personal recollections of the tragic daily occurrences of those years. Today they are the leaders and managers in the forefront of affairs. They read of the Civil War as they read of the Mexican War, the War of 1812, and the War of the Revolution; wars in which they took no part directly or indirectly. True, there were boys and young men then, who are fathers and grandfathers now, who tell to families and friends incidents of those days, thereby making more vivid their reading of history. But the stalwart men of today, and the mothers of the rising generation, have no personal knowledge of those events. The writer is one of the mere boys of '61 who has personal recollections of the trials and triumphs of those days.

The people of the North and of the South eagerly bought the daily papers, not merely to see which side had won the battle, but to see whether "our John" or "our Jim" or others of our families had fallen beneath the leaden and iron hail which the contending forces were hurling against each other. We suffered not only the joys of victory or the sorrows of defeat, but in every home and at every hearthstone there was a father, a mother, a brother or a sister reading of loved ones who were "dying to-night on the old camp ground," far from the reach of loving hands, writhing hearts and loving lips.

Yes, the shot which rang out from Moultrie rang around the world and convulsed this nation. It was followed by volleys innumerable for four long years, until the end came; the end welcomed by both North and South. Welcomed by the North because of the insured permanence of the federal union; welcomed by the South because it was the conclusion of privation, suffering and disaster. Today the survivors of the contending armies and their children all rejoice that the end was as it was.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED

But the shot above all others which outrivaled in tragedy all other events was the shot from the pistol of an assassin which rang out in Ford's theatre and reverberated throughout the world; the shot which, in a

moment, in the twinkling of an eye, took from the Republic its glorious President (on April 14, 1865) and took from the unfortunate South the one life which might have been able to spare it all of the years of misery which followed, because of mistaken zeal and partisan folly. It was the shot fired by John Wilkes Booth, and which caused the death of Abraham Lincoln.

Paradoxical as it may seem we are a peace-loving people and at the same time a war-like nation. Seeking peace with all mankind, we were forced into a war for humanity's sake six years ago. Out of that war we came with glory and honor, and with international reputation for military and naval prowess and skill. Surviving veterans of the Northern and Southern armies and navies fought under one flag. The sons of the federal and confederate soldiers and sailors fought under one flag, and the nation was reunited. To-day we can look back upon the four years of tragedy of civil war and without sectional feelings recall the two shots which stand out most prominently in memory as they will always stand out most prominently in history—the shots from Moultrie's cannon and from the assassin's hand.

After escaping from the theatre and after escaping from the city, Booth, the assassin, was closely followed until he was surrounded in a barn in Maryland and killed by a bullet from the rifle of Boston Corbett; a shot which was fired without orders, and against the order of the commanding officer. The body of the assassin was brought to Washington and buried here. Nevertheless there have been many stories promulgated alleging that he escaped justice. One of these fables was to the effect that many years afterwards he was a preacher in Monumental Church at Richmond, Va.

The houses in which the assassination was planned, and in which Lincoln died, are still standing in Washington, and their pictures are herewith presented. The assassination was planned in a boarding-house kept by Mrs. Surratt, who was hanged with the captured conspirators. Concerning the guilt of Mrs. Surratt the writer has always entertained doubts. Nevertheless, public indignation was so high, and every mind was so inflamed with a desire for complete vengeance, that the woman suffered with those who were certainly guilty. Father Walter, of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, received the confession of Mrs. Surratt before her death. As a priest he declined to give evidence concerning her confession. Nevertheless, as a man, he always expressed his belief in her innocence. Knowing Father Walter very well, and having heard him personally express his belief in her innocence, the writer has always inclined to that belief.

"Many of the stories about John Wilkes Booth are very absurd," says Mr. Louis Dietrich, an old Washingtonian. "I have heard people throughout the country say that Booth was never killed or captured and that the body which was brought to Washington was a dummy. I have seen such statements in the papers, as though the writers believed the nonsense about which they wrote. But I can tell you that I was one of the very few who actually did see and touch the dead body of the murderer of Abraham Lincoln.

"I knew Mr. Lincoln very well and I knew the crazy man who slew him. Booth was better known to the people of Washington than Lincoln. Of course, the President was seen at different times, on great occasions, and his pictures were everywhere. But he was not often personally seen by the people. John Wilkes Booth was a character well-known to Washington. He was almost as eccentric as his eccentric father, who was in many respects a crazy man.

"The elder Booth was a man who

would go to a saloon and pawn his body for liquor, and the theatrical managers would have to hunt him up at the saloons and pay the money which he owed in order to get him on the stage. He became excited once, when he was playing 'Richard III,' and tried to kill the man who played Richmond. He chased him off the stage and all over the theatre until he was himself captured by a policeman and disarmed.

"His son, John Wilkes, was a man of uneven mind. He drank to excess and did many eccentric things. He was a great pedestrian. He was constantly taking long walks. Everybody in the city knew him by sight.

"When his body was brought here on a gunboat I wanted to see him; but it was almost impossible to get a chance. I thought of all the schemes to get on board, and at last I went to my friend Dr. Todd. He said: 'We are to make a post-mortem examination to-morrow in the afternoon. You come to the boat and tell the guards that you have a message for me. I will be on board and tell them to send you to me as I am expecting you.' I did so and was admitted.

"Just before the post-mortem examination Dr. Todd lifted the big tarpaulin that was laid over the body on the upper deck, and showed me the face of the dead man. It was calm and peaceful as a baby's, and it was John Wilkes Booth. It is all nonsense to say that he was not there. I saw him and touched his head. It was cold and dead; and it was Booth. I know what I know, and I saw Booth lying there. The gunboat was anchored between the arsenal and the navy-yard, but nearer the yard than the arsenal."

"Among other absurd stories told about Booth was one to the effect that his body had been sunk in the eastern branch of the Potomac, at midnight, and that no one knew where it was. That was false as everything else they told. His body was buried in the old penitentiary ground, where the arsenal now is, together with those of the other conspirators, Harold, Payne, Mrs. Surratt, and Atzerodt. There the body laid for ten years, until it was finally disinterred and carried to Baltimore and buried beside that of his father in the family burying ground."

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, recently said to the writer: "I received the last bit of writing penned by the hand of Abraham Lincoln two hours before his assassination; but I did not preserve it. I believe also that I was the last Senator or man in public life with whom Abraham Lincoln ever conversed."

"Judge Niles Searles, of California, returning home from New York stopped in Washington to see me on business and expressed a desire to see President Lincoln before going back to the Pacific coast; and he was anxious to get away that night. So about half-past seven o'clock I took him to the White House and sent up my card with the name of my friend pencilled upon it and the card was returned very quickly with the word 'over' written at the bottom of it. I turned over the card and found these words: 'Dear Senator: You must excuse me. Bring your friend in the morning. Am hurrying off to theatre with my wife. A. Lincoln.'

"We went down stairs, stood on the large portico discussing the advisability of the Judge's return by train that night to California, which he seemed determined to do, while I urged him to remain until the morning train, because I was anxious for him to meet Lincoln and describe him to the people on the Pacific coast. We had not been there three minutes when President Lincoln came out of the door, while at the same instant a closed carriage drove up to the steps. President Lincoln laughed very heartily as I greeted him and introduced my friend, telling him that that was all I desired to do, and he said: 'I am so

occupied with public affairs that I never have time to take a rest, and of course never think of taking a vacation. My wife is taking me to the theatre tonight to hear a funny play, and she has convinced me that a few hearty laughs at the antics of those people will do me some good, so I am going.' Then, turning to Judge Searles, he said: 'You can tell your people that you and Senator Stewart, like a couple of Apaches, waylaid me, and that you not only had an introduction to Abe Lincoln, but better still, to his wife also.'

"With that President Lincoln and his wife entered the carriage and drove away. I am very sure, as I said before, that I was the last man in public life with whom he conversed, and I am also sure that that card was the last bit of writing ever penned by him. I carelessly tore it into pieces as Judge Searles and I walked from the White House to Pennsylvania Avenue. He left on the nine o'clock train and I called upon Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts. A little before ten o'clock word came that Lincoln had been shot, so Sumner and I walked down to Tenth street as rapidly as we could go. There were no street cars in those days and carriages were not easily available. When we reached the house to which the dying President had been taken, across the street from the theatre, there was a great crowd, and we were informed that visitors were not desired. They would admit senators, but I did not enter. Senator Sumner went into the house and remained with Lincoln until he died. I went down town and spent the night in making speeches to the people at various places along Pennsylvania Avenue.

"There were upwards of 30,000 paroled confederate soldiers in Washington and vicinity, all of them wearing their tattered uniforms, and excited people wanted to form mobs to kill them. I, in common with other public men, went about telling the people that if Lincoln were able he would counsel peace and urge them to be law-abiding under the circumstances.

"I believe I was instrumental in saving the life of the Secretary of War. I heard of the attempt to assassinate Secretary Seward, and apprehending widespread conspiracy I called on the Secretary of War. As I went up the steps a man rushed past me whom I supposed was a messenger. He had been ringing the bell and the door opened as I reached it. The servant informed me the Secretary was in and in health. I told the servant that a man had rung the bell ahead of me and run away, and that was reported to the Secretary of War, who believed with me that an assassin was after him when I came up. A file of soldiers came to the residence of the Secretary, so I did not remain long with him.

"As I said before, I remained awake all night, and about seven o'clock the following morning Senator Foote, of Vermont, called me to a closed carriage, which I entered, and we drove together to the Kirkwood Hotel on the corner of 12th and Pennsylvania Avenue, where Vice-President Andrew Johnson lived. We awakened him, and informed him of the death of President Lincoln. The oath of office was then administered, which made him President of the United States, as the successor of the lamented victim of Booth's bullet.

A MACKINAC MOON.

BY LELIA H. BUGG.

In the first week of August the brief summer season of the average American resort reaches its floodtide of fashionable gaiety. Mackinac Island is not an average resort; it stands alone, approachable, but unapproached by any of the other playgrounds in the vast sweep of northern waters. But like the average it too has its August tide. It was eleven o'clock in the morning in the first week of August, and converging crowds of exhilarated humanity met at the primitive and unpicturesque post-office of the village straggling along the water's edge. Beyond the village are the bluffs crowned with cottages and villas of varied architecture; back of it the low wooded hills rise abruptly, the cannons on Fort Mackinac keeping sleepless watch over the land-locked seas. On the northern bluff towers the Grand Hotel, and a dozen other caravansaries are scattered through the village. St. Ignace and Mackinac City beckon in friendly comradeship across the straits, and the dark green outlines of Bois Blanc Island woo the fisherman or tempt the pencil of the artist. Yachts and steamers and freight-boats, cat-boats and canoes dot the noble expanse of waters. At the post-office a line of vehicles partially blocked the way. A trim cart, all yellow and silver, drawn by black ponies, was driven by a pretty girl in a French gown of muslin and lace and fluttering ribbons; a swiftly-rolling landau upholstered in royal purple made a background for a matron powerful and rich but not beautiful, and not very happy. Holding their own by democratic right were turnouts for hire, of varied and novel make, driven by lusty-lunged natives, some in worn and wonderful livery, and some in the garb of the free and independent American citizen exercising the privilege to be shabby and not especially clean. A market cart touched wheels with the automobile of a millionaire. The huckster swore audibly, the millionaire looked things unsayable.

Waiting for the morning mail were youths in white flannels, and other youths in the tweeds and stockings of the golf links; girls pretty and girls plain, spinsters of all ages, sour-visaged and prim, brainy and charming, beautifully gowned and freakishly gowned, the delight and the despair of their well-wishers and friends. The children of the village tawny-haired and dark-skinned, or of Saxon fairness healthily tanned, stood around in wide-eyed delight at the glimpse of people from another world than theirs; a mischievous urchin pinched the calves of a stray footman waiting mailbag in hand, then darted away with the agility of a young monkey from righteously aimed blows. Newsboys, and fruit venders, commercially alive to the golden harvest time for small coin, called out their wares, their young lungs vigorous with the balsamic air which swept down from the hills. Industry had welcomed the August crowds that gave point to questions of a circulating currency. Officers from the fort, erect and sure-footed, came in couples from the parade ground, and a distinguished general passed with the commander of the fort on his way to a waiting yacht, its decks dazzlingly white and cool-looking under the gay awnings, the slender masts rising towards a perfect sky, the sun brilliantly luminous cutting through them, and sparkling on the emerald depths of the tideless sea.

In a phaeton were two ladies who could have passed for matrons in the early thir-

ties, but who had each a daughter socially prominent in the Island colony.

Mrs. Frederick Rodgers was a brunette of the modified olive type, clear-skinned and dimpled and plump, with the dainty hands and feet of the Old South from which she sprang, beautiful brown eyes and a small red mouth. She was considered the second-best gowned woman on the Island, the premiership being generally conceded to her companion, Mrs. John Morris, who was her most intimate friend.

Mrs. Morris was of the average American type, brown hair, near-sighted eyes, fair skin and regular features; but she understood dress as Raphael knew colors and Michael Angelo form.

They were both women of the world without being perniciously worldly women. They had learned the relative values of things, and that knowledge helps to preserve an equilibrium. Both were Catholics and members of St. James' Parish on Chicago's fashionable Southside. Mrs. Morris, whose Irish forebears had been sturdily Catholic since the days of St. Patrick, was pious and worldly by turns. Mrs. Rodgers had come into her belief through devious ways in early womanhood, and was more uniform in its practices. They were rich and refined, and as learned as the average women of their own sort, and they did not aspire to be more so. The two had been friends for years.

"Why, there is Elizabeth!" exclaimed Mrs. Morris leaning forward, with that rising inflection with which a near-sighted person betrays her surprise at her own cleverness in recognizing acquaintances. "And who is that man with her?" she continued, peering at an athletic-looking young man, smoothly shaven, with well-cut features, deep gray eyes, and dark hair, who was walking with two young girls, and next to Elizabeth Rodgers.

"That is Maurice Curran, I thought everybody knew him," answered Mrs. Rodgers. "But why do you say with *her*? Why not with *them*? He is with Celia, too, just as much as with Elizabeth."

"Oh, is that Celia? Her parasol was shading her face," murmured Mrs. Morris, somewhat abashed that a sort of instinct had not come to the rescue of her eyes when it was a question of her own daughter. "I might have known it! Those girls are inseparable—almost as much so as their mothers," she continued, and laughed a musical little laugh pleasant to hear. "And pray who is Maurice Curran?" asked Mrs. Morris energetically, looking critically at the young man who was walking slowly towards them, and chatting gaily with the couple of pretty girls who had accepted his escort a moment before on the chance meeting of the board walk.

"Oh, young Curran is—don't you know? Why he has his office in the Temple Building, on the same floor as Frederick's. He's a broker," explained Mrs. Rodgers. "But how absurd that sounds as an answer to your question. The idea of starting out to describe a man by giving the location of his office and his business! I am ashamed of myself, so don't add to my humiliation by laughing at me."

Mrs. Morris laughed in instant appreciation.

"Well, he is a Catholic like ourselves," continued Mrs. Rodgers. "At least that is not being horridly commercial to tell a man's religion—when he happens to have any. He is a Notre Dame man, and belongs to the Union League and the Columbus Clubs. Elizabeth met him at a hop or something given at the Columbus. Mary Sexton introduced him, but she herself may have just met him. I had never thought about it before. We've had him to dinner, and he seems to be very clever, and Elizabeth says he dances like an angel. To be sure I don't know how she knows anything about the dancing of an angel."

"Dances like an Irishman, why not say? It would mean pretty much the same thing," rejoined Mrs. Morris. "Maurice Curran is quite as characteristically Hibernian as Patrick O'Rourke."

"Oh, you never can tell anything about a name. I believe he is of Irish extraction. Comes from somewhere in the West," went on Mrs. Rodgers in lofty unconsciousness of the humor of her geographical perspective. To a New Yorker, whose country is bounded on the West by the Alleghany mountains, Chicago's estimate of herself is somewhat amusing. "He was in the same class with Algy Smith at Notre Dame, and the boys were fast friends. I believe Algy had something to do with his hazarding his fortunes in Chicago."

Further biographical facts were necessarily postponed, for the trio were within a few feet of the carriage.

"Why, there are mama and Mrs. Morris!" "There are mama and Mrs. Rodgers!" exclaimed the maidens simultaneously, and the driver drew up at the curbing. Maurice Curran was presented to Mrs. Morris, and that clever matron said that she had heard of him from Mrs. Rodgers, while Mrs. Rodgers vaguely wondered at the tact lurking in the imperfect tense. The young man observed for the first time how much Elizabeth Rodgers resembled her mother. Mrs. Rodgers did not feel complimented when people remarked this resemblance. She knew that her daughter was like her, but she also knew perfectly that Elizabeth was not nearly so pretty as she herself had been at the same age, and that Elizabeth as a matron of forty would barely escape being plain. Her features were not so finely cut, and her hair was darker. In temperament she was said to resemble her father. But in regard to a fortunately placed maiden, controlled by a wise mother, and sheltered in the sanctity of a refined home, whom sorrow and great emotions, either good or bad, had scarcely touched, it was chancing things wildly to risk much on her temperament. Elizabeth had a look of child-like innocence without appearing at all child-like. She was always faultlessly gowned by her mother, and her modish ways and her madonn like face proved elusively piquant to those who met her in society. The girl was just twenty.

Celia Morris, a year older than her friend, was the beauty of the Island, and her mother had ecstatic visions at times, when her husband had made especially fortunate deals on the Exchange, of taking her daughter for a season abroad, and of a triumphal progress from one European capital to another, until Celia would figure as an international belle. Celia herself had already decided that if George Dering, a young business man of average good looks and average prospects, but with the dearest and noblest heart in the world, should offer her that treasure she would probably accept. She was described as divinely fair, with limpid blue eyes, a figure that was the delight of her tailor with its curves and fine lines, and hair that was a golden glory.

The two friends had nothing in common except their mutual liking. Elizabeth had moments when she soared into the ideal on the wings of impulse, and descended to the practical on the wheels of the conventional. She was very proud, so was her mother; but with Mrs. Rodgers time had tempered pride with much sound sense, and time had not as yet had a chance to do much for Elizabeth.

Celia Morris was at all times frankly exclusive: "We are up, others are down; let's not quarrel with fate," she said.

The matrons continued their drive, and their daughters with Curran, turned their faces towards the Grand Hotel.

Maurice Curran regarded Elizabeth Rodgers as quite the most interesting girl that he had ever met. To be sure

his chances for meeting interesting girls had been limited. In the nature of things, especially in the nature of society, they would be steadily wider; for he had arrived, as the French phrase it, at a certain stage of success. All that Mrs. Rodgers had said about him was true, but it had lacked a great deal of being the whole truth. He had gone to Chicago from the great Indiana University penniless and practically unknown. A school friend had given him a chance, and now he was well established as a broker whose solid achievements promised greater things for the future. He believed firmly in his own future. He was a young man of high ideals, and side by side with his ideals was a towering ambition. He meant to stand on the top rung before his wearied feet had ceased to climb. In society he was well liked and very popular. He had not made many intimacies, but they had usually been among well-placed and congenial people. He belonged to clubs and was accepted by his fellow clubmen as one of their own sort. Life was proving very much of a blessing, and the world of men was treating him most kindly. On the whole, he was very well satisfied with himself, his work, and his niche in the great city. He was genuinely enthusiastic over Chicago. Enthusiasm is not an unusual sentiment in the hearts of her adopted children whom she has treated kindly. The broken-down and the beaten may rail at her heartless commercialism, but her successful sons love her, and would not exchange her winds and sleet and bizarre vagaries of climate for the softest zephyrs and balmiest sunshine of Egean shores.

Curran had come to Mackinac for his month's vacation because it was comparatively near, because he had never been there before, and because it belongs in an especial way to the West, the teeming West whose actual capital is Chicago. Eastern people might come to Mackinac, come in crowds season after season, but they were merely visitors. A Chicagoan was enjoying his own. Curran had arrived by the boat the evening before, and chance had anticipated his intention of making his presence known at Bluff Point, the Rodgers domicile.

"Miss Rodgers, how many times may a stranger express his rapture at the charms of Mackinac before he is pronounced a bore by the chatelaines of the soil?" said Curran, his eyes taking in rapturously the sweep of water and sky and pine-crowned hills.

"There is no limit to the praise we can stand for Mackinac. To be sure we appreciate a discriminating variety in the choice of epithets," answered the girl. "We don't exactly like to have a visitor stand on the veranda of the Grand, and with the most glorious water view on the continent before him, a full moon shining, a fleet of yachts in the Strait, and say that it is 'right nice,' but that has happened. And we don't care to hear it said that the masts of the sailing crafts look like knitting needles standing on end, but that too has happened. But with a fine perception in adjectives there is no limit to the praise we can welcome. We know perfectly that you can't flatter Mackinac, for all the superlatives in all the languages living and dead, can't really do it justice."

"Oh, Elizabeth, don't be absurd!" said Celia Morris in her brisk mellow voice. "Mr. Curran will think that you are chaffing him."

"Mr. Curran knows me better," retorted Elizabeth.

Celia changed the subject abruptly by explaining that she had promised to look in on the bed-ridden grandmother of a youth employed as under-gardener at the Morris cottage on the bluff.

They turned down a narrow graveled lane, Celia leading the way, which ought to have been called Industry Square. Dwelling within its precincts were num-

erous laundresses, an honest cobbler, a tinsmith, a tailor who had made old clothes look as good as new, and several families whose sons and daughters were in service of some sort to the cottagers and summer hotel folk. The worn New England joke that summer boarders were the principal industry still flourished on the Island, where the natives remain after the brief bright holiday time is past, to face a long northern winter, water-locked from the outer world.

The trio had proceeded but a few paces when they found themselves in the midst of an unusual commotion in that ordinarily peaceful lane; women and children were running bare-headed or with aprons thrown over their wind-blown hair, a butcher still carrying his great knife, his white cap pushed to the side of his head, and two grooms from the livery stable, came in breathless haste. Suddenly there was a woman's scream of agony and terror followed by the wail of a child. Just then a man staggered out of the gate leading to a cottage more rickety and uncared-for than its neighbors, and started on a run down the alley. Instantly his arms were pinioned in the sturdy grasp of a fisherman running in the opposite direction, and a chorus of feminine voices cried out, "Matt Andrews has killed his wife!"

"Ugh! How awful!" shuddered Elizabeth.

"How shocking! Come, I know those people," commanded Celia, following briskly in the wake of the crowd, now surging in at the creaking gate.

Curran turned deadly pale, and staggered as if about to faint.

Celia noticed his weakness, and was secretly surprised and not altogether without scorn for his lack of nerve. The young girl left her companions no choice, but hurried down the few feet of flower-bordered walk leading to the door, elbowing her way in the crowd as if she were used to such encounters. She had strong nerves, athletic proclivities, and she had served many weeks at Hull House, so that the poor and lowly were not unknown to her. Besides, she was a born ruler. She commanded naturally, and expected people to obey in the same way. Sometimes they did not, and there was trouble.

"I don't believe the woman is dead. She is probably just stunned from the blow," hazarded Celia. "He's a drunken old wretch, that Matt Andrews, and I told her last summer to leave him."

Celia pushed open the door, and in the room stretched out on the bed was the prematurely old, work-worn, weather-beaten wife of besotted Matt Andrews. From an ugly gash in her forehead the purplish blood was oozing, and under the thick coating of tan the pallor of death was slowly settling.

Standing by the bed was a little lad of ten, the hot tears trickling in two white furrows down his dirty, chubby cheeks, and pressed to the motherly bosom of Bridget McCrae, a laundress whose little sign dangled across the way, was a young infant, its sobs temporarily hushed. Two other children were huddled together in a corner. The little house was already overflowing with the neighboring women, horror-stricken at the ghastly tragedy.

Curran ran for a doctor at the command of Celia Morris, and the two girls worked with skilful fingers trying to make the poor creature more comfortable. The old physician shook his head gravely over the wound, and ordered the room cleared of the people. Celia volunteered to send ice and sheets and towels from her mother's house, and, finding nothing more to be done in the sweet cause of Christian charity, these bright young belles with their escort made their way out into the welcome sunlight.

"Shall we go on?" queried Elizabeth, glancing from Curran's still pallid face to Celia's clear gray eyes.

"Certainly, why not?" answered Celia. "We can't do any thing more for the poor creature."

"Oh, I don't know. It seems so horrible I feel all upset," answered Elizabeth.

"Well then, the sooner you get away from the upsetting cause the sooner your nerves will become normal," retorted Celia, moving forward with a swift firm tread.

As they turned into the main street they again encountered Mrs. Rodgers, going home alone after having left Mrs. Morris at her cottage on the north bluff. Mrs. Rodgers beckoned to her daughter.

"Had n't you better come home with me?" she said. "There is no use in your trying to compete with Celia Morris in walking and all that sort of thing, you know. Celia was never tired in her life, and Mr. Curran may be just as bad."

"I had intended to have Elizabeth stay with me for luncheon, but she's so upset I'm not sure it wouldn't be better for her to go home and be coddled," retorted Celia. Thereupon all three gave a disjointed, but fairly intelligible account of the morning's tragedy.

Elizabeth drove away with her mother, and Curran walked home with Celia, but he was quite aware that his efforts at conversation, even in the line of the commonplace, were failures.

"I'd ask you to stay for luncheon if Elizabeth were here," said the frankly direct damsel, extending her hand in farewell to Curran on the steps of Rockhurst, the Morris cottage.

"And so because you can't give me two pleasures, the pleasure of lunching with you and the pleasure of lunching with Miss Rodgers, you wickedly deny me any pleasure," protested the young man, but glad in his secret heart to be free from social conventions.

Emerging from the broad walk which led through the Morris demesne, Maurice Curran crossed the public thoroughfare, and struck off into the cool balsamic woods, the underbrush crunching beneath his feet, a scared rabbit or shy thrush fleeing at his approach, and the long noon shadows of the lonely pines falling over the bare spaces. His face was pinched and haggard, and his grey eyes, the pupils dilated, seemed almost black. He dashed on and on, not heeding when the parting bushes struck him sharply across the cheek like a whip, or his stumbling feet caught in the sweet-briars, weaving the earth-carpet in arabesques of green and red, or plunged into the gullies into which the sumach leaves had eddied.

His prosperous personality as the clever and successful young broker, likable and liked, had been stripped from him as a king's mantle after a masquerade, and in his heated imagination he saw himself again but a desolate little outcast.

What evil fate, he asked himself, had thrust him into the morning's hideous tragedy, and stretched forth its malignant hand to tear down the wall which memory had built between the past and the present, and to throw him back into the degradation from which he had vainly thought to escape!

He was no longer the polished, prosperous man of the world, the respectable member of society—he was the miserable son of Matt Andrews the wife-murderer. His mother was lying dead in a peasant's cabin with a hideous gash in her temple, the well-remembered white cloth hiding it away from curious eyes, and his father, the brand of the uxorcide on his soul, was in the clutches of outraged law.

Fate, so cruel in her jests, had held before him her mirror which imprisons all, and loses none of the hard, cold, merciless lines that mark and mar the passing years. What mattered his clean life, his untiring industry, his high resolves, his vaulting ambition to be something and somebody in the world? Was not his career ruined before it had even begun?

His long strides carried him swiftly across the old battlefield, in the midst of which an English trap was standing, its occupants dutifully viewing the historic ground. A young girl, half hidden under a billowy parasol of white chiffon, nodded to him sweetly from the box seat, and Arthur Perkins, a pleasant youth, innocently fond of his clothes and altogether too fond of Elizabeth Rodgers, doffed his blue-ribboned hat. But Maurice Curran passed on as unheeding as a sleep-walker.

"What matters it!" he said to himself bitterly, recalled to the conventions of the social code by the habits of years of good-breeding. "What business have I with respectable folk? I, the son of a drunken wife-murderer, the charity waif aping the ways of a gentleman! Mackinac is not my place; I should have performed my filial duty, and gone to visit my father. It would have been a truly delectable bit of news for Miss Gadsby's Sunday society column—'Mr. Maurice Curran, the popular young club man'—all young men who are asked to Mrs. Porter's assemblies are popular to Miss Gadsby—'is visiting his father, now serving out a thirty years' sentence in the Lansing penitentiary, for clubbing his wife to death.' I suppose Mrs. Rodgers would hardly let her daughter lead a cotillion with me, and Miss Celia Morris would hesitate about inviting me to luncheon."

Tired to exhaustion, with hands and ankles bleeding, his clothes stained, Curran came finally to the farther side of the Island, and sank down on the shore of Lake Huron. The stillness and the solitude were unbroken, for at that hour the ubiquitous tourist, the athletic maiden and the infesting cycler, were at luncheon, or dawdling in hammocks on shaded verandas. In the distance a line of dark green islands seemed to his wearied fancy to invite escape alike from the past and the present, and to offer in their sylvan depths a refuge near to Nature's heart. Half-formed visions flitted through his brain of going over to the loneliest one of the islands and casting his lot with the guides, snatching food from the woods and the waters,—hunting, fishing,—forever free from the network of civilization. He grimly pictured himself supplying the leading rôle in one of those 'mysterious disappearances' that had always struck him as cowardly and unspeakably vulgar. Mrs. Rodgers might read it aloud, and Elizabeth raise her beautiful eyes and murmur, "How shocking!" and then she and Celia Morris might speak of it between tidbits of Huyler's chocolates as they took their morning drive together.

The sun had already disappeared behind the horizon, and only a glowing aftermath of color lit up land and lake and rolling clouds with warm, rich radiance, when Curran, pale and worn, made his way back to the hotel. The band was playing for the dinner hour, and the throng of well-dressed humanity had set in a steady march towards the big dining-room. More than one woman as she passed looked curiously, or wonderingly, or indifferently, at Curran as he waited near the elevator for a chance to go to his room. He did not dress for dinner, evening clothes not being demanded of the men at the Grand Hotel, although the women usually appeared in semi-festive attire, and sometimes even with bared shoulders.

"Ah, Curran, good evening," said a big, good-natured man, who sat at the same table with the young Chicago broker. "Did you have a pleasant day? I saw you sprawling on the ground by the lake this afternoon. My wife here accused you of writing poetry, and of being in the throes of an inspiration, but I defended you like a man and a brother. Better take care, though, or you'll get rheumatism. The earth up here is rather cold for that sort of thing, you know."

Curran laughed mirthlessly. "A pleas-

ant day! I wonder if the devils in hell ask the lost souls if they have had a pleasant day!" he thought savagely. "No, I can't say that I did. But I wasn't writing poetry, Mrs. Johnston. I thought that you were more charitable in your judgments."

"You'd better try the lobster, Curran, its rather fine this evening," broke in Johnston, as the ebony-faced menial waited expectantly for Curran's order.

"Yes, do by all means," chirped Mrs. Johnston, who had the natural feminine instinct to cater to the palate of man.

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnston, your advice is always good," responded Curran who had known the little woman just twenty-four hours. "Yes, I'll have lobster," this to the waiter. He would have said the same thing if his amiable neighbor had suggested pine cones on toast. He wanted to get away from the chatter as quickly as possible, and yet he was ferociously hungry, for he had not tasted food nor drink since a rather early breakfast.

The Johnstons waited with the charitable intent of bearing him company. The young man laughed forlornly at their dull little jokes—in his secret heart he thought Mrs. Johnston rather vulgar, and his fastidious taste was roused into distinct disapproval of the unbecoming red satin she was wearing, and of her blonde tresses which had been bleached and the undertaking bungled. He was devoutly thankful that fate had not imposed her counterpart on him. But it was quite evident that Johnston regarded her as a thing of beauty and a joy for a man's natural life. The Johnstons moved in an orbit far removed from the circle Curran knew best, and Mrs. Johnston looked up to him with feminine snobbery as quite of the Republican nobility.

Finishing his dinner, Curran went out on the veranda where the evening promenade had begun. Up and down, like the tramp of a corps of infantry, sounded the patter of a thousand feet. Women faultlessly gowned, maidens in simpler fashion, their fair young beauty carrying its own most potent charm; women worn and ugly, coarse and vulgar, tired and, perhaps, heavy-hearted; women from crude or dull towns enjoying the sight with the pathos of starved lives; middle-aged men who had made fortunes, men who had made failures, but were taking the fact philosophically—all met for a day or a week on common ground. Laughter and wit, gossip and inane chatter, the rich low tones that hinted love, mingled with the tramp of feet and the harmonics of the violins.

The band was playing a nocturne that makes for the heartstrings, and to Curran it seemed as if all the sorrows of the world whose only adequate utterance is music woke to life.

The delicate crescent of a new moon bent towards the strait; long steady beams from the electric lights of the hotel shot across the driveway, the groves of arbor-vitæ below, reaching almost to the water's edge; far out in Lake Michigan the Buffalo boat was heading eastward; the wind came down from the hill, through boughs of pine and cedar and fir, to take up the old story of life and love and longing. Maurice Curran did not linger. He was possessed by an overmastering desire to look again upon the face of Matt Andrews' victim, to lift up that white cloth —the white cloth would surely be there— and to bring comfort to the boy whose cross was so much heavier than he knew —for the sake of that other boy who had come to life that morning in the heart of the man.

The blinds were down at the windows of the poor little cottage, but the light gleamed through them, and shadows played on the curtains, when Curran's knock startled the watchers within. He managed to stammer out an offer of as-

sistance, an inquiry and apology, to the gaunt woman whom he remembered seeing in the morning. Then without waiting for an invitation, he entered the room and crossed to where the tenantless form was laid out in the awful immobility of death. He turned back the sheet from the face, and stood looking down at the worn, sad features fixed in their death-mask. On the bed the baby was asleep, the tears dried on his dirty cheek. Sitting off in one corner, his elbows on his knees, his head clasped in his hands, was the eldest boy. It was really this boy who had drawn Curran, almost against his will, to the crime-stained hovel. A few questions directed to the woman who seemed to be in temporary authority, elicited the information that the children were practically penniless and friendless.

"I'll provide for this boy," said Curran, laying a kindly hand on the shoulder of the urchin who had risen from his chair, and was staring wonderingly at the modish gentleman, who had come to their assistance.

"Here's a great millionaire goin' to look after the children. Ain't they in luck, though!" was the complacent thought of the woman.

"Yes, I'll provide for the boy," repeated Curran in incisive, almost hard tones.

"And what about the rest of 'em? Sure you'll do somethin' for 'em, the helpless babes!" put in the woman in the wheedling tones of the natural beggar.

"I daresay they will be taken care of. One's enough for me. I'll look after this boy."

Already Curran had formed the plan of sending the youth to a school on the outskirts of a Canadian village surrounded on all sides by the purpling hills. There were long shady corridors, he remembered, where vines twined in northern hardihood, through which the boys romped in the care-free joyousness of youth, under the friendly eye of an aged monk.

It was late when Curran again ascended the flight of steps leading to the hotel, and young girls on the arms of youthful escorts were already making their way across the veranda to the casino. Curran was roused out of his bitter mood. What if Elizabeth Rodgers should arrive before he was on hand to meet her! He dashed up to his room and scrambled into his evening clothes, but when he entered the casino the ball-room was vibrant with the latest two-step, and there was a crush of dancers on the floor. With a sickening sensation of disappointment Curran saw Miss Rodgers standing near a window engaged in animated conversation with Arthur Perkins.

Celia Morris passed him on the arm of a distinguished Bostonian attached to a monocle. She nodded carelessly to Curran, and continued her chatter to her partner.

"Pardon me, has Miss Rodgers been here long?" blurted Curran, growing red.

"Miss Rodgers is doing very well. I rather fancy you'll not be able to secure a dance unless at the very last. Her card was filled long ago."

"Oh, but it is a cotillion, you know," stammered Curran.

"So it is—I had forgotten. I fancy we shan't stay for that," said Celia, leaving Curran to make his way to Elizabeth.

She received him with a metallic smile. No girl relishes the semblance of neglect, especially when her companions are met rapturously by expectant cavaliers.

"Forgive me, Miss Rodgers. I didn't know that I should be so late," began Curran.

"Are you late? I hadn't noticed it. There's nothing to forgive," and Elizabeth continued to smile.

"Oh, by Jove, I think not," interjected young Arthur. "I was wishing with all

my soul, Curran, that you had been becalmed on Lake Michigan."

"I think I shall have to ask you to excuse me from the cotillion, this evening," said Elizabeth. "Mama doesn't care to stay. I'll introduce you to Miss del Ponte from New Orleans—she dances beautifully."

Curran declined the latter honor, and hung around miserably all the evening until at last he secured a dance with Elizabeth.

"Won't you sit it out, and let me talk to you?" pleaded the young man eagerly.

"It's rather cold this evening—don't you think so, when one isn't dancing?" murmured the girl, and Curran instantly fell into step in the gay vortex. They made the circuit of the room in silence, and then Curran said, "Yes, it is frigid."

Elizabeth looked surprised for a moment, and laughed; Curran stopped instantly, bore her off to a divan, and told her precipitantly about his visit to the Andrews orphans. And Elizabeth who was naturally warm-hearted, said that he was splendid, and gave him a pink carnation from her bouquet.

Curran went to bed that night with the fixed resolution to leave Mackinac and forget Elizabeth Rodgers. Eleven o'clock the next morning found him at her side as they stood in a gay party on the parade ground of the fort, watching the defenders of our country go through their daily tactics. In the afternoon he formed her escort on a yachting party, and when they cast anchor again that evening in the home port, Celia Morris carried them off to take pot-luck at Rockhurst. By that time his resolution had grown shadowy.

Day after day found him in her society. The moon which was waxing the faintest crescent when he stood on the deck of the steamer carrying him to the island of his enchantment was waning rapidly far up in the sky, and still he lingered. The crowds were beginning to thin, and the roads and byways, recently so animated with the festive cyclers and consciously-superior pedestrians, were almost deserted. The chill of the early autumn which follows the short northern summer was in the air, and the bushes and leaves were already touched with faint autumnal tints.

"Now is the time when Mackinac is at its best," said Elizabeth as Curran stood beside her on the upper cliff, while Celia Morris was pointing out to the young man from Chicago, who had signally routed the Bostonian, the scenes of the island legends.

"I'm sure I don't want to deprive anybody of a pleasant vacation," said Elizabeth, "but I do wish the crowd would go somewhere else, and leave Mackinac to us. It wasn't nearly so fashionable, and oh, so much nicer, when I was a little girl."

"Aren't you rather exclusive by nature?" queried Curran dryly. "If the crowd were always a nice crowd, you wouldn't mind so much, would you?"

"If it were a nice crowd perhaps I shouldn't mind it at all—if it were *our* crowd. But you must see for yourself that it is far pleasanter now that the boats aren't bringing whole regiments of women every day."

"I'm afraid that if you had your way you'd seize upon the island as the private demesne of the cottagers, and then what would we poor outcasts do, shut out from the hotels and the thoroughfares that now give us little tastes of Paradise?"

"Oh, as for you, Mama might ask you to stay with us, if you were good."

"In that case I'm against the crowds forthwith. You know the fiercest and most uncompromising aristocrats are Radicals turned Tory."

The last week of August came, hardly less beautiful than the first. A deeper haze was in the atmosphere, purple shadows lingered longer on the distant islands, the waves caressed the shore with a rougher touch, and in the early morning

the blue smoke curled from the chimneys of the cottages and young girls tripped down the board walks in natty jackets and warm gowns.

Then came the last day of Curran's vacation, and under the stress of a great temptation—the temptation of occasion and an evident regard on the part of the girl—he spoke words of love to Elizabeth which he had vowed should never be spoken until she and her mother knew his history. He had mustered the strength to stop short and refuse to hear the avowal that he divined would be his for the asking.

In the afternoon Elizabeth was in her room when the sound of footsteps on the walk brought her to the window. She knew that it was Curran, although she could not see him. She stole out into the hall waiting tremblingly for James, the butler, to admit the visitor. She heard Curran ask for Mrs. Rodgers, and then ran back into her room and put on her prettiest afternoon gown, in breathless haste lest she should be wanted before she was ready. The minutes passed and still no sound came from the library. The clock in the hall chimed the hour, then the quarter tinkled, but yet there was no summons for Elizabeth. What could it mean? Had she mistaken the revelation of the morning for something more than it was?

And behind the drawn portieres, the hickory logs in the fireplace sending out a grateful warmth through the cheery room redolent of the comfort and charm of family life, a man was making his confession.

"I didn't intend to speak without first speaking to you, Mrs. Rodgers, I meant to be honest and honorable. And now let me tell you everything.

"I was born in a little two-room hovel on a sun-baked alkali farm in Western Kansas. My father and mother were very poor, and I was the youngest of four children. I have two sisters, one seven, one five years older than I. A boy who came just before me died many years ago. My father drank, drank, drank—nearly all the time it seemed to me, and when he was drunk he abused my mother and us children. They quarreled continually. One day he came home drunk and abusive as usual. My mother was not feeling very well, and she had not prepared the dinner for him. They quarreled and he struck her, and then he struck her again—with the iron stove-lifter, and, and—that night my mother died." At this the young man's voice trembled, and he seemed to choke. Recovering himself, he went on: "Capital punishment is not allowed in Kansas, and my father escaped hanging. But they had to take him to another county to keep him out of the hands of the mob. He was defended by a clever lawyer, and was sentenced to thirty years in the penitentiary. And in the penitentiary, wearing the stripes of a convict and doing prison service is my father today. You will understand that I have not deemed it necessary to tell my friends this chapter of my family history.

"We were Catholics—my father was born in Ireland, and my mother's people were from the same country. The priest who came ten miles to give my mother the Last Sacraments was the only friend we had. He seemed to take a fancy to me. The other three children he sent to an orphan asylum, but he took me into his own house. I was just nine years old at the time. I don't know whether he intended to keep me, indeed, I rather think he did not; but I was quick to learn, obedient and affectionate, and winning, I suppose. His old housekeeper, the best woman that ever lived, took a liking to me. I went to the parish school, learned to serve at the altar, and mornings and evenings did chores about the place. Soon I was big enough to attend to the horse and milk the cow and light the fires. I did all these things, going to school reg-

ularly the while. When I was sixteen I completed the course of studies in the parochial school, and stood first and youngest in my class. The dear old priest, Father Ryan was his name, said that I should have a chance to make something of myself. He sent me to Notre Dame University. I was in my junior year, and giving satisfaction to my professors—for I worked, I worked for my success, it didn't come to me as an easy gift—when my benefactor, my only friend, died. He did not have much to leave—priests in Kansas are not usually men of wealth—but he left me all he had—except some trifling legacies and bequests. I had enough to carry me through my course. I was liked by the faculty and by nearly all the boys. One of them, Algernon Smith, whom you know, but you can't know how grand he is, was my especial chum. When we were graduated side by side he had everything before him, I had nothing.

"He made his father give me a position. I did my best to fill it worthily. I was promoted, and promoted, and again promoted. I saved my money, and after eight years I was able to start out for myself. I have prospered steadily, and my little investments have proved fortunate. I began to go into society. Algernon had already had me elected to his favorite club. From the first he had accepted me for what I was personally. And I never claimed to be anything or anybody—except a man who was honestly trying to earn the money that was paid him for his services. Father Ryan had not thought it necessary to tell even the rector of the University my history. He maintained that no one is bound to reveal his own private affairs. I claimed nothing, pretended to nothing. I said I had lost my parents when I was a child. And that is true, for my father has been infinitely more lost to me than my poor mother. But I never forgot my own disgrace.

"I grew up to abhor the memory of my father, and all the degrading, loathsome past. We Irish are proud, you know, when we are nothing else.

"Now let me tell you about the rest of my family. My brother was bound out to a farmer after he had been in the asylum for a year, and soon afterwards died. My sisters were taught housekeeping—washing, ironing, scrubbing, cooking—all the work that women of your class call servile, and leave to servants to do, and when they were old enough they were sent out to be servants, yes, mere drudges at fifteen dollars a month. One of them was a cook in a family, and the other went as chambermaid in a hotel. Then they married. Both married young, and while I was still at Father Ryan's. Mary, the eldest, married a farmer, a man who could read and write, and compute the interest on his mortgage, but hardly anything more. He had homesteaded a section of land in Nebraska, and Mary went out there with him to bake and scrub as she had been doing all her life. Her husband is a good man, I suppose, but utterly worthless, if that is not a paradox. He is peasant-blooded, and nothing can take it out of him. He finds his place naturally with the poor and the servile.

"My other sister married a carpenter and fared somewhat better. I had never seen either of them from the moment we parted in the miserable farm shanty, the day after my mother's funeral, until I was a man earning my own living in the world. But we corresponded occasionally. And when I was at the University I received from time to time letters from them, badly written and badly spelled, scrawled on coarse blue-lined paper, telling that a new baby had come, or the interest on the mortgage was due, and nobody knew where it was to come from. And these letters made my ears tingle with shame, and I burnt them before

nightfall to prevent any possibility of the boys seeing them. I had no real affection for my sisters, and I did not pretend to myself that I had. I hated ignorance and failure, and they were the incarnation of both. I meant to be clever and successful. At first my salary was not more than enough to keep me respectably. I had to wear decent clothes and board in a respectable place; but after the first year I saved a little money and sent it to Mary. Then I made Delia a present of a new gown, and clothes for the children. She had two little boys by that time, one of them named for me. Now she has seven, and Mary has eight. The next year I went to see them, not because I wanted to go, but because I felt that it was my duty. Since then I pay them occasional visits, and when I'm married and have a home of my own I daresay my sisters will expect to visit me. I am trying to educate their children; Mary's eldest is a great loutish boy of seventeen, as stupid as his father. I paid his way at a very good school for four years, and now he writes to me and says, 'you *was* so kind.' I paid off the mortgage, and bought new furniture, and tried to make them somewhat comfortable. I have always had one or more of their children away at school. Just now I have four. It is true I send them where learning comes cheap, but I mean to give an opportunity to any of the brood that shows talent.

"So you see when I have a wife of my own she would have to go without some of the luxuries that I could otherwise give her very well, in order to supply necessaries to my kinsfolk. And my sisters themselves are wrinkled, stooped, prematurely old women; children and hard work and alkali water have robbed them of their youth. They plod along, neither one of them with the faintest conception of what you would call society, or culture. They have never even touched a piano, except to dust it.

"In a few years more, my father, if he keeps up his prison record, will be out on the good conduct rule, and I shall have him to look after. Wife-murderer, convict, broken-down sot as he is, he is yet my father, and I shall have to take care of him. He might even want to take his place at my fireside if I had one."

Young Curran stopped abruptly. There were hard lines about the mouth, although his eyes had tears in them. Before Mrs. Rodgers had fairly recovered her self-possession, he had risen from his chair, taken his hat and started to go.

"Might I not see Miss Rodgers to say good-bye?" he asked calmly, standing by the table.

"Sit down, Mr. Curran. I am very sorry for you," said the matron. "You have had a fight against unusual odds, and you have fought well. But frankly, I should rather, much rather, that you did not see my daughter again, at least for a long time. It is not yourself, but a girl can't marry you alone. She must marry your past, and marry your family. Elizabeth is very young, and youth is foolish. She is only twenty. Three years from now she will still be young. In three years if you care to wait, you can have an answer from her own lips, her own heart. She will be a woman then, and capable of deciding her future; sh is only a girl now."

Mrs. Rodgers stopped, and then went on more briskly: "I shall tell Elizabeth what you have told me. Give me your promise to wait three years, and you may come back at five to say good-bye."

The door had scarcely closed on Curran's retreating figure when Elizabeth flushed and breathless came running down the stairs, and met her mother on the threshold of the library.

"Mama, mama, what is the matter?" she panted.

Mrs. Rodgers seldom acted on impulse and when she did there was usually a solid foundation of accumulated wisdom beneath the act. She would have preferred to see her husband before seeing Elizabeth, but he was away for a fortnight on a fishing trip; and, assuredly she would have preferred to have some time to think over the situation. She had not the slightest intention of letting Elizabeth marry Maurice Curran; that was as much settled in her mind as if Lake Michigan had swallowed him. At the same time she did not intend to have a siege of blighted affections on the part of her daughter. She meant to manage her small campaign so that the girl would give up Curran voluntarily, and have no regrets. To secure these objects she was perfectly capable of promising to withdraw all objections at the end of three years, and of then laboring unceasingly to wean the girl from all thought of her lover. "Never use force in a matter of love," was her dictum. She held that love is to a woman what capital is to a man, and that on its wise investment depend the success and happiness of the future. In the first place a girl should not be allowed the opportunity to form an unworthy attachment; but if she did, then break it gently, by imperceptible degrees.

She did not believe that a woman could love truly but once, any more than she believed that if a man had made a bad investment he could not withdraw his capital and put it elsewhere. Of course unfortunate attachments, as well as unfortunate investments, were to be avoided by sensible people. Mrs. Rodgers was genuinely sorry for her daughter, and sorry for Curran.

She told the tale truthfully, but she did not allow any softening shadows. Everything stood out in unsparing, uncompromising high lights. At its finish she picked up a dainty ivory miniature that chanced to be lying on the library table.

"Here is the picture of your grandmother, Elizabeth, for whom you were named. Your father's mother, painted as you know when she was a girl. You get your nose from her, and perhaps, your pride. Suppose this miniature disappeared, and in its stead came the picture of a rough, ignorant woman, killed by her husband's hand. Would you leave the picture lying around for everybody to see? Would you be grateful to me if I had married the son of a wife-murderer, a convict, and given you grandparents like the grandparents Maurice Curran's children must have? Would you care to have a grandfather in the penitentiary? Ignorant uncouth people for relatives, whom you could never present to your friends without a blush? Would your children, if God sent you any, like these things any better than you? Would you like, do you think, to have a murderer, a convict, a sot, coming to your house as his right, and know that he was your husband's father? To read little paragraphs in the papers about it? Still it is your own future, Elizabeth. You know how tenderly I love you. I think I have been a good mother to my children. When you are old enough to decide I shall leave you free. For the present I want you to promise me not to engage yourself to Maurice Curran for three years. You are very young, and if I should let you marry him the day might come, probably very soon, when you would hate me for sacrificing your future to a mere girlish fancy."

Elizabeth was sobbing, and the mother, after softly stroking her hair, left her daughter to herself.

. . . . . .

On the stroke of five, Maurice Curran ascended the steps of the Rodgers villa. The waning day had a touch of autumn in its grey haze, the strait lay before him,

almost black under the shadows; the sails of the passing vessels were set to catch a faint breeze from the south. The nestling village recalled Switzerland, and brought to mind the glorious summer when he had wandered over Europe, and love had been but an idle name. His thoughts came back to the day he landed on Mackinac Island, and the days of enchantment that had followed. The door opened noiselessly, and James, the English butler imported from Dublin, was making his bow of ceremony reserved for the elect among the callers at his stronghold.

"Miss Elizabeth is on the terrace, sir. Shall I—"

But Curran did not wait to hear more. He strode down the steps and across the terrace. Elizabeth was seated on a lichen-covered boulder beneath the scraggy branches of a pitch pine. Curran could feel the beating of his heart.

"Oh, my darling!" he cried passionately under his breath, "what would life be without you! You hold my fate in your hands!"

POSTSCRIPT.

"Oh, please go on! What happened next?" cried Florence, when the author who had been reading her story to some friends, made a little bow to signify that she had come to the end.

"But I can't go on! I don't know what happened next," answered the author, humble and perplexed.

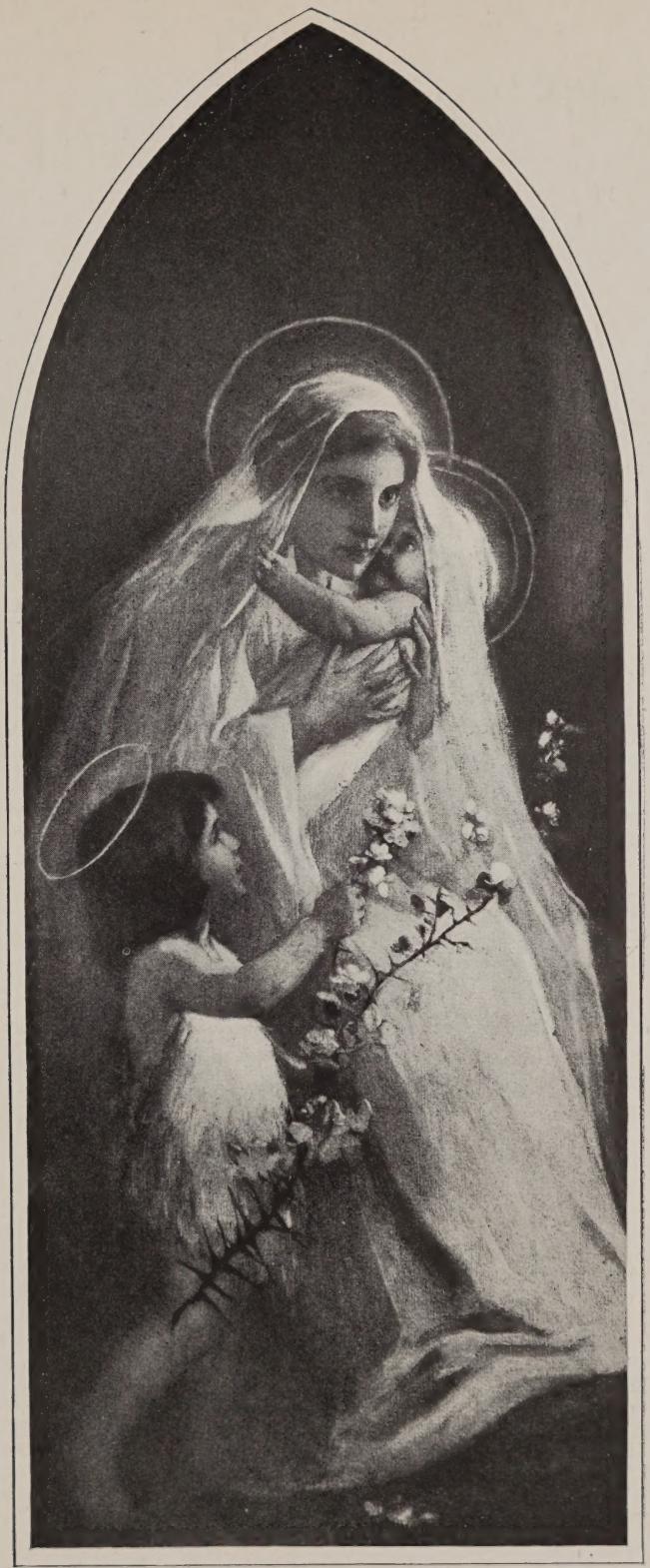
"You don't know! Well, a pretty sort of author you are!" rejoined in chorus a trio of indignant young women.

"No, my dears. You see a novelist, a teller of tales, is merely a historian of life,—of the passions, emotions and idiosyncrasies that go to make up life. She may chronicle eccentricities in psychology including those of love and ambition, but she cannot describe the unknown. Given a girl with Elizabeth's training and environment, and, above all, with Elizabeth's mother, would she marry a man of Curran's antecedents? What do you think, yourselves?"

"I think she married him, and I don't believe that she waited any three years to do it, either!" said Abbie.

"I rather fancy that her mother took her abroad, and gave her a beautiful time in London, and Paris and Rome, with jewels and gowns and hats fit for a princess," said Mabel, "and that at the end of a year she wrote to her lover from an English castle, where she was visiting under the wing of a peeress, that she would forever cherish him as a friend, but could never have for him any tenderer feeling."

"A girl in love is always more or less of a puzzle," put in Sibyl. "A convict father-in-law,—the problem is quite too complicated—I give it up. I don't know what Elizabeth did."



A MAY MADONNA.

MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES).

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

A certain feminine idosyncrasy appears in the choice by several famous women during many years past of masculine "pen names," over which to put forth their literary productions. One of the well-known names of this class is that of "John Oliver Hobbes" which was the nom de plume selected by Mrs. Craigie when she sent out her first novel, because she thought no publishers would take it if they knew it was written by a girl of twenty-two. She was mistaken, however, for her books would have made their mark no matter how signed, or whether sent out as from the pen of man or woman. Mrs. "John Oliver Hobbes" Craigie is represented by those who know her as a very sensible, sweet-natured woman. She is still young, deeply read, and philosophic.

Mrs. Craigie is small and slight, always dresses in the most refined taste. The portrait reproduced herewith is from a painting by Herbert Smalz, and when exhibited at the New Gallery was greatly admired, not only because of the comeliness of the subject, but for the excellent work of the artist.

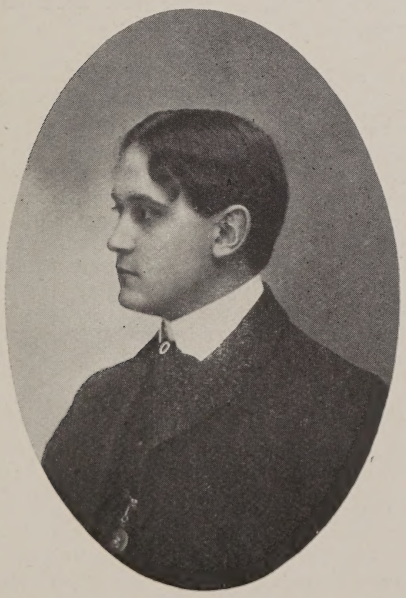
Mrs. Craigie is fond of music, and is also

a great traveler. Her home at Lancaster Square is a museum of antiques and bric-a-brac, gathered by herself and her mother in their wanderings about the Continent.

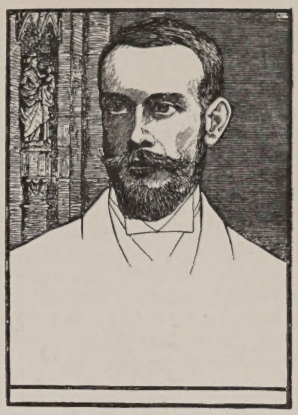
Dr. William F. Fischer, a young Canadian, whose name has appeared frequently in DONAHOE'S and other Catholic publications, recently brought out a volume of verse that promises much for the author's literary future. Charles J. O'Malley, the able editor of the New World of Chicago, and a poet and literary critic as well, has written an appreciative foreword from which we take the following well-deserved tribute to Dr. Fischer's first book:

"If the truest poets are they who sound every chord, then Dr. Fischer is a true poet. More commendable than all, perhaps, is the healthy optimism which pervades his pages—the faith, the hope, the charity, the constant looking toward God, and the inclusion of all beauty, which leads toward the higher life. In this, William J. Fischer is distinct among present-day American poets, and, if he be true to his ideals, he will win a place of which his native land may one day be proud."

The philosophy of Francis Thompson's poetry, having been rated by a critic as out



WILLIAM J. FISCHER



FRANCIS THOMPSON.

of place in modern times, a forceful writer, a Catholic, took exception to the reviewer's opinion.

"What is criticism these days," he asked, "but words, the more the merrier, and the better to gull the butterfly audience that such a critic must address. This book reviewer is of the swarm. His trade calls him to go with the current. He cannot afford to be honest and manly, thus admitting his ignorance of Mr. Thompson's philosophy and a dislike to its mastery. Did he dare do so, how long could he cater to his crowd? It is the creed of the times that the critic must be omniscient. Dwelling on this attribute, critics, even the puniest of them have come to believe that they are powerful, and that their little label tells sufficiently the destiny of every book that passes through their hands.

"Mr. Thompson is a member of the Catholic Church; his philosophy is drawn from that Church; hence the book reviewer's contempt. Let us here part company with a critic who could not, if he would, help us, and learn elsewhere the poet's philosophy, and see if it is so out of joint with the age that even small men may pass in the market place and owe it but a sneer.

"The philosophy of his Church is the marrow of Mr. Thompson's poems. If, then, Mr. Thompson's philosophy is out of joint with the times, so much the worse for the times, and so much greater the need of those being heard who, like the poet, are light-bearers. At this philosophy the critic, drunk with materialism, sneers, but it is well to remember that even the most virulent prejudice is no match for truth. Materialism has long catered to the body, and the sign of the times is, as judged from such vagaries as Spiritualism, that the dead souls are calling for help and nutrition. Mr. Thompson's philosophy, the philosophy of the Catholic Church, alone can succor."

BOOK REVIEWS.

History of Ireland. By the Rev. E. A. D'Alton, C. C. Dublin. Sealy, Bryers and Walker.

The task of writing history is not one to be undertaken by every literary man. For the historian must have peculiar qualifications both of style and of mental calibre. He must present his subject in its setting with all its connections clearly and accurately defined, yet this must be done in popular form. He must not allow the personal equation to figure in any way; his must be a calm impartial survey, personal prejudice being elimiated, and fancy held down to fact.

When the writer enters the field of Irish history, these qualities are even more essential than ever. For the picture of Irish life, owing to persecution and to injustice, is not a pleasant one to portray, especially for an Irishman. To the average writer also, many of the facts would be unavailable. But Fr. D'Alton has taken every precaution to verify his authorities. Being possessed of a thorough knowledge of the Gaelic tongue, he has been enabled personally to consult the original sources and the official documents of Irish history. As this author possesses also a delightful style, the facts are presented in the most acceptable and captivating manner. His words are easy and fluent, bearing the reader along with the light touch of the master. The narrative is smooth, never lagging, interspersed with vivid, often picturesquely beautiful, descriptive passages.

The critical faculty is evident in Fr. D'Alton's work to a high degree. Throughout all the long train of intestine wars, and factional strifes, and invasions from without, he holds the scales of justice with a firm hand, never allowing personal sentiment to shake his even grasp on affairs. Neither the conqueror nor the conquered are excused from their share of blame for the condition of latter-day Ireland.

One cannot but be struck when reading this important work at the extreme shortsightedness of the early Irish chiefs concerning the future of their country. During the first centuries after the conquest, the expulsion of the English forces would have been the easiest matter in the world, had the Irish chiefs but united against the common foe. In the midst of the intestine wars came the Englishman and with his coming in the guise of peace-maker, Irish liberty went forth forever.

Once freedom was gone the struggles to regain it began. One of the most dramatic of these attempts was the famous invasion under Edward Bruce, the brother of the Scottish king, in 1315, followed by his coronation twelve months later under the title of Edward I. With the Irish lords as his allies, he attacked the English settlers of Ulster and defeated the flower of Anglo-Norman chivalry. But his pride hurried on his fall, and, though joined by his brother Robert with reinforcements, the tragic career of the last titular King of Ireland closed but two years after his coronation, in a battle near Dundalk in 1318.

By the revolutions of the fourteenth century, nearly all the settlers of Western Ireland had assumed the mantle and saffron robe of the Irish lords, and Connaught and the Western provinces were lost to English influence. When the later influx of English Protestants came under Cromwell and Elizabeth—this staunch character of the western people was the cause of the strife which has since then embittered the domestic relations of the Irish people.

Thus the author carries us along through 450 pages taking in the history of Ireland from the earliest times down to 1547. This is but the first instalment of the work and is to be followed by two other volumes. The appearance of the second volume will, we are sure, be awaited with great eagerness by the literary world, and if the second and third volume equal the first, we may be certain that Fr. D'Alton's work will rank as the Standard History of Ireland.

Lent and Holy Week. By Herbert Thurston, S. J. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Both clergy and laity will find this book most serviceable. Its chief purpose is to supply a popular account of those external observances by which the season of paschal preparation is marked off from the rest of the ecclesiastical year. While not excluding devotional reflections, the writer's principal object has been to touch upon points of historical and liturgical interest, points which often bring us into immediate relation with the practice of the early Christian centuries. The discipline of fasting, the lenten liturgy, and the ceremonies of Holy Week have all been treated with some degree of fulness, while an attempt has also been made to trace the history of certain devotions, such as the "Forty-Hours" and the "Three-Hours." We all know Father Thurston's exact scholarship and critical judgment, and hence we are not surprised to find that he has given us a book which is accurate, interesting, and edifying. It will certainly be for years the standard work upon those liturgical practices which must always be dear to the heart of

the devout Christian. We are especially pleased to see an account of the "Easter Sepulchre," which is still to be seen in so many German churches.

The Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich. From the German of Very Rev. K. E. Schmöger, C. SS. R. Second Revised Edition. New York. Pustet, 1904.

The remarkable sanctity of Sister Emmerich, her love of poverty, of heroic virtue, and of self-effacement, her devotion to Our Lord's passion, her expiatory sufferings for the persecutions and scandals that afflicted the Church in her day make her life one of the deepest interest to Catholics. Her beautiful child-like faith, her ardent love of God, and her profound knowledge of the interior life have drawn upon her in a remarkable degree the attention of theologians and the affection of the devout. What has, however, aroused the most active interest in her life is that wonderful series of visions and of revelations with which she was favored almost from the cradle to the grave. So remarkable were these spiritual manifestations that the reader is held spell-bound as he peruses the thrilling record of these celestial favors accorded this servant of God. It is true, of course, that much more importance must be placed upon the possession of solid virtue than upon the enjoyment of extraordinary spiritual favors; it is also true that revelations for the Church at large ceased with the death of the last apostle, and that, consequently, all subsequent revelations are private and rest upon human testimony alone, nevertheless the visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich are so very wonderful that they will necessarily compel the reflection of all thinking people. Theologians will dissent from many of her visions and statements, while many of her reproaches must have been given under misapprehensions. Her strictures upon the deeds of Pius VII, of Cardinal Consalvi and of many other church-men are certainly not borne out by history. A pruning-knife prudently used, would have eliminated many objectionable features. In spite of these shortcomings the book ought to have a wide circulation

The Month of Our Lady. From the Italian of Rev. Augustine Ferran. By Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904.

The indefatigable and zealous Fr. Mullany has with this translation furnished us with a little manual on our Lady's month under the patronage of our Blessed Lady of Victory. The booklet is full of happy thoughts, practical reflections, wise counsels and tender devotion, may it find a wide sphere for its mission of helpful piety.

The Parish Priest on Duty. By H. J. Heuser. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price 60 cents.

This eminently practical manual is a summary of the prescribed manner of administering the sacraments, the service of the dead, and sundry other pastoral functions in accordance with the Roman Ritual. No priest should be without a copy of this useful *Vade-Mecum*. We call attention to the following suggestion for timid or nervous converts: "The profession of faith may be read in portions by the priest—pronouncing it distinctly, so that the convert can easily and intelligently repeat each short passage as it is said for him. Or the priest may read the entire profession of faith, clearly and distinctly without interruption to the end, when the convert answers in a loud voice: "*amen*. or, *this faith I accept and profess with all my heart*—"

Why do not the publishers stamp the title on the back of the book? It would make the manual more conspicuous and save a great deal of unnecessary handling.

A Little Chaplet for the Queen of Angels. By Rev. B. J. Raycroft, A. M. New York and Cincinnati. Pustet, 1904. Price 60 cents.

These short meditations for every evening in May are, like all of Fr. Raycroft's sermons, thoughtful and stimulating. They breathe the calmness of solid thought and strength of sturdy piety, and they will help much towards fostering true devotion towards our Blessed Lady, the Queen of Heaven.

The Girlhood of our Lady. By Marion J. Brunowe. New York. The Cathedral Library Association. 1903.

Marion Brunowe's excellent contributions to current publications, and her excellent portrayals of life, have long since made her a favorite both with old and young. There is a cheeriness about her writings and a deep insight into life about her thoughts which throw a peculiar charm around her books. The present work is an artistic word-picture of our Lady's life, a picture that will serve as an inspiration, not only to Catholics, but also to those devout non-Catholics to whom the Magnificat is the triumphal anthem of the Incarnation.

Socialism: The Nation of Fatherless Children. By David Goldstein. Edited by Martha Moore Avery, Boston. The Union News League.

Socialists have for many years twitted Catholics with incorrect presentations of their doctrines. We have in Goldstein's

book an exposition of socialistic theories from one who was for many years not only an active disseminator of these views but a strenuous corypheus in this cause. What he tells us is, consequently, first-hand and inside information, and for this reason the book should be read by all who desire to know the inward history of this important movement. What we learn from Goldstein is conclusive proof that the dangers to a Christian and stable government from socialistic ideas cannot be over-estimated. The sad feature of this entire propaganda is the lack of foresight on the part of those impulsive individuals, who, in their haste to remedy existing evils, fail to see that the proposed cure would result in a state of godless and harmful tyranny. We learn, also, therefrom, that Catholic writers have not only not erred in their descriptions, but have in many instances not drawn the reality with sufficient vividness.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the Millenium?

In the Apocalypse it is said that after the destruction of God's enemies "the beast and the Kings of the earth and their armies" with "the false prophet and Satan himself will be bound and cast into the pit." The saints are then to rise and reign with Christ a thousand years. At the end of this period Satan is to be loosed for a brief space. The nations deceived by him will gather against the "beloved city" in which the saints are encamped. Then fire will descend and devour the wicked; Satan will be cast forever into hell and the general judgment will take place. Many of the early Christians took this as a literal description of events which would occur at the end of the world's history. Those who held to such an interpretation were known as Chiliasts or Millenarians —i. e. believers in the reign of a thousand years. This belief was held in the early Church by Papias, bishop of Hierapolis, by St. Justin, Martyr, by St. Irenaeus, by Lactantius, by Tertullian and by Victorinus Petabionensis. The opinion was no doubt Jewish in origin. It was also held outside the Church in a gross and sensual form by the Judaising gnostic Cerinthus. After the establishment of Christianity the belief in the reign of the saints for a thousand years almost died out. The learned Father Hurter, one of the leading theologians of the day, declares that the opinions of the Millenarians must be rejected as wholly untenable.

Was William Joseph O'Neil Daunt, the author of "Eighty Years of Irish History" the private secretary of Daniel O'Connell? Is the work mentioned reliable?

William Joseph O'Neil Daunt, born in 1807 at Tullamore, King's County, Ireland, was the confidential secretary of the great O'Connell and the author of several remarkable works. He served his country well both with voice and pen. One of his best known works is "A Catechism of the History of Ireland, Ancient and Modern," which was republished in America by the loyal Patrick Donahoe in 1850. Daunt's "Eighty-Five Years of Irish History" shows marvelous industry in the collection of facts, a deep loyalty to his country's cause, a vigorous command of language, and a style both pleasing and eloquent. Since he was an ardent Nationalist, his own views naturally occupy a prominent place, but no one has ever cast doubts upon his statements.

What is meant by *Troy* Weight?

Troy Weight means "LONDON WEIGHT." London used to be called Troy-Novant. The general notion that the word is from Troyes, a town in France, and that the weight was brought to Europe from Grand Cairo by the Crusaders is wholly untenable as the term Troy Weight was used in England in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Troy weight is *old London weight* and *avoirdupois* the weight brought over by the Normans.

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IN JUNE.

Photograph by J. Barrera. THE SEISES OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, CORPUS CHRISTI. *(See page 593.)*

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LI. JUNE, 1904 No. 6

PART OF THE PATIO, OR COURT OF THE ACHILLEION, CORFU. THE HOUSE IS DESIGNED IN THE POMPEIAN STYLE WITHIN.

CORFU, THE MEETING PLACE OF MANY NATIONS.

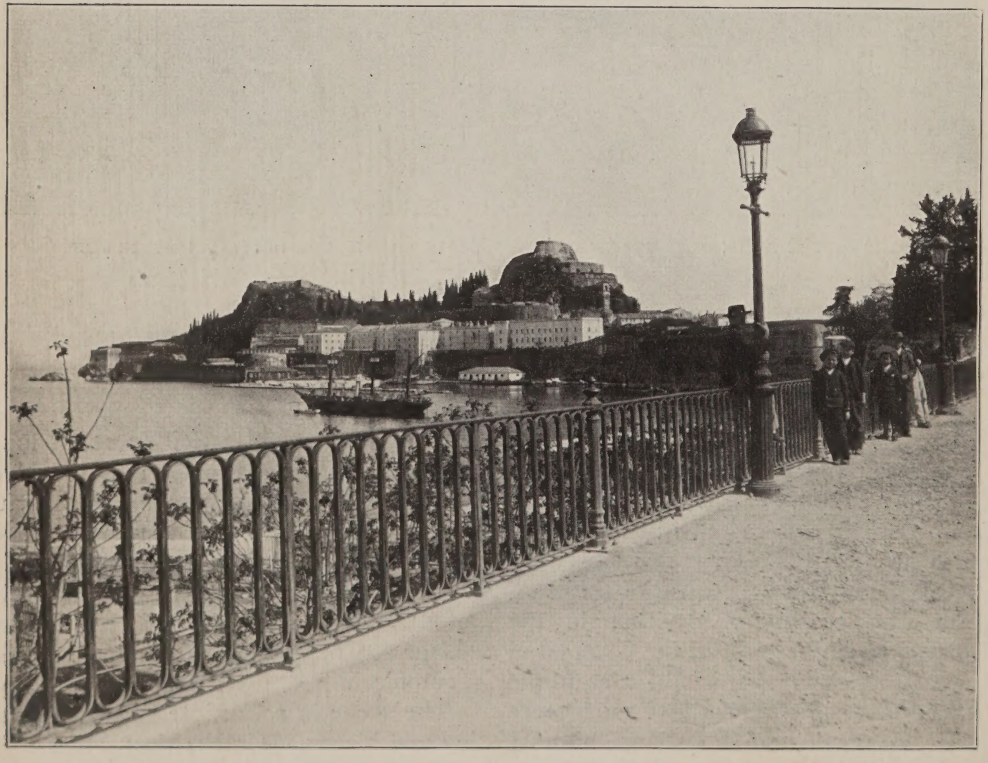
BY M. LINDEN.

The Ionian Islands have been called "The meeting place of East and West." Corfu has excellent anchorage, and ships from many countries put in there. The air is full of a babel of tongues.—Greek of course; English, because of the travelers who come for shooting in the Epirons which lies east of the Channel of Corfu; French for that is still after all the "world-language," and the French were once masters here; Italian, because Venice held Corfu in fief for about four centuries, Brindisi besides is but twelve hours away; and German too, as Corfu is a port of call for the Austrian Lloyd steamships, and open to all the traffic of the Adriatic. Moreover, since the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth built her stately palace at Corfu, there has been a notable Teutonic influx.

The scene in a Corfiote street is motley and bizarre. Greeks themselves talk

A PEASANT BRIDE

of "the mails from Europe," as if Hellas did not belong to that continent. Turks, even just before the last Turco-Greek War, might often be met. Turkish women, also, sometimes landed. One of the finest types commonly seen here is the Albanian. He is a well set-up, strong man, who wears the Turkish fez, a white jacket with rich dark braiding, tight hose below a sort of kilt made of white linen or white cotton stuff, a bright sash, or a big leather belt,—from the folds of the sash, or the pockets of the belt, protrude silver-mounted weapons,—and *tsaronki*, fantastic red shoes with long upturned points tufted in colored silk. Occasionally *Evzoni* dart about the town of Corfu. Their full white skirts suggest a dancer's, but their business is stern war, and their uniform is an adaptation of the ancient national costume. Soldiers of the Corfiote line regiment look more or less like



FORTEZZA SEEN FROM LE MURA, CORFU.

PORT OF CORFU.

any other infantry, and cut a poor figure beside the *Evzoni,* the Albanians, or even the peasants of the island. Corfiote countrywomen in holiday attire are most becomingly clad, very richly too, in bright-colored, pleated silk skirts, velvet Zouave jackets embroidered in gold wire and handed down from mother to daughter as most valuable possessions, brocade aprons, and white home-spun under linen showing at neck and sleeves on which they literally wear their fortunes in the shape of filigree chains, crosses, medallions, and brooches. The men wear *tsaronki* and knitted stockings reaching to the knee, a sort of knickerbockers in bluish stuff, the huge red belt of many compartments common to nearly all the men's costumes of the eastern Adriatic, a waistcoat with some colored embroidery, a home-spun shirt with ample snowy sleeves, and a Zouave jacket, generally carried jauntily over one shoulder. In a crowd it is the fashionably-dressed folk who look commonplace and the costume-clad peasants who seem splendid and imposing personages.

The filigree of the Corfiote women

A PURE GREEK TYPE.

costs from about two hundred dollars to thrice that sum according to the means of the father of the bride. The father gives the money to his future son-in-law on the understanding that he shall spend it on trinkets for the bride, then if the young couple fall upon evil days, if the pig should die, or the poultry perish, or the roof-tree burn, some of the filigree is pawned or sold to make good the damage.

OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE ACHILLEION.

In nearly every Corfiote street assembly Greek priests are to be seen. Their dark flowing robe and peculiar high cap lend a distinct, if sombre, touch to the general effect. The picturesque crowds find a fitting background when they gather on the esplanade, as they always do, when there is a religious procession, or when the band plays there on a great festival. The Fortezza Vecchia looks mountainous from most parts of the esplanade, but it has much less height than appearances give it. Nelson said of this fort that the best way to capture it would be to run a man-of-war close into it and send the sailors pouring over the ramparts from the yard-arms. It owes its apparent altitude to the isolated position and abrupt sides of the rock on which it stands. The statues of Kapodistriay, and of a Venetian, Count Von der Schnlenberg, who defended Corfu against the Turks in 1716, a round temple, built just a hundred years later as a memorial to Sir Thomas Maitland, the very autocratic governor, called by Mr. Gladstone "King Tom," an obelisk to commemorate Commissioner (Sir Howard) Douglas, and Sir Frederick Adam's bronze effigy, all stand upon the wide esplanade. The royal palace, built originally for the

English Lords High Commissioners, closes one end of the open space. The stone came from Malta, and the palace is a contrast in its grey stone and massive style to the buildings of the city.

The island has more than 114,000 inhabitants, and the city more than 25,000. It is the see of a Catholic bishop who has about four thousand souls in his keeping at the modest cathedral. The calendar followed here is that of the Greek Church, though in Athens Easter and all the feasts are kept by Catholics at the time that the whole Western Church is keeping them, while the Greeks following the "old style" are twelve whole days later in their observance of them. The reason for the exceptional Corfiote calendar for Catholics is that two Christmases, two New Years, and so on throughout the year's holidays, would occasion in a small community like that of Corfu a real commercial and social inconvenience. Thus the "new style" is not enforced here.

A ROOM IN THE ACHILLEION.

The cupids on the walls blow soap bubbles, which bubbles are the globes of the electric light.

"THE RETURN FROM TROY."

A fresco by a Hungarian painter in the late Empress of Austria's palace.

MEN OF THE EVZONI.

There is a Jew Quarter in Corfu, as there used to be a Ghetto in most populous places in by-gone times, and the Hebrew people keep up their habits and customs with racial tenacity, conforming but little to the ways of those who live all around them, and following their religious observances with commendable exactitude.

One of the most beautiful views of the town and the Fortezza Vecchia (Old Fortress) is obtained from the King's grounds at "Mon Repos" beyond the western side of the town. The position is sheltered. Palms, bananas, and the papyrus grow well here, and in spring a delicate little iris which is almost black blooms luxuriantly in a damp and sheltered spot on the grounds. "Mon Repos" was the summer residence formerly of the Lords High Commissioners. To this day the name of an English regimental artificer on the brass ring of the King's hall door bell startles the visitor.

However short a time a stranger stays in the lovely isle of Corfu he is generally induced to visit the Achilleion, the palace of her late Majesty, the Empress of Austria. The edifice is described as Pompeian in style. Outwardly it is imposing through its size only, some would say not even through that. Within there was a large collection of things heterogeneous, some beautiful in their way, others seeming out of place. Some of the most costly works of art have been carried away to the north since the assassin's blade ended the Empress' life.

From the patio or court the garden runs down in rapid terraces to the sea. By a flowery way a temple with Heine's seated statue is reached. Paul Bourget

A CORFIOTE PEASANT.

described this marble as a "thin and chilly figure, beneath his wraps, resting in the sick man's arm-chair while the Ionian waves leaped up towards him (how he would have loved them) making a joyful concert that he will never hear." A strangely modern piece of sculpture this Heine, realistic, yet not repulsive. The Achilles which gave its name to the place, an enormously clever, horribly natural (that is vulgar) statue was left by will to one of the archduchesses and has been carried away. The Crown Prince's mausoleum is also gone now, but the copies of the bronzes from Herculaneum (Quoit Players) remain, and the centaurs on the Empress' own balcony, in the palace front, and many others are still in place. There was a lovely antique piece of sculpture, a wounded gladiator, close by the patio. It was worth all the Swiss, Danish, German, English, and Italian statuary put together.

Indoors a masterly Hungarian painted "The Return from Troy." The fresco occupies a wall on the grand staircase. Favorite horses from the Imperial stables were the models for the prancing steeds in Paris' chariot. The painting cannot be seen perfectly from the stairs or from below, or from the upper gallery. This disability affects spectators as if it were a defect in the fresco itself. The artist should have disregarded even an imperial command to so thoroughly misplace his work.

An old house stood on the same site. It was with difficulty that the former owner was induced to sell it. In its beginnings, a rich Venetian built it for a cool retreat in summer. It was unpretending, just some rooms opening on a sort of cloister, or covered walk on three sides of a courtyard. with a well in the middle. Lemons ripened on the terrace below. Climbing plants furnished a flowered curtain for the walls. The simple old habitation is remembered still with affection by many a one. The great white pile calls forth colder feelings. But the Empress had reason to love Corfu. She arrived there apparently a dying woman and she recovered her health, as so many others have done, in that balmy clime.

The Port with the massive castello nuovo (new castle or fort) rising high above it, is another place in which the gaily dressed crowd finds a becoming background. The Fortezza Vecchia looks well from Sulle Mura, the street leading to the harbor.

At the time of the last Greek war this port saw constant gatherings of troops and civilians, as detachments were drafted off to the mainland. As the territorial system reigns in Greek military matters, the levies were always composed of sons of the soil, and these were followed to the place of embarkation by their elders, the very young, and their womankind. What pictures they made! The hearts of onlookers were wrung with pity, but their eyes were charmed with the beauty of the scene. Other scenes were there, absolutely heart-rending, when after the Thirty Days' War, the full true history of which has yet to be written, the wrecks of these same soldiers, ragged, hungry, sick, wounded, were brought home to their island. Of those sad scenes this is not the place to speak.

Paul Bourget rhapsodises: "Corfu! Was there ever traveler who could pronounce this name without a sigh, if he but once had strolled beneath the silvery green of the island's giant olive trees, and looked across the waters to the wild coast of the *Epirons*, where the snow mountains are so intensely blue by day and so faintly lilac at eve? Corfu! What poet has not dreamt of long-drawn-out langorous delight, as he heard the magic syllables? Paradise of perfumes and solitude. Corfu, fare ye well!"

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

There is sunshine on the hillsides, and the air is breathing over
  Fertile fields of tilth and meadow, where the birds are all atune;
In the pastures kine are feeding, bees are murmuring in the clover,
  And the air is full of rapture with the light and love of June.

O, there's music in our valleys, on our hills the sound of laughter,
  And the smile of love, like sunshine, fills our hearts and homes with light,
For the songs of peace and plenty, echoing, ring through roof and rafter,
  And the voice of freedom cheers us with her God-like rule of right.

In a grave beneath the grasses, where the vines and mosses tangle,
  Sleeps a hero of the host that won the rapture of to-day;
When the mother, crazed with anger, strove her tender child to strangle,
  As a minister of mercy rose he ready for the fray.

Like the men of Gideon's army, neither timorous nor fearful,
  From the counting-house and work-shop and the furrow forth they sprang,
When the song of justice sounded with its accents loud and cheerful,
  And the bell of human freedom over hill and valley rang.

God of Battles, guard our banner! Be no stain of wrong upon her;
  Be her union pure as heaven; be the stripes like morning light;
On our standard be no taint of greed, injustice or dishonor,
  Let her float as freedom's symbol, and the sign of power and right.

Bowed in reverence o'er the ashes of the men who won her glory,
  Let us mark the spot as holy, where each hero lies asleep;
While in canticles of triumph we recount the nation's story,
  With a heart-pride high as heaven, and as ocean, broad and deep.

THE PROPAGANDA OF SLANDER.

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

Some philosopher has rather acutely said that hate is more enduring than love, more relentless than ambition, more pitiless than moral rectitude. Dr. Johnson echoed a common human feeling when he said he loved a good hater; and hate can take on a dark dignity and excite a certain fearful admiration when it is based upon wrongs whose memories rankle and whose scars remain. It is hate's poor relations, intolerance, bigotry, slander and misrepresentation, that stir the contempt and wrath of the world; for these evil things have filled the earth with bitterness, and brought more suffering to humanity than disease and death. Disease is the punishment we suffer for the violation of the natural law; death is a penalty none of us may shirk, one compels knowledge, the other teaches philosophy; but the mean and vicious brood that claim kinship with hate never slay; they maim and torture; they offend heaven and earth; and they persist, like a taint in the blood, lurking in the dark corners of the heart like an assassin, to strike when opportunity permits. Bigotry survives when religion is dead; public odium and private contempt may for a time silence intolerance and make malignity dumb; but they hide, not die, waiting the day, when they may come out to wound and pain once more.

Certain race and religious prejudices are the kin of these evils, and seemingly they are as ineradicable as they are incorrigible; for they appear to defy the healing influences of enlightenment, education and experience, which may disarm, but do not destroy these antipathies. Race and religious prejudices are usually the possessions of the materially triumphant race and their heirs; the civil and religious rights, the worldly wealth, and the political privileges of the vanquished may be in the grip of the victor; but the spiritual forces of the world, the sympathy of the outside nations, the natural love of justice in the normal man, the human hatred of oppression and wrong-doing—these forces are with the under dog, and embitter the sweetness of the aggressor's triumph. England has this potent but impalpable force to meet in her age-old conflict with the Celt; Russia finds it a terrible weapon in the hands of the persecuted Jew; and even the helpless Negro finds the Conscience of the world arrayed on his side as against the white oppressor. As long as an Irishman lives to remind an "Anglo-Saxon" of the long years of wrong and oppression, of plunder and immorality, inflicted upon his race and motherland, just so long will the Irishman be maligned and misrepresented by the agencies of English mis-government; for we hate those most virulently we have wronged most villainously.

The folly, fatuity and futility of race and religious antipathies have been demonstrated again and again. Politically they are fatal; commercially they are ruinous; socially they are disastrous; humanly they are noxious and abnoxious; and the cold verdict of history has pilloried the prophets of these cults for all time, and made them the targets of human scorn. If Iscariot excites the horror of Christianity, Titus Oates calls out the contempt of humanity; mankind shudders when the blood-guiltiness and bigotry of Cromwell and Alva are recalled; and Know-nothingism and Anti-Semitism are spawn of the same noxious nest.

In America the Irish have been followed by a British propaganda of slander,

which was for a time measurably successful, since America in a literary sense was a tributary of England. No falsehood was too fantastic, no slander too absurd to launch against a people, whose poverty, illiteracy and misfortune were the direct results of British misgovernment; and British publicists were shrewd enough to make their appeals to American prejudices along lines certain to rouse the antipathies of a people who were more Protestant than patriotic, more provincial than either. No better soil for the dissemination of slander and falsehood could be found than among a simple, toiling, honest, provincial people, far removed from the swift-moving currents of the world's civilization; a people who by training and inheritance were religiously narrow and controlled by their clergy. American literature in those early days, if American publications could be dignified by that name, was weak, ineffective and uninfluential; it had no clientele outside of the small educated class living along the Atlantic littoral; and it was too frequently a feeble imitation of bad British models. The great political and social upheavals that were to change the character of the population later, were still in the future; the vicious penal laws of England against those who refused to conform to the established religion, were in a large measure re-enacted in the colonies; and while this form of religious dissent might be frowned on in one colony, and that in another, in all of them the ancient Church was under the ban. Deprived therefore of the consolation and support of the faith they had clung to through good and evil, the Irish Catholic emigrants, since their Church had neither organization nor legal recognition in the colonies, drifted away to any and all forms of religion, and their racial identity was obscured; for it must be admitted that Protestantism, so far, has been as antipathetic to the Irishman's race as to his religion. With the law, press and pulpit against him, it was almost hopeless for the Irishman to pull against the tide of misrepresentation flowing out from malign British sources; but he kept his courage and in the end won. Another factor which made for the temporary success of Celtophobia, was the fact that until recent years American history was largely written by New Englanders, who, consciously or unconsciously, perverted it, and sought to attribute everything, from the discovery of America to the fertility of the soil, to Anglo-Saxon genius.

The last decade has brought a notable change in the writing of history; race preconceptions and religious animosities may color but do not obscure the facts of history; historians who do not care to be pushed out of court must bring to their work research, candor, honesty, and the scientific spirit which demands historical truth and perspective; and in the process of rewriting history the stories of the New England fabulists are passing into folk lore and legend; sanity and truth are rehabilitating the Irish, German, Dutch and French, and placing the legendary Anglo-Saxon in his proper perspective. Senator Lodge will soon be catalogued with Hans Anderson, Grimm and the noble Baron Munchausen, unless he reforms.

These are some of the causes which led to the temporary obscuration of the Irish in America and made effective the campaign of intolerance maintained against them. Happily those days are gone; and if no higher motive actuates them, prudence has taught the mean and malign to eschew intolerance, even as the manly and honest have rejected it. Movements based on race and religious hatreds are confined nowadays to the retrogressive and unenlightened parts of the republic and they appear to be in the hands of venal and vicious politicians and wrong-headed emotional parsons. They

do not thrive now in American centers of light and leading; and even the occasional outbursts of intolerance, which mark the conventions of the more emotional sectaries, are quickly hushed up and repudiated. The Irish, Catholic and Protestant, have grown so numerous and influential, that attacks upon them are neither safe nor politic; the pocket of modern America is more sensitive and responsive than the moral nature of the community; and bigotry, which might be popular even if undeniably immoral, is silent when unpopularity brings loss of profits.

Occasionally the "lid" flies off and we see the foul things that are hidden beneath, as when Congressman Dalzell and his confederates, driven to frenzy by the stings and lashes of Bourke Cokran as he unmasked the meanness, dishonesty, dishonor and cowardice of the coterie that has managed to strangle debate, discussion and decency, in the national house, turned on the Irish orator and denounced him as a foreigner, adventurer, Irishman and mercenary. The rage of Dalzell as it found expression reads like a chapter of British history, when the only answer an Irish protest against spoliation and misgovernment could possibly receive was a stream of abuse and blackguardism from some ministerial bravo. Mr. Dalzell lost his temper under the Irish lash; and it will take him many a long day to explain away the imprudent sentences Cokran pumped out of the mean little soul of the Pennsylvanian.

While the Irish are in great measure very much let alone nowadays, it would be folly to imagine that the spirit of intolerance is dead; it is simply seeking new objects to slander, new methods of doing its wretched work. The Italian and the man from South Eastern Europe have taken our place, much to the chagrin of the Briton; but occasionally the old libels that we thought dead and buried, appear once more, in a new setting and with a new sponsor.

In a work published by the Harper's entitled "Greater America" I find the following gem of thought:

"If a vague uneasiness was felt concerning people of kindred stock, it was certainly justifiable as regards aliens; but as to one class of immigrants, the peculiar circumstances of their coming and their English speech have blinded most people to the fact that they are essentially an alien race. The Irish immigration was a factor in national life which the United States was far from wishing to reject; but as introducing a Celtic people into the midst of a nation largely Teutonic it has been a fateful experiment. The quickness of the Celt, his natural eloquence, vivacity and love of politics have enabled him to usurp on the American continent a position of much power. The 'Irish vote' is more influential in American than in British affairs, and has had frequently a baneful influence on the welfare of the nation. In municipal life especially the Irish element has made for corruption and intrigue, the natural weapons of a people who have never won for themselves, or enjoyed as their birthright, the exercise of national rights. They have also used their influence on many occasions for the redress of their private grievances rather than for the true welfare of the community at large. Altogether, this Celtic element has been fraught with serious consequences, and it has retained its essential peculiarities while developing nominally on the lines of democracy."

Here in a new and hastily written book we find this old, old slander, exported and re-imported by the author for the purpose, it is assumed, of tickling the palates of his British and American readers. "Greater America" is not a great book; the result of a globe-trotter's few months of observation on this continent, supple-

mented by conversations with Washington officials, presumably in and about the department of state, it is essentially a potboiler, one of a series, in which a few facts are served up with a great many opinions, sauced with the prejudices and preconceptions of the writer. The author, Archibald Ross Colquhoun, is a Scot and the son of a Scotch parson, who has passed most of his years in the Indian and colonial service of the British empire; and now that he has a pension and some leisure he is very busily engaged trotting round the globe, writing and emitting opinions which are neither important nor convincing. His views are as interesting and original as his maps, that on page 58, being a sketch of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands which are shown to be washed by the Atlantic Ocean. His views are as accurate as his cartography.

One does not expect either breadth of view or accuracy of statement from a British official dealing with Irish men or Irish affairs; and when that official happens to be at once an East Indian official and a Scotchman the case is simply hopeless, since from such material are made the most virulent, imperialistic, Tory types. Americans are too apt in their good nature to accept these globe-trotting British officials and pensioners at the British valuation and their opinions receive a weight which seems to be proportioned to their assurance and self-esteem rather than to their intrinsic worth. The British office holder like the American one is simply a politician whose hold on the public treasury is firmer and more tenacious than that of his American congener; he is prone to look down on the overburdened British taxpayer who pays his bills; he only relinquishes office to pass to a life of leisure and pension; and at all times he lacks the suavity and civility which we insist on receiving from our politicians.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Colquhoun that here in America we have in recent days been treated to a series of ably written papers by Mr. Lincoln Steffens and others covering the whole field of municipal corruption, its workings and its causes. It would be a very wise thing for Colquhoun to secure and read these papers; they are much more illuminating and instructive than the misinformation derived from courteous officials in Washington; and while they may not cure him of the evil habit of slandering the Irish, which is presumably congenital, they may deter him from uttering his slanders in America. Mr. Steffens by personal investigation has convinced himself that the Irish are not responsible for municipal corruption, or any other corruption; and his convictions came to him in the nature of a shock, since they upset a good many precious preconceptions and gave him a new and not altogether lovely picture of the people who, in order to hide their own rascality, have been shouting "stop thief" at everybody else for many a day.

Before proceeding to say a few words about Irish immigration to America, I will again quote from this rather amusing work. The author being a Scot is naturally concerned very much about Anglo-Saxon dominance in the United States. He assumes that America was colonized, civilized and brought to its present position by Anglo-Saxons; that the colonial or pre-revolutionary American was an Anglo-Saxon; that the preservation of this Anglo-Saxon type is essential if the republic is to endure; and so on through all the regular gamut of Anglo-Saxon gabble. These views are not original with Mr. Colquhoun, though he states them with that air of proprietorship which your Scot knows how to assume. These views are threadbare English and New-English and might without disrespect be termed the Lodge-istics of American history. After stating with much solemnity the desirability of a class of office holders

similar to that in the British empire, possibly with a view of opening up a new field for the predatory activity of Scotland, Mr. Colquhoun says:

"The natural love of the Anglo-Saxon for plain, straightforward government would have secured the constant co-operation of the best citizens and their devotion to public life but for one factor.

"This factor was the constant influx of fresh and turbulent elements. While the business-men began at once that struggle to wrest a fortune from the new land, the political outcasts of Europe—the theorists, demagogues, malcontents—who were assured of complete liberty, and even license, in their new home, became gradually fused into American democracy and soon learned to control it. Jobbery, intrigue, party tactics of the most unscrupulous kind were the weapons which could not have been used to such deadly advantage but for the fact that a low moral standard had been allowed to establish itself. This is not the standard of the countrymen of Washington and Lincoln. It owes its inspiration to the gutters of Europe."

This is sonorous and rhetorical, but hardly impressive and not convincing. It shows that our East Indian-Anglo-Saxon-Scot is somewhat unfamiliar with the commonplaces of American political life, and densely ignorant of even the rudimentary conditions and facts of our growth and government. He should remember, even though he be a correspondent of the London Times, that the American correspondence of that notorious organ of conspiracy and slander is not always the safest guide to information and knowledge of American affairs; and he will get a saner, safer and sounder view of the republic if he will foregather with Americans and eschew Anglo-maniacs, even if they be "courteous officials" in Washington and the kin of eminent senators.

America has never been compelled by lack of material to import demagogues and malcontents; and for the cooling and restraint of the political activities of the imported article she has provided naturalization and other laws.

The political party which has been in control of the republic for the past dozen years has rather specialized the Anglo-Saxon and British fads which are so close to the heart of Mr. Colquhoun; but it is very doubtful if the Republican party, or its courteous officials in Washington, will feel very much flattered by the East Indian official's remarkable statement that the standards they affect owe their inspiration to the gutters of Europe. Inasmuch as Mr. Colquhoun's geography is a trifle hazy, it may be that he has located his gutters in the wrong continent; the recent utterances of Mr. Dalzell would point to that conclusion. In any case he appears to have an absurdly low estimate of the vigor and tenacity of his ideal Anglo-Saxon as he materializes on the American continent; but as he has met him and we have not, we are not in a position to dispute his dictum. In the previous quotation in which he refers to the Irish in his amiable British way, it is a rather unflattering picture he draws of the Anglo-Saxon Native-American, whom he hints was so guileless, credulous and innocent that the illiterate peasants fresh from the fields and bogs of Ireland were shrewd and strong enough to overwhelm and demoralize him. Whether the so-called Native-American will be grateful for this tribute to his character, or not, it is hard to say; there is no doubt that it will appeal to the humor of the Irishman.

Mr. Colquhoun all through his book works along on two false premises:—that the Colonial-American was an Anglo-Saxon or Englishman; and that Irish immigration to America began in the middle of the nineteenth century. A course of American history may correct

these errors, if our globe-trotting friend has time and disposition to take it.

Twenty-three years after the establishment of the colony at Plymouth, Mass., when the Massachusetts Bay plantations were sparsely settled, under the urgings of the authorities the business of sending kidnapped Irish women and girls was begun by certain respectable rascals in Bristol, England. These were brought over as servants and in the nature of things they intermarried with the settlers, had children, and began the production of that pure "Anglo-Saxon" race Massachusetts loves to boast of. The success of the Puritan revolution, the decapitation of King Charles, and the establishment of the Cromwellian Commonwealth had a double effect; it sent back to England many of those who had fled from the persecutions of Laud and the officials of the English church, and it stimulated that form of white slavery which Cromwell made a public policy. Messrs. Daniel Sellick and Leader, two pious Puritan contractors, acting with Capt. John Vernon, inaugurated a system of enforced emigration from Ireland to the colonies which was profitable to them and agreeable to Cromwell's understrappers. The country around Cork, Youghal, Kinsale and Waterford, in the hands of Cromwell's pious and predatory troops, was depopulated; and young women and men of the purest Celtic blood, speaking the Gaelic tongue, were poured into New England, to strengthen and purify the population. I use these terms advisedly for Bradford in his diary complains of the character of the people dumped into his colony from England as early as 1630.

"It is calculated," says a writer discussing this subject, "that in four years those English firms of slave dealers had shipped 6,400 Irishmen and women, boys and maidens, to the British colonies of North America." In those days those colonies consisted only of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Virginia and it is doubtful if the whole number of white people in them amounted to 20,000.

This atrocious system was stopped only when the slave dealers began to steal English women and children. Cromwell in Ireland slaughtered those he defeated in battle; the weak, helpless and dependent he enslaved and sent to America. In his war with Scotland his policy was less bloodthirsty; the captives he secured there he spared and sent to the American Plantations. Thus after the battle of Dunbar, where the Scotch Calvinist army under Leslie was overwhelmingly defeated by Cromwell, we find some hundreds of able-bodied clansmen from Argyle being landed and distributed at Salem and Gloucester. These men were Celts and Calvinists, and doubtless strangers to any tongue but the Gaelic; but they were made over into Anglo-Saxons in time.

The Restoration as it disturbed no Puritan in the possession of the plunder accumulated under the Protectorate gave no stimulus to emigration to the colonies; but the troubles incidental to the expulsion of the Stuarts after 1690 sent a stream of Presbyterian Irish to Massachusetts, who were promptly denied asylum and driven into New Hampshire. These settlers were a barrier between the settlements in Massachusetts and raiding Indians and French to the North; and though the orderly Anglo-Saxon might object to the presence of the Irish in his bailiwick, he has never been too proud to let them do his fighting for him.

Shortly after the Restoration, England took the Dutch colony on the Hudson and changed the name to New York, after the Duke of York, the brother of Charles II, who became the Lord Proprietor of it, taking over all the rights of the Dutch company. He appointed Colonel Dongan, an Irish Catholic soldier, as governor; and he proved himself to be

a wise, tactful and able administrator, who pleased and curbed the Dutch traders and kept the warlike Indian confederacy on good terms with the settlers. Colonel Dongan introduced a number of Irish settlers into the country beyond Albany and laid the foundation of the colony's growth and prosperity. The Dutch and Irish population of those days was not termed Anglo-Saxon; that was a later discovery.

The settlement of Pennsylvania and Maryland brought many other Irish settlers, of all religious faiths; for Penn's executive officers were Irish Quakers whom he had met and valued during his residence in Ireland. Maryland was essentially a Catholic colony and established religious freedom and equality for all; but when, aided by the government of William and Mary, the Puritan element got control, they quickly abolished such pestilent doctrines and persecuted the Catholics. It is still an admired boast, however, of the New England historian that the Puritans were the real, Simon-pure originators of religious liberty, which was recognized in Massachusetts law about 1835, some fifty years after the Revolution.

Almost every civil war, insurrection, rebellion, land disturbance, famine, religious persecution and social upheaval in Ireland gave an impetus to Irish emigration; and with the streams flowing into the American colonies, and the flights of the "wild geese" to the armies of France and Spain, nothing but the marvellous fecundity of the race saved the Ireland of those days from depopulation.

The adoption of the ferocious penal laws after the expulsion of the Stuarts, and the arrogance of the Anglicans to both Catholics and dissenters stimulated emigration. Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia and the Carolinas took much of this hardy addition to the population, which settled in the mountain regions. In 1716 five hundred Irish families settled in Carolina; but owing to the hostility of the Indians and the bad faith of the Proprietors, those who survived massacre and hardship moved north to Virginia. In 1737, when a famine devastated Ireland, multitudes of laborers and husbandmen in Ireland, says Spencer, unable to procure a comfortable subsistence for their families in their native land, embarked for Carolina. The first colony of Irish receiving a grant of lands near the Santee river formed a settlement which was called Williamsburgh. The same writer says that the emigration from the north of Ireland about this time was so great that whole districts were threatened with depopulation. Lossing records the settlement of a large number of Irish in 1745 along the Cape Fear River; and Ramsay, the historian of South Carolina says "of all the other countries none has furnished the province with so many inhabitants as Ireland. Scarce a ship sailed from any of its ports for Charleston that was not crowded with men, women and children."

"Pennsylvania became perhaps the most distinctively Irish colony of any," says Professor Bagenal of Oxford, writing on the American Irish. "The histories of that state teem with the doings of the Irish settlers. That the immigration of Irish emigrants was phenomenally large is obvious. 'In 1727,' says the Philadelphia Gazette, 'In Newcastle Government there arrived last year 4,500 persons chiefly from Ireland, and at Philadelphia in one year, 1,155 Irish, of whom none were servants.' In the very next year 5,600 Irish landed at the port of Philadelphia, while in the next ten years the Irish furnished to the Carolinas and Georgia the majority of their immigrants."

In a work published in 1844 entitled "A Brief Account of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick founded in Philadelphia in 1770" we find much that is valuable and illuminating. It says:

"The true foundations of Pennsylvania were laid without noise or ostentation by successive bands of brave, industrious and intelligent Irishmen, whilst in the inland counties her real history was all the time writing; not, it is true, with the pen, nor on paper, but by the spade, the axe and the plough, in characters that remain engraven on her soil to the present day."

From December 1728 to December 1729, the proportion of the various classes of emigrants who landed in the province was as follows:—English and Welsh, 267; Scotch, 43; Palatines (Germans), 243; Irish, 5,655—the Irish being thus nearly ten to one of all others, and that proportion was doubtless sustained down to the Revolution, in which it had and was a potent influence.

In 1729 the Irish element had increased so much in Pennsylvania that a prominent member of the Provincial Government said "It looks as if Ireland is to send all her inhabitants hither; for last week not less than six ships arrived, and every day two or three arrive also. The common fear is that if they continue to come they will make themselves proprietors of the province. It is strange they thus crowd where they are not wanted."

So the stream of exasperated Irish exiles flowed in, hot against England and all her works, unconscious of the fact that they were pure English and Anglo-Saxon; and the Dutch and Germans shared their same ignorance of kinship with merrie England.

Just prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, land troubles and landlord exactions stimulated the immigration enormously, when the means and character of the shipping and transportation of the day are remembered. Those who came to America were the backbone of the Revolution, supplying not only men but money for the struggle. General Robertson of the British army said he was told by General Lee "that half the rebel Continental Army were from Ireland;" and some of the most brilliant officers in the American Army and Navy were Irishmen.

We commend the revolutionary rolls of all the colonies, including Massachusetts, to those who, like Senator Lodge, affect to believe that the Anglo-Saxon was the potent element in the establishment of the American republic. It would be idle to make such a suggestion to British writers, since those familiar with the records of post-revolutionary parliamentary inquiries know the truth too well.

After the close of the Revolution immigration from England and Scotland practically ceased for obvious reasons; while persecution and insurrection stimulated it from Ireland. The same conditions existed during the wars between England and America and during the Napoleonic period; the latter practically stopping immigration from Continental Europe.

The claim of a preponderance of English blood in America during or after the Revolution is not only transparently false, but actually absurd. Such English or Anglo-Saxon blood as was in the colonies when the Revolution came had been so transformed and revivified by Irish and other transfusion that it bore no more resemblance to the blood of England than a newly-baked loaf bears to a mass of sodden dough.

The men of means, influence and education, in New England, who might be supposed to represent the purest English element, were with few exceptions loyalists and were expelled from the colonies.

A careful analysis made of the racial elements of the estimated population of the United States at the close of the Revolution, 3,172,000 people, has given the following results:

Celtic (Irish, Scotch, Welsh, French, etc.), 1,903,200; Irish separately, 1,141,920; English or Anglo-Saxon, 841,800; Dutch and Scandinavian, 427,000.

Had there been no increase by immi-

gration, this population of 1790—the date of the estimate—estimated by the natural order of increase adopted by statisticians would have been in 1870, 9,496,000, divided as follows:

Celtic, 5,697,000; Irish separately, 3,418,000; English or Anglo-Saxon, 2,504,000; Dutch, etc., 1,295,000.

These estimates exclude the Negro population.

The immigration which has flowed into the republic since the Revolution can from 1820 be known accurately, or as accurately as the government census can give it, and those statistics show beyond question that the Anglo-Saxon element has contributed the least to our growing population relatively to the Irish, German, Italian and Slavonic elements. The Germans and Irish are much more fecund than what is termed the Anglo-Saxon; and "Race-Suicide" seems to point to a startling diminution of the descendants of the Colonial New Englander.

So much for the question of race and numbers.

It is always an easy matter to make large claims for the achievements of any race in a mixed population; but it is quite another matter to prove the claims. The noisy Anglo-Saxon propaganda of the past few years, is a proof in point; and while it deals with rhetoric, sonorous and vague, and is neither moderate nor modest, it is impossible to pin the prophets of the cult down to facts. History has been impudently and brazenly perverted; text books have been filled with half truths and misinformation; and our ears have been assailed and our eyes surfeited with the glories and achievements of such men of straw as the Puritan, the Pilgrim Father, the Anglo-Saxon and so on *ad nauseam;* creatures with virtues so various and multifarious that one is led to ask these prophets "Was Colonial New England the Garden of Eden?"

It would be as absurd for us to make preposterous claims for the Irish in America.

The Irish who came here were an honest, industrious, clean-blooded, clean-handed, clean-souled people, religious and reverent, illiterate largely, since the government which misruled their land not only refused them education, but set a price upon the heads of the pastor and the schoolmaster. They came to the republic poor and anxious to work, with only the simple virtues of a land devoid of cities, and stout hearts, and arms. They came among a people, in later days, who regarded all strangers with suspicion, and the stranger who differed from them in religion, with aversion. Their welcome was a grudging one; but they were a race with courage and persistence; and here they have lived, prospered and done their duty by the communities they live in and the flag they have lived under. They were a potent force in making the republic; they have helped to build it with their brain and muscle; and they gave their lives and blood ungrudgingly to preserve it.

It is enough to say the Irish are as good as the best in the land; no better. They are everywhere, and their lives and work attest their value; monuments to their industry, skill, loyalty and religious zeal are on every hand. These are the best answers to him who sneers and slanders.

We have our sinners and our weaklings; but the world had these before Babylon was built and it will have them when London is merely a memory. Not by the work of the individual but by the mass of the people must we be judged.

If we take up the negative side of achievement and proceed by a process of elimination we may arrive at a saner estimate of what the Irish, the Celt, means and measures in this republic.

In the Revolution and the War of 1812 the Irish did their full share of the patriot's work and the race has ample reason to be proud of that share. In the latter

war the names that shine most lustrous are those of Perry—the son of an Irish mother—McDonough, and Jackson. The victories, on the lakes, of Perry and McDonough saved us from invasion; and the splendid victory of Andrew Jackson at New Orleans saved to us the Mississippi River. Between the close of the latter war and the outbreak of the Rebellion came a swelling tide of Irish emigration, which settled in the northern states and rolled west until it touched the golden shores of the Pacific. It wrought and sweated, married, died and left its stalwart sons and daughters to perpetuate its name and traditions and to give loyal service to the republic.

When the life of the republic was threatened it gave blood and service ungrudgingly to the land, what time the Anglo-Saxon monarchy was aiding rebellion in its fell work. When scandals and corruptions came to shock the country Irishmen were conspicuously absent from the rolls of rascality; their names do not appear in the dubious lists of the Credit Mobilier nor the whiskey frauds of St. Louis: and to-day the persons who are so unhappily prominent in the scandals of the post office, land office and Indian bureau, bear names that are foreign to the Celt and his kind.

Mormonism is not an Irishism and it is extremely doubtful if a single Irishman or woman can be found within its malodorous communion. Nor do the Irish appear much in the ranks of Mormonism's fashionable and disreputable relation, the divorce cult, which is merely progressive and legalized polygamy. The wide-spread corruption which has done so much to weaken the honesty of business and set a premium on fraud, which has come into vogue of late and which is termed trust making, stock-watering and promotion, cannot be laid to Irish doors; and yet it is hardly too much to say that the political and pseudo-financial activity of the managers of these enterprises has done more evil to the moral influences of the nation than the inmates of all our prisons could accomplish in a life time.

There is no more vigorous and healthful force in America in all that makes for the moral and religious life of the nation than the Irish race; it is distinctly and unflinchingly for religion and law, and the nation realizes it.

A beautiful tropical valley may by some convulsion of nature be overwhelmed, its beauty destroyed, and all its splendor of flower and fruit be buried amid the ruins; but in God's good time the wounds of nature are healed and the seeds of beauty that lie beneath break through the debris of the wreck to blossom once more in the sunlight. What is true of nature is true of man: the genius and gifts which God has given to a race may be submerged, but they are never lost. They only wait the day when conditions are ripe for them to bloom once more.

The Irish race, which in the dark days following the destruction of the Roman empire, turned Ireland into a vast school, which kept alight the flame of learning and religion and sent forth a swarm of missionaries and teachers to evangelize and civilize Europe, still has in its brain and soul the genius that accomplished this. The savagery, cruelty and destructiveness of the British volcano have buried the flower and fruit of the race for seven, long, dark centuries; but under American skies, in the atmosphere of freedom, in a land where education is prized and genius wears no bonds, the genius of the Celt will assert itself, not for the oppression of his fellow man, but for the uplifting of the nation and the glory of God.

If the Irish emigrant and the children of the Irish emigrant will be steadfast in their faith and true to the ideals of their race, if they will march on with heads erect, wishful for the things that are more beautiful, it will be well with the Celt, well with the American.

THE MASTER'S WAY.

BY JAMES T. SULLIVAN.

For what should I give thanks? I ask myself,
  Then seek an answer, but none comes,
My voice is dumb, for I cannot forget
  That all my life but crusts and crumbs,
With blows, curses and sneers, were my rewards
  For faithful efforts. Oh! the pain
Which mocks the heart that craves for sympathy
  Cries out for justice, yet in vain!
    For that should I give thanks?

For what should I give thanks? I ask myself.
  This time I delve into my heart;
The spark of human kindliness glows up,—
  God grant me strength to do my part.
The pain that fiercely racked me purged my soul
  Of hate, and so I kneel and pray
For grace to aid me as I firmly strive
  To follow in the Master's way.
    For that should I give thanks!

THE SONG OF THE AGES.

BY JEROME HARTE.

A summer of gold and a winter of light,
A season of sunlight and love's mercy cheer,
God's promise fulfilled in the world's friendly smile,
In laughter and song,—and this is a year.

A summer of shadows, a winter of gray,
A seared yellow autumn of heartache and fear,
God's kindliness veiled in the world's cold frown,
In weeping and wailing—and this is a year.

In sunlight or shadow, in laughter or tears,
God's ways are good ways—and these are God's years.

THE PEOPLE'S PLAY.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The common people, which everywhere means the rich and fruitful soil of humanity, have a drama peculiarly their own. It is called melodrama in English. Its characteristics are simplicity and obviousness. The critics describe with a sneer its elemental morality, and its primitive objectiveness. These phrases are opposed to others, such as the complexity of dirt and Ibsenish subjectiveness. Fortunately none of them means anything except to the people who earn a living by uttering many words a day. The happy peculiarity of the people's drama is that it plays on forever like the famous brook of Tennyson. When disaster fairly feeds upon the other forms of the drama, this makes money by its everlasting power to tickle into laughter and depress to tears of healthy sympathy and sorrow. At the end of a New York season, when nervous people dare not venture near the Rialto lest they meet the long countenances of Ibsen and Pinero managers, of Parisian drama managers, all losers in the great game, the people's drama holds the boards still. It tells a story, and portrays the triumph of innocence and justice. It is a transcript of life as it ought to be, growing out of life as it really is: in other words that mingling of the ideal with the real, which is an essential characteristic of human destiny. The month of May saw this drama in full swing in the metropolis. All other drama was dead and buried, and the managers spent no time in writing its epitaph.

One may truly say that all drama is melodrama, sincere or perverted. Ibsen is perverted melodrama. He tells a story which moves to pity and tears, but never to sympathy or healthy laughter. Mr. George Brennan, a young manager of rising fame, exploited Ibsen last year for the common people, sending out two plays, *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler*, for the delectation of the multitude. Curiosity tempted the urban population once to the show, but never again. Ibsen is on the shelf, where he will remain indefinitely. Dumas' *Camille* is perverted melodrama. To interest the people in a member of the demi-monde Dumas had to make her a self-sacrificing consumptive, and yet he did not succeed in interesting the people. They prefer *East Lynne* as a portrayal of repentance. *Camille* now belongs to the aspiring actress. Why this should be, no one can say. Margaret Anglin appeared in the part last month with Henry Miller, and Virginia Harned succeeded her. Miss Anglin is a Catholic lady of ability and dignity, and one would imagine a shrinking of Catholic taste and feeling from such a play, though it is supposed to offer a great opportunity to an actress. The opportunity did not win her much honor, though Miss Anglin once more demonstrated her powers. Miss Harned did much better, her training and her temperament were better suited, or less opposed, to the requirements; but no one cared a straw whether the ladies succeeded or not. *Camille* is old stuff and smells to heaven, with age and foulness. Some wight presented Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*, with Wilton Lackaye in the leading part, about the time that *Camille* was dying of consumption, and scored a delightful and humorous failure. The play is a fine satire on modern society, healthy in tone, vigorous and powerful in action and speech, but exceedingly complex in the staging, very difficult for the stage manager. Amateurs could play *Ghosts* without a manager. Evidently it was thought the same could be done with *Pillars of Society*. The failure was grotesque, the actors forgot their parts, missed their cues, and lost their points. Everybody laughed. The Ibsenites laughed loudest of all, because the Ibsen of this play was no prophet, only a satirist, a mere dramatist, even a Philistine. Thus do a man's sins work his ruin: Ibsen sane is laughed at, Ibsen crazy is adored.

The people's play is the anchorage ground of the drama. Its best illustration was *Two Little Sailor Boys* at the Academy of Music, although the majority of the theatres in town had many others. The *Two Little Sailor Boys* is an English melodrama built on the ancient traditions. It enjoys the distinction of owning three villains and three heroes, with only one heroine. The leading villain is Lady Grey, the wife of Admiral Grey, former wife of Lieutenant Preston, of Captain Yorke, of Jim Foster, and of others unknown. Her past is securely hidden, and her present is roseate, handsomely gowned, most respectable, even if the Admiral is a good deal of a fool. Lily is the Admiral's daughter, and Cyril is the son, two charming young people of the most unbounded innocence. Captain Noel Tregarthen desires to marry Lily and upon proposing is accepted with promptness. Lieutenant Preston objects to the betrothal, as he had selected Lily and her fortune for his own enjoyment, and had no scruples about his sinful life and detestable character. With such a situation in the Grey household anything could happen; with an outside tragedy added to it there was bound to be a volcanic eruption.

Captain Tregarthen had a sealed packet confided to him by his dead friend Captain Yorke. The packet contained the portrait of the Captain's wicked wife, and Noel had taken upon himself the task of finding her in order to discover the whereabouts of her little son Tom, whom she had abandoned to the desperate Jim Foster, and who was now a professional thief in the employ of Jim. Captain Noel tells the story of the portrait to the Grey family with Lady Grey not ten feet away. He defers the opening of the packet until another day, and leaves it with the Admiral for safe-keeping. Lady Grey must get that packet before it is opened. Her whole future happiness depends on its destruction. She lingers about watching it. The Admiral forgets to put it in the safe until the last moment, and his wife manages to steal the key. As she opens the safe strange sounds are heard on the veranda outside; perhaps the Captain is returning; she hides for a moment, and sees a man and boy enter; they are burglars, and happen to be Jim Foster and her own son Tom; they are astonished to find the safe-door open, and they seize the papers; Lady Grey springs upon them and to her horror meets with her former husband. Foster flings her boy at her. The lad happens to be a good chap, who has long cherished a strong desire to have a father and mother like other boys. When he finds a mother in this charming and well-dressed woman his happiness knows no bounds; and his grief is pitiful when she scorns and disavows him like a rat. The two burglars fly at the approach of alarmed servants and guests, the lights are turned on, the open safe is discovered, and Lady Grey venomously charges the hero with that and other crimes. The curtain descends with the hero disgraced, the heroine in tears, the father outraged, and the three villains triumphant, in particular the handsome and engaging Lady Grey.

The second act develops the pathos of the sailor boys, and also the capacities of the villains for deviltry. Tom Yorke is so enraptured with his mother that he becomes her dupe and slave. She employs him to steal from Jim Foster the incriminating portrait; she arranges with Lieutenant Preston to secure Lily's hand in marriage for him as the price of his silence; and persecutes the two Grey children with all the picturesque virulence of a stage step-mother. This gives the comedians their opportunity. The upstairs girl defies Lady Grey, insults her comically, threatens her without h's, and finally throws her cap and apron at her in scorn, an action signifying hasty and scornful departure. The jolly tar and the policeman, suitors for her hand, join with her as detectives to run down Jim Foster and clear the name of Captain

Noel from suspicion. Young and devoted Tom succeeds in stealing from Foster the essential packet, and brings it to his mother by night, by the light of the moon, at a most picturesque spot on the coast; where a bridge crosses a deep and foaming stream, whose lofty banks are crowned with dark and sobbing pines. The mother receives the packet from her son, as a reward acknowledges him and kisses him, and then pushes him over the bridge into the stream. He is rescued by the youthful Cyril, out of real water, and their friendship is cemented in everlasting bonds.

Having failed at all points to protect herself, Lady Grey sets out to do desperate things. The packet received from her son was only a substitute. There was nothing in it. Jim Foster has the photograph still. She seeks him out at the Red Lion Inn, a resort of desperadoes, and has a remarkable interview, on the dock at the rear, with Plymouth harbor in full view. He refuses to surrender his documents for less than five thousand pounds. The determined woman attacks him with a dagger, and because he despised a weak woman she manages to give him the fatal blow, and to take from him the packet. His death-cries arouse the neighborhood, and but for the timely appearance of her boy she would have been discovered. He aids her to escape by the water, and Jim Foster lives just long enough to tell Captain Yorke, who did not die in the war, that young Tom is his long-lost son. The return of the Captain naturally unties all the knots of the problem. Lady Grey is properly exposed, and the Admiral firmly established in the popular mind as the biggest fool of his day. The third villain is thrown out, the hero's innocence is proved beyond doubt, the marriage takes place, the comic people get married also, and the two little sailor boys vow everlasting fidelity to each other. Here you have absolute, unrefined justice, of life, or of the stage, as you please; and the satisfaction of it is as deep and abiding as the disgust aroused by the Ibsen and Pinero drama.

The weakness of the average melodrama is usually to be found in its logic. This may be charged to the dramatist, who is ever fonder of a situation than of an argument, and will force a fine situation to provide its own logic: with a consequent jolt to the interest of his audience. A deft playwright need not be absolutely logical in the development of his plot; but he must always appear so to the audience. His ability to wear the mask of conviction through a really impossible drama makes the precise difference between *Two Little Sailor Boys* and *The Crown Prince* of Mr. Broadhurst as played by Mr. Hackett at Daly's. Although so far away from Broadway the former play was every bit as interesting and as well played as the latter: as handsomely staged and acted; as probable in plot and incident; but without the genteel appearance of reality owned by *The Crown Prince*. The Hackett melodrama fitted its hero perfectly, and its diaphanous material had grace, interest, and moral strength. The critics all ridiculed it, but their ridicule led them to forget, as usual, that a play may lack verisimilitude and still be interesting. This play aroused interest, held it to the last minute, delighted the eye with charming scenes, and gave three actors at least a good opportunity to display their powers. It was refined melodrama, nevertheless, in a framework of fancy.

Robert, the crown prince of Morantia, is due in two days at the court of Rhodoland, where he is to marry the young queen. The Duke of Burnell is in despair over this marriage, for he hoped to marry the young queen himself. He plots to delay the marriage, to prepare an army, to find a pretext of war with Morantia, and for this purpose he sends a spy to secure maps of the enemy's country and fortifications. The spy succeeds, and is pursued by the Crown Prince, a romantic and facile young man with a love for im-

possible and imprudent adventure, quite natural to his rank and his character. Arrayed as Romeo he climbs the palace wall on a night when the court is enjoying a masked ball. He has tracked the spy to this place, and is bent on securing the stolen maps and plans before their loss is discovered in the war-office at home. The young Queen is present as Juliet at the ball, though no one suspects her presence. She meets her Romeo, and in the delicious freedom of her incognito thor-

"TWO LITTLE SAILOR BOYS."

oughly enjoys the dashing and merry impudence of the young man. He insists on her joining in the dance, he treats her with the courtesy and frivolity appreciated by a court dame, he is all graceful tartness, his wit and coolness charm a woman who has never seen natural people, only the ever-masked courtiers. Among the guests is a popular highwayman, seeking a chance to ply his trade. He insults the Queen, and is challenged by the Prince. Vainly she tries to prevent the meeting. The curtain falls on this chivalrous scene.

In the meantime the Prince learns that the lost papers are on the person of the Duke, that he is to carry them on a journey that night, that the swiftest and surest way to seize them would be to play highwayman, and rob the ambitious nobleman without appearing to care for the papers. At the same time the highwayman learns of the Duke's journey and plans to rob him also. The duelists send each other word of a postponement of the fight until a later hour, for each is bent on catching the Duke in the same place about the same time. The popular highwayman is known to all the country by his black cloak and his white plume. The Prince adopts that costume and with his friend lies in wait for the coach and the papers. The scene of the robbery is prettily acted, the Duke is deprived of his papers amid much wrath and laughter, and the merriment of the hour is increased by the ar-

rival of the real highwayman at the proper moment. Two robbers in black cloaks and white plumes face each other, the true robber lost in astonishment at the sight of his double, and paralysed at the Prince's claim that he is a bare-faced imposter, trading upon the glory acquired by the skill and courage of another. They fight the duel which had been postponed, and the sword-play of the Prince reveals him to the highwayman. The latter, refuses to fight further, and is dismissed with an order not to reveal his opponent's identity. The Prince makes off with the papers. The comedy of this scene was carried through with lightness and dash.

"TWO LITTLE SAILOR BOYS."

The third act displays the serious results of attacking the Duke. His Excellency sets soldiers on their track so swiftly that the Prince's companion is wounded and both are compelled to seek refuge at the house of the Duchess of Wolverton, a friend of the Queen. Hither come the soldiers in hot pursuit of the robbers of the Duke, and all the characters meet in the shelter of the Duchess' roof, all worried by their different miseries, all seeking the solution of their various problems. The real highwayman is captured by the soldiers and brought before the scheming nobleman. He buys his freedom by betraying the secret of the other highwayman. The Duke can hardly believe that his assailant was the Crown Prince until he recalls the fact that the pseudo-robber retained the important papers. With unbounded joy he renews the pursuit of the young man, intending to kill him, and happily learns that he is in the house. Then comes a struggle with the Queen, who is determined to save the life of her romantic Romeo, even though he be a highwayman. She confesses to a feeling of inter-

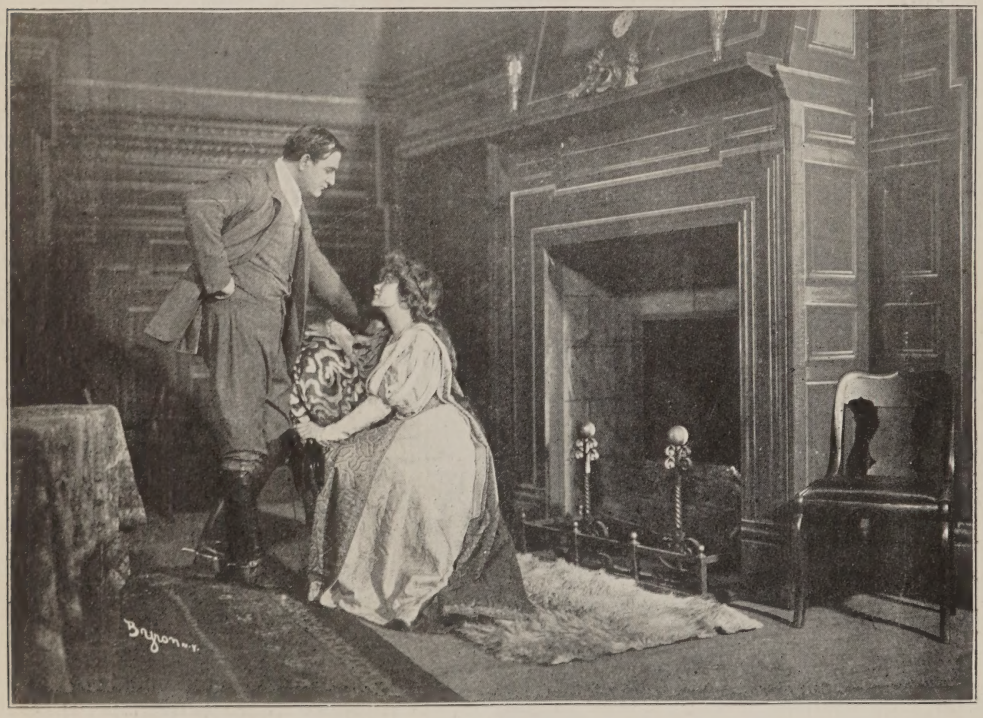
est in him, what in ordinary people would be called love. The excitement grows steadily to the supreme moment when the hero cuts his way through his enemies with his good sword, and escapes to his own kingdom. The situation is now exceedingly interesting. Neither of the principals knows the rank of the other, the Duke alone has the key to the situation, and the morning of the betrothal of the Queen to the Crown Prince of Morantia has arrived. What is to happen?

JAMES K. HACKETT IN "THE CROWN PRINCE."

The Duke is determined to deny the Crown Prince and recover lost ground. The young man is announced unexpectedly, two hours ahead of his schedule, and finds the Queen and her maid alone. She is angered by the persistence of the highwayman and his impudence, he still believes her to be a lady of the court. The astonishment of both when the facts are made clear is thrilling. The overthrow of the Duke is complete, hoist with his own petard. The wedding-bells are ringing as the play ends, and the audience departs very well satisfied. The critics had reason to laugh, but not to continue it too long. The hinge of the play was the failure of the hero and heroine to recognize each other's high rank until the very last moment, and the delay stretched probability to the breaking. Yet it was all very charming, in that fashion dear to all idealists, and no one could have forgiven the dramatist had he shaped his play differently. The Duke entertained the spectators handsomely, less by what he did than by the general expectation of the gorgeous climax awaiting him, and got a trifle of sympathy for the dignified dumbness of his crushed exit. Mr. Hackett did all the talking, the acting, the killing, and the love-making with graceful impertinence

and coolness. Miss Charlotte Walker made a gentle and touching young Queen. Between the melodrama at the Academy and that at Daly's there was just the difference of logical shaping in the joints; otherwise they were twins.

Mr. Ben Greet and his now famous company gave the *Merchant of Venice* during the month with the ever admirable Edith Mathison as the *Portia*. Since



JAMES K. HACKETT AND CHARLOTTE WALKER IN "THE CROWN PRINCE." ACT III.

their production of *Everyman* their popularity has grown, and now the great universities and colleges have begun to invite them to present their Shaksperean plays before their learned professors and students. Out of this has blossomed a scheme which may lead to much summer glory. The agent of the players is arranging a summer tour for *Everyman* among the summer schools and other institutions. The details of two appearances at the Champlain School at Cliff Haven are now being discussed, and it is quite probable that this charming morality play, which has done so much to hearten the supporters of the true drama, will honor the famous school with its presence. The curtain has been rung down for the season on all but the people's play. The musical and freak entertainments have possession of the roof-gardens. The task of entertaining the metropolis and its visitors has grown to monstrous proportions. Coney Island, once first cousin to the Bowery and the slums, has suddenly become the pleasure-ground of the city, and millions have been spent on electrical amusement places to which the whole world is going. The making of amusements for the crowd, like the making of books, seems to have no end.

GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY AND HIS WORK.

BY LUCY CLAIR ATKINSON.

Sculpture in America has received a recent impetus and the encouragement offered by patrons of the Fine Arts has induced many foreign artists to open their studios in some of the large cities of the United States. New York attracts many by its exceptional advantages, and students from all parts of this country can be found studying Art in the studios and art schools of the Metropolis. So fostered has sculpture been in America that a vast majority of those who enter competitions for American work are residents of this country.

Among the distinguished Catholics attracted to the United States by the World's Fair is Mr. George Julian Zolnay, whose name is familiar to all lovers of artistic work. Mr. Zolnay is a Roumanian by birth, but has made his home in New York for a number of years, and has his studio in that city, on Madison Avenue. It is safe to say that Mr. Zolnay has done more work for the Confederacy than any other one sculptor, and all through the South are erected monuments executed by him. His monument to Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy, is considered by many to be his chef d'œuvre and has been universally admired. It was erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to the memory of Miss Winnie Davis, and placed in the Davis Section in Hollywood Cemetery, in Richmond, Va. The unveiling was at-

WINNIE DAVIS MONUMENT IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY RICHMOND, VA., BY GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY.

GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY.

tended with elaborate exercises and was notable for the gathering of many distinguished people, among them being Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Joel H. Hayes, formerly Miss Margaret Davis.

A pleasant incident connected with this monument occurred several years ago when Mr. Zolnay was in Florence, where he was showing a replica of it to the Prime Minister of Roumania, who was a guest at his studio. So charmed was this gentleman with Zolnay's exquisite production, that he ordered one for the Art Museum of the Royal Academy of Bucharest. Nor did Mr. Zolnay's good fortune stop here, for shortly after it had been placed in the Royal Museum, King Charles, who was inspecting the many masterpieces on exhibition there, saw for the first time the replica of the Winnie Davis monument, and was so filled with admiration that he inquired the name of the artist who had produced such a superb piece of statuary. On being told that it was Zolnay, one of his subjects, he was so pleased that not long after, he decided to confer on Mr. Zolnay the first degree of the Order of Bene Merenti (Well Merited) which is the equivalent of the French Order of "Pour la Merite" and is reserved for famous artists, scientists, and men of letters.

Another piece of Zolnay's sculpture that adorns the Davis section is the statue of President Davis, which marks the grave of the Southern patriot.

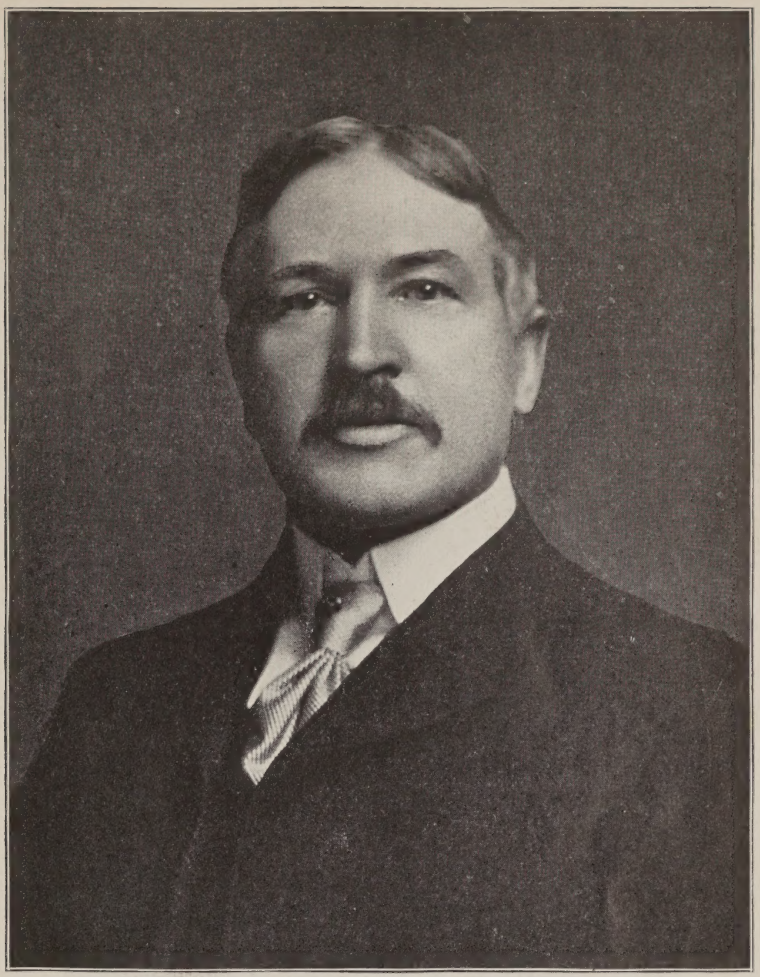
No less remarkable is the bust of Edgar Allan Poe, which occupies a conspicuous position at the University of Virginia, and is admired for its fidelity to life and its exquisite workmanship.

Many are familiar with the story of Zolnay's conception of Sam Davis, the young Tennessee hero, which proved so accurate that men held their breath at the wonderful achievement of the distinguished sculptor. Young Davis was hanged as a Southern spy during the Civil War, and after a lapse of more than two decades of years, funds were raised by the people of Tennessee to have a statue of Sam Davis placed in Nashville. A mighty obstacle arose in the form of no likeness of Sam Davis being in existence. However Zolnay undertook the task and after a careful study of the character and history of his subject, he decided that he would make a composite likeness of the surviving members of the Davis family, and the result was a startling resemblance to the young hero.

Several years ago Mr. Zolnay was one of the prize winners in a great competition,—for the Maine monument,—which was held in New York and at which forty-five sculptors submitted designs.

Other famous achievements of Mr. Zolnay are: The Confederate monument at Owensboro, Kentucky; and monuments to General Bartow, Major Charles Duncan Jacobs of Louisville, Kentucky, and General McLaws.

Whether in ideal work or modeling from life the remarkable genius of this gifted man is strongly manifested, and in all his artistic work he excels in depicting grace and beauty.



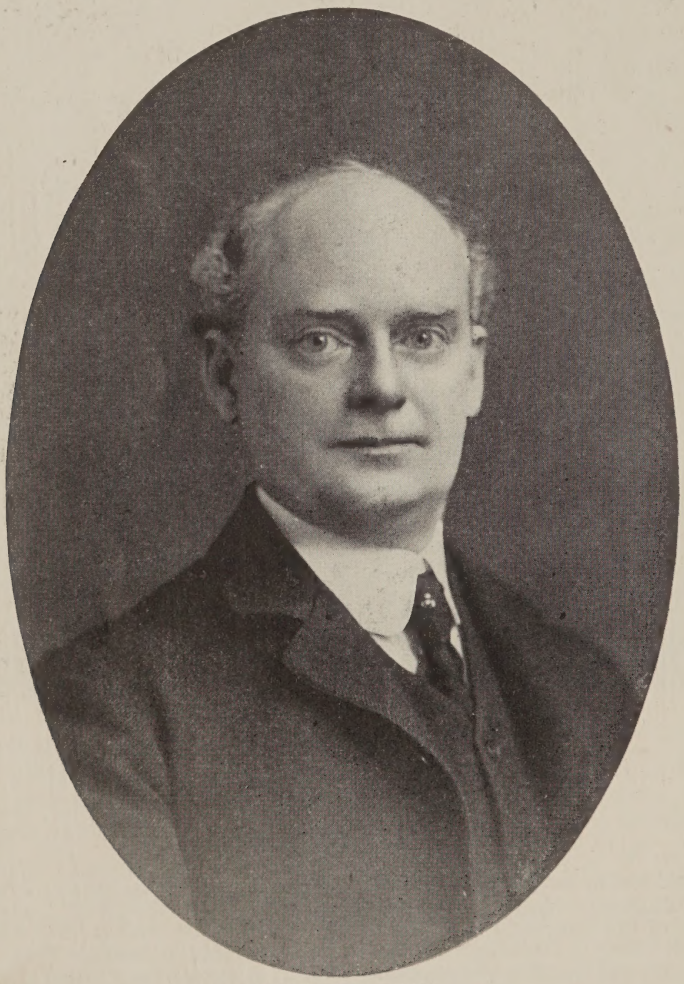
CHARLES H. McCARTHY, PH.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Dr. Charles H. McCarthy, of the Catholic High School of Philadelphia, has been chosen by the Trustees of the Catholic University of America, for the Chair of American History, recently founded by the Knights of Columbus. Dr. McCarthy was born at Franklin, New Jersey, forty-four years ago. His early education was obtained in the public schools of his native town. Being an apt scholar he did not require many years of study to carry him through the course then required, and when only eighteen years of age he received an appointment as teacher. After teaching in the Franklin schools for two years he entered the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated at the end of the term, with the degree of Ph.D. After leaving the University Dr. McCarthy spent several years in making researches in American History, and produced "Lincoln's Plan of Reconstruction," a work that excited deep interest and elicited admiring comment all over the country. During the past thirteen years he has been connected with the Catholic High School of Philadelphia, teaching American Political and Constitutional History. In addition to his work in the school Dr. McCarthy also lectured on American History before the Institute of Pedagogy of New York, and during the present year conducted a course on the History of England. Recently, under the auspices of the United States Catholic His-

torical Society he lectured before a distinguished audience in St. Francis Xavier College Hall, New York, on the early history of Louisiana.

Erudite, highly cultured, and possessing in marked degree the art of imparting knowledge to others, Dr. McCarthy is an admirable choice for the important position to which he has been appointed. The honor comes to him unsought, and prior to the announcement of his appointment, he had no idea of the intention of the Trustees to call him to the high office of Professor of American History in the Catholic University.



JEREMIAH E. BURKE.

On April 26, last, Mr. Jeremiah E Burke was elected a supervisor of Schools for the City of Boston.

Mr. Burke was born at Frankfort, Maine, June 25, 1867. He attended the public school of his native town, and prepared for college at the East Maine Conference Seminary at Bucksport, being graduated from this institution with the class of 1886. He then entered Colby College and graduated with high rank in June 1890. From the time of his graduation until October 1891, Mr. Burke studied law in the office of the Hon. R. F. Dunton, at Belfast. He was then chosen Superintendent of Schools of Waterville, his college town. He occupied this position until September 1893, when he was elected Superintendent of Schools at Marlboro, Mass. In October, 1894, he was called to the Superintendency of Schools at Lawrence, Mass., a position in which he was conspicuously successful for nearly ten years. Mr. Burke has had under his supervision kindergarten, ele-

mentary, secondary, and normal schools, and thus has been in a position to make a careful study of the varied subjects that confront educators to-day. His views and the results of his investigations have been presented from time to time in his annual reports as superintendent of schools, and these reports have been quoted extensively in the leading educational journals. Mr. Burke is a member of the National Educational Society, the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club, the New England Association of School Superintendents and is also honorary vice-president of the New England Delta Upsilon Club and of the Alumni Association of Colby College as well as the former president of the Essex County Teachers' Association. He is affiliated with the Charitable Irish Society of Boston.

Mr. Burke, since boyhood, has been warmly devoted to the Grand Army of the Republic and has often been invited to deliver Memorial Day addresses, responding generously to such invitations. During the past three years he has served as a district deputy of the Knights of Columbus. Frequently he has been heard in different parts of New England eloquently expounding the cherished principles of the Order.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

BY JOHN ROMAINE.

My life was lone;—'tis years and years ago;—
  There was no flow'r within the garden-spot
Of my sad heart; and not for me to know
  That one would bloom, and, blooming, leave it not!

* * * * * *

Ah, yes, you came, and earth for me grew sweet;
  It seemed as if my Paradise were here,
So rich my life with happiness complete,
  And, all because of you, though far or near!

You were my Joy; my soul was knit to yours;
  You were my Hope for all things good to come;
You were my Love,—and love like mine endures;
  You were my All, although my lips were dumb!

And that you cared! O, heart of mine be still!
  Your throbbings cease, through grief, and loss, and ache;
Love's miracle is here my life to fill,
  And you, poor heart, must feel its pow'r and break!

O, you who came into my life,—and went
  When snows upon the chilling earth lay deep,
I would the heart, that all for you was spent,
    Might with your own eternal vigil keep.

There's nothing left of all the happy years,
  But just their fragrant mem'ry, pure and sweet,
And loneliness that lies too deep for tears,
  And love for you, my Comrade—*"Till we meet."*

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

BY EUGENIE UHLRICH

Little Peter Lorenzen was going towards the house carrying two pails of milk. They were very full this morning. He was sure not another drop was left in the bags of any one of the three cows. The cows, too, were fed and turned out to pasture, and, as he set down the pails and looked towards the east where the sun was just breaking across the low rim of hills that framed the prairie tops, he felt that the day was indeed well begun. Here, where he stood, the silvery, misty light of the early morning, unlighted by the sun, still lingered; but in a few minutes the sun would come through this veil-like air to shine all day, for Peter knew that when the sun came up like that there would be no rain. There was no rain in the air and there was no feel of it in the wind—the soft wind of the dawn that stirred through his shock of hair, the color of wood ashes, and cut in a straight line just above the nape of his neck. His blue striped hickory shirt was open at the neck and his blue overalls were over nothing but his own spare body and were economically short at the ankles, saving cloth and the bedraggle-ment of high wet grass at the same time. His mother when she made his Sunday clothes carefully out of an old suit of his father's, cut them much like his overalls, save that she turned them up in a large hem to allow for growth. There would be no more suits to cut up for Peter, when these two were gone, and Peter must get all the wear he could out of them.

The weight of this "must" sat heavy on Peter ever since his father died, three years before. He was seven then, just, and it was little he could do except mind the baby, wash the dishes, light the fire, put the kettle on and put the potatoes to boil, feed the chickens and sweep the kitchen. Now he had grown so that he could guide a plow, milk, and drive to town with butter and eggs. He took up the milk pails again and tried to walk up straight with their weight. He was ten years old to-day. When his father had died Peter could remember how the neighbors, most of all Wagner of the next farm, had said to his mother that she should give up the farm. He would give her a good price for the south forty acres and old Hertz would take the house and the other forty. It would have been hard work for her husband and herself to get along on the farm and pay the mortgage, but alone it was impossible, he told her. She had better go into the town where her brother was; maybe he could help her out a little. Her brother was only sixty miles away, but there was no way of traveling there except by wagon. Peter knew this, because his uncle had come once on horseback to see them. He had heard his father and mother tell too how they came up here on the Jim River in their wagon. That was when they had just come from the old country, and before Peter was born.

Then he remembered how his mother, who was holding Anna Marie on her lap, began to cry and to wipe her eyes, when they told her to go to her brother. Old Wagner said in German, "He was good to you always. Nein? Did not John say so?"

His mother cried more and said, "He is married now, did you not hear?"

"Hm—hm," grumbled old Wagner

—and Peter wondered what there was about this being married that made people so different.

"Ach, vas!" said Jacob Schmitz, "let her try to keep the farm. What is it with us all? A few days we can all help along a little when it gets too hard for her."

Peter remembered how his mother had looked at Jacob Schmitz and said "Danke" to him. It was good that he spoke like that, she told Peter afterwards. She did not expect much help, but it did one good to think that there were some kind people left in the world. The first year and the second year Jacob Schmitz and his two boys came over and helped plowing, but this year Peter and his mother had plowed and seeded all alone.

Peter set the pails down on the kitchen floor.

"So, Peterchen," said his mother and smiled at him, "it is a fine day for the birthday. See it is a nice one." Peter smiled back happily as his eye caught the sight of an egg, a large egg of a warm flesh tint, inside of which he knew there must be a pinkish skin and inside of that a rich, deep orange center, set in a clear liquid that would turn white as snow when his mother took the fork and beat it. Ah, he knew! All the year long he thought of this birthday egg. He thought of it as he ate his pork and kraut and beans and his cornbread and molasses. He pictured it over and over as he drove to market on Saturdays with the eggs and the butter which he and his mother never touched, for they must go to pay the mortgage, on time. Sometimes Anna Marie got an egg. She was little and not very strong. But Peter and his mother had potatoes, and pork and black bread and sometimes cornbread and molasses. And, once in a while, Peter took a drink of the milk as it ran warm and frothy from the udders under his practiced touch. Once in a while they killed a hen, too old to sell, and made a soup.

"How shall I fix it for you, Peterchen?" asked his mother. "Shall I bake it into a nice, little, yellow kuchen? Or shall I take and make a sweet crust with little scallops on it out of this bread dough and make it nice and soft inside like what the Yankees call a custard?"

Peter's eyes glistened. He had but once to choose in a whole long year and he must decide with care.

"Ach, mother, which would you like the best?"

"The egg is yours, Peter."

"But mother, you must make a little piece for yourself, just to see how it goes. What would you like that little piece to be?"

"You are a good child, Peter. Last year you had the kuchen. How is it if we try the custard this year?"

Peter nodded, too rapt for words now. Then his mother broke the egg and separated the yolk and the white.

"Let me beat it, mother?" he said eagerly, and he stood by the table and beat the curious stuff into a white froth.

"I learned that," his mother explained, "from the lady I worked for in town the year before I came here with father."

It was certainly a very wonderful thing to know how to do. Then his mother took the frothy mass and mixed sugar with it and cinnamon in some way. She had no tins just the right size, so she made a little baking dish out of stiff brown paper and dusted it with flour and then lined it with the crust and put in the egg.

"Now, Peterchen, we will eat our breakfast while it bakes and before Anna Marie wakes up. Then you can drive to town. It will be a rest for you. And when you come back it will be twelve o'clock and you can have it for your dinner."

Peter's face fell. "Maybe I could take it along on the way and eat it if I get hungry," he suggested pleadingly.

His mother looked at him a little wistfully. Her part of the pleasure was to have been in seeing him eat it, but it was Peter's birthday and she said, "Very well."

After breakfast the custard was not quite finished, so Peter went out to hitch up Old Brown. When he brought her up to the door, there was the custard cooling on the window-sill among the leaves of the grapevine that clambered over the weather-beaten boards of the house. Oh, such a nice, faint brown on top with the light, sweet yellow showing here and there through it! Peter longed to put his teeth in it right then and there, but he was schooled to wait for his pleasures, and—instead of chafing at the waiting—to be happy in anticipation. He bent over and smelt at it—the warm, spicy smell filling his nostrils. Ah, if he only could show it to some one. He was sure that Sepp Wagner did not have a nicer birthday feast, with all their big farm.

Over the roll in Wagner's field he saw Joseph, or rather Sepp Wagner, plowing with the two mules. Peter looked through the window and saw that his mother was not nearly through packing the butter and eggs. She had been delayed by Anna Marie, who wakened and wanted her breakfast. On the impulse of his expanding delight that must share itself he took the still hot custard and ran along the furrows of the ten acres between him and Wagner's line. Joseph was nearly at the end. Now he was about to turn, and Peter shouted eagerly "Sepp, Sepp, wait, wait!" Joseph stopped willingly enough. He was four years older than Peter, but even for him the furrows were long and they were all alike. If there was any excitement on the Lorenzen farm Joseph was willing enough to share it. So he shaded his eyes and watched expectantly for Peter, stumbling along the furrows, half falling in his haste. Presently he came up close, panting, breathless, holding out his hand with something in it. Joseph looked at him and then at the thing in his hand in wonder.

When Peter got his voice he gasped, "Just see, see that! It is for my birthday. Is n't it fine?"

Joseph's brows contracted. He had been standing in the furrow waiting for ten minutes nearly, for nothing but to look at that. He was not even offered a bite of it.

"Ach, vas! get out of my way with it!" and he gave Peter's hand, which had but a gingerly grip on the hot custard as it was, a push—flop! it turned over once in the air and the soft inside was running into the loose earth; before Peter could save even the crust the off mule in swinging around stepped on it. Joseph laughed a little derisively, yet uneasily. Then he went on.

Peter sat down on the edge of his mother's field and stared at the yellow spot on Wagner's field. The tears rolled slowly down his white cheeks and it seemed as though a long, long time of insupportable disappointment had passed when at last he heard his mother calling, calling his name almost beside him.

"Peterchen," she said in alarm, as she saw his face, "what is it?"

"There," he said with a great gulp and threw himself face down in the moist earth and sobbed and sobbed.

Presently his mother touched him.

"Will you not go to town, Peterchen? The eggs should go to-day, my child. And then maybe at Christmas you can have another. Maybe you will not have to wait a whole year."

Peter got up heavily, as one who had lived much since the sun rose. His

mother's hand patted him gently. Her soft eyes looked tenderly at him. If he had only stayed at home!

He sobbed anew. She was always so good to him. He never even said a word to her, but ran after Sepp, who laughed at him.

"Peterchen?" his mother's voice sounded so low, it was as if she were almost crying too. Sepp had reached the end of the furrow and was coming back. "Shall Sepp see you crying?"

Then Peter turned and stumbled along the furrows after her. When he raised his head after a little it seemed to him that everything was brighter and fresher here than when he had been looking back at Sepp. And so indeed it was, for now he was turning towards the sun instead of away from it. He looked far away over his mother's fields to the edge of the beautiful, shining sky. Ah, when once the mortgage was paid, then they would not have to sell every egg, and his mother could have a new dress and he, he could go to school two terms instead of one, ah yes!—but it was five years until the mortgage could be paid; and when one is only ten, five years is half a life-time.

. . . . . .

The mortgage was paid and many more things than he had ever dreamed of, came to him; but never, never did Peter lose pity for the little boy who lay in the furrow and sobbed that morning. No grief, no joy, ever made him smile at this grief, nor forget it. For thus is the seed sown from which grows the manhood that endures, and is true to the trust of man and the faith in God.

IN ATONEMENT.

BY J. F. XAVIER BURNS.

O'er Alpine crags I toiled, 'midst cum'bring snow,
To find the sturdy flower that winter's pall
Ne'er covers:* lo! slender, emergent, tall,
On dangerous slopes, its purple bells did blow.

Now where it thrives,—for so the legends go—
No trouble comes; nor blighting plagues enthrall,
Nor avalanche o'erthreatening e'er can fall
Upon the hamlet nestled deep below.

And so does careful nature oft display,
Above the cerements of unhallowed gain,
Some souls that bloom full fair amidst decay
Of moral life,—choice souls that know not stain,
Methinks their virtue 'tis that doth outweigh
The sins of men, and Heaven's wrath restrain.

*The Soldanella Alpina, a beautiful purple flower, found in the Southern Alps, that rises clear and fair above the surrounding snow.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A CATHOLIC LAND.

BY REV. H. G. HUGHES.

The visitor to Catholic countries does not always derive edification from what he sees. There is so much that is strange, unaccustomed, and—because of his own peculiar point of view—even disedifying to him, in the conduct of foreign Catholics. Difference of temperament and training has the result of lessening his appreciation of the ways of others. On the other hand there are many who instinctively recognize that realization of the Catholic ideal which is to be seen in those lands where the Faith is old. Some of my readers will recognize the words of the late Serjeant Bellaris, quoted in the interesting *Memoirs* published by his son. "Upon the whole," says the Serjeant, "my last impression on returning from a foreign country (Belgium) to our own was, that I was coming out of a religious country into one of indifference; the open churches of the former, the frequent services, the constant worshippers, the solemn ceremonial, the collected air of the clergy in their ministrations, the indubitable devotion and reverence of the people, their unhesitating confidence in their church, have nothing approaching to a counterpart with us. I know nothing more disheartening (I speak of the effect produced upon myself) than a return to England after some time spent in Catholic countries: everything seems so careless, so irreverent, so dead; with all my heart I wish, and especially for my children's sake, that I could see in this country some approximation to the solemnity, reverence, devotion, and earnestness, which I have witnessed abroad."

Great, indeed, are the advances that have been made in the Anglican Establishment by the forward party, since, as an Anglican, Serjeant Bellaris, wrote those words; but the contrast still remains; the contrast between people who are united in their faith and devotion, in their loyalty to and entire confidence in the Catholic Church, speaking and teaching, and ruling with unquestioned authority, and people divided in religious opinions, following the teachers of the hour; some, indeed, holding many Catholic tenets, but ever trembling lest their own church, which ought to be the foundation upon which rest their most cherished beliefs, should by some word or act of those in high authority betray the want of that Catholic character which they fondly but mistakenly think is theirs. Whatever advances in ritual and ceremonial may be made in the Anglican body, the essential note of unity in Catholicity must always be absent. When a visitor is repelled by what he sees in Catholic countries, it is because he looks only at the surface, and does not give himself time to judge of the true motives and signification of what he beholds. It is a most common thing, in Rome for instance, to see, not only Protestants, but Catholics themselves, repelled at first by the practices and conduct of devout Italians; but surely and certainly this feeling of repulsion, as the meaning of it all reveals itself, changes to an envious admiration of the pure and simple faith, the vivid realization and firm grasp of the supernatural surrounding us, which are common alike to the rich and cultured and to the poorest peasant of a truly Catholic land.

The beautiful Swiss town of Lucerne gave me my first experience of Catholicism out of England. I was on my way to Rome, and arrived at Lucerne in the early morning, when everything was shrouded in mist. By noon, however, the

clouds had lifted, and the sun shone brilliantly in a pure October sky. Then I had my first sight of the Alps. Pilatus, somewhat terrible to me from the grim legend associated with its name, gradually disclosed its huge mass as the mist evaporated, drawn upwards by the warm sunshine, while on the other side of the blue lake the tall crest of the Rigi pierced the sky. The graceful twin spires of the "Hofhirche" attracted me first, and, as soon as I had breakfasted, I hastened thither. As I passed through the streets, I was greatly pleased by a charming custom of the bright-faced children, who, whenever they meet a priest, go up to him with a pleasant smile, and, first kissing their own hand, take his, with a cheery "God greet you." Every street corner has its little shrine, and the sweet image of the Madonna is everywhere to be seen.

Evidences that I was in a Catholic town met me at every turn, and, when I reached the Cathedral, this pleasant, and, to me, entirely novel impression was intensified. A large cemetery surrounds the church, and the extensive cloister about the cemetery is full of monuments, well cared for, and showing the affection of the living for their dead. But what attracted my attention most were the pious Catholic inscriptions, breathing at once both hope and petition, carrying on the tradition of the Christian cemeteries of Rome herself, whose touching memorials I was soon to look upon. Here, in the reverent appeals for mercy, light, and peace for the departed, and in the loving care bestowed upon their last resting-places, was one of the strongest proofs of continuity with the church of the Catacombs. I had hoped to hear a recital upon the famous organ of the Cathedral, but was doomed to disappointment, for the season was over, and the tourist departed. I spent my time, therefore, in wandering about the exquisitely clean streets, and observing the ways and customs of the people, whose faces reflected a simple and kindly disposition.

Lucerne is in the beaten track of tourists, and what was new to me may be familiar to many readers of this little sketch. I will spare them, therefore, much description of the guide-book order. The beautiful bridge, with its painted roof; the antique lantern-tower; the quay; the blue waters of the lake and the fine road which skirts it, running along the lower slopes of the stupendous snow-clad mountains; the cattle browsing on the green sward, betraying their whereabouts by the mellow tinkling of their bells—all these things have been well and often described before. To myself, amongst so much that was new and beautiful and entrancing, the chief pleasure came from the feeling that I was in the midst of a Catholic people, that every church enshrined the Blessed Sacrament, that every one I met was my brother or sister in the true faith. Before concluding I must record my first Benediction service in a Catholic land. Darkness had fallen, and mists were beginning to rise from the lake, and to mount up towards the snowy peaks from which the sunset rays had now faded. I was meditating a return to my hotel, when a gleam of light from the open portal of a large church attracted me. I entered, and found a considerable congregation assembled for night prayers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The only light was given by the brilliantly illuminated altar and a number of little candles, of which every worshipper had brought one, affixing it by means of a few drops of wax to the pew in front. This gave a solemn appearance to the assembly; the lofty vaulted arches of the roof above, and the remoter parts of the great church being shrouded in gloom, while the lights twinkled like stars scattered about the nave and aisles. It reminded me of the

Royal Chapel of St. George at Windsor, which is lighted, at the time of evening service, by rows of wax tapers fitted into sconces in the stalls of the magnificent choir. Soon, to a bold and virile melody, rose the familiar strains of the *O Salutaris Hostia*, sung by all present, with a stirring and heart-raising effect not to be gained from the most cultivated efforts of a trained choir singing in presence of a silent congregation. Here were faith and adoration and devotion, expressed in the whole-hearted song of those united voices, singing to the Lord of All, who vouchsafed His Presence and His Blessing in the Sacred Host upon the altar. Benediction having been given to the kneeling multitude, and the "Divine Praises" having been recited in a tongue to me unknown, I wended my way to rest with the melody of the *Adoremus* ringing in my ears, and enjoyed a repose much needed in preparation for my journey of the morrow.

I WILL NOT GO TO MULLAGHORE.

BY PATRICK ARCHER.

I will not go to Mullaghore
For I like not the bare bleak hill
Where the fierce winds blow, and the driving snow
Beats cold 'gainst the old wind-mill.
And tho' Murty Brien may have sheep and kine,
A mill, and a power o' land,
Yet I will not go to Mullaghore
With the pledge of a heartless hand.

I oft look west, when the sun seeks rest,
And black 'gainst the crimson skies
The mill I see and it beckons to me
As its long arms fall and rise,
The store of gold of old Murt, I'm told
A market *cleeve* would fill,
Yet I will not go to Mullaghore
For I like not the bare bleak hill.

My heart would grieve the plains to leave
Where my forefathers lived and died
And I'll not deceive for a gold-filled cleeve
My handsome young Steve MacBride.
Tho' my father says I must mend my ways
And marry the "Man o' the mill"
I will not go to Mullaghore
For I like not the bare bleak hill.

Cleeve, a basket.

SISTER AGNES.

BY LUCIE LECHASSEUR.

"She was in truth an angel with us," said the Mother Superior. "Indeed she was an angel before she came to St. Hyacinthe as a student. Her story is a beautiful one and proves to me the divinity which guides our actions where we are wise enough to follow the hand of God pointing the way."

The kind old sister filled my tea cup and pressed another dainty cake upon me before continuing the story she knew I so longed to hear.

"Dear child," said she, "you are a mother,—you have had your sorrows. I love to tell the story to those whom I know will understand and sympathize. Some day when we send your dear little girl home to you, grown up, and beautiful in mind and soul, you will tell her the story of our Sister Agnes. It will be an inspiration to her as it is to us all."

The sweet accent of the Mother Superior, speaking her own soft tongue, was like dreamy music to me, and I felt within a restful peace and happiness as I reflected on the fate that brought my fatherless little one to this old convent and into the care of these good sisters.

My tears answered the tender pressure of the old sister's hand and the Vesper songs that came drifting through the open windows, from the chapel across the lawn, seemed to fit into the story, just as the rich draperies of the holy pictures about us seemed to accent the thought in the mind of the painter.

"It is a far cry indeed," continued the sister, "from these old convent walls here in Quebec, to the green hills of that Killarney where Sister Agnes first saw the light of day, and a strange fate indeed was in store for her as she patiently took up the task her poor mother had found too hard for her, and to which after a long struggle she succumbed.

"In her home Agnes had never known aught but poverty and sore distress. Her father was a poor farmer without education, and as the result of an accident his health was not of the best. The mother was a sad gentle creature more fitted for a convent life of prayer than the grinding duty put upon her. Agnes had gone to a convent as a child and had some knowledge of books, although her real reason for going was to learn to sew and knit and make laces in order to help out the family.

"She was the oldest of the four children, and when the poor mother died she naturally took the place made vacant. It was a hard task, for a child of twelve, to care for the little brothers and sister, but uncomplainingly she took up the work. Her only comforter was the good priest of the village.

"Often did Sister Agnes tell me, when she first came to us, of her struggles to provide the family with food when the crops had failed, and how the old curé gave her of his own scanty store, and how when her father was sick he sent the village doctor with medicines, and how, once, he had sent some of the holy wine for the sick man. Long she prayed for the good priest; and when, years after, she heard of his death, for a month she scarcely ate or drank, praying constantly for his soul's repose. Ah! dear lady, she was an angel always. For three years she gave her heart to the work and she had her reward when her father, restored to health, was able to till his farm sufficiently to provide for his family.

"The second oldest child, a girl, was

sent to the convent near at hand to learn to sew and to make the laces. Between the two sisters many pieces were made, and through the old curé they sold the product of their labors to the rich ladies near their home. It was thus Sister Agnes lived until she was fifteen, and then the hand of destiny was made manifest. She has told me how the good curé came one day to her humble cottage door just at dusk, and how he told her of a great fortune that had come to the village.

"'Far away in America,' said he, 'is a city in which are many great mills where thousands of people work at the looms making cloth of all kinds. To-day has come a good man from one of these mills and he will take away with him many of our girls. I have read his letters carefully and I have great confidence in all he says. I intend to select a number of my best girls; those I'll be safe in letting go.

"'Agnes,' said he, 'your work here is hard and you have but a poor chance to better yourself. If you go out there to America you will have good wages and will be able to help your family far more than if you stay here, and maybe some day we will send them all to join you.

"'At any rate,' said the curé, 'I'll see that they are taken good care of here while you are away, and now that the father is doing well, they will manage with God's help.'

"It was thus Agnes came to America, together with some hundreds of other poor girls like herself, to work on the looms in one of the cities of New England.

"The man who had been sent as the agent of the great mills had been a brave soldier; and as he was a good Catholic and an Irishman, he guarded his charge most carefully until he brought them safely to the city of Nashua. There was at that time a scarcity of the right kind of help to handle the looms, and Major O'Grady had suggested the advisability of bringing from Ireland some girls who would take an interest in that kind of work. He had been led to this idea through the advice of one of the priests of Nashua, who, having come from Ireland, knew only too well the needs of the poor girls of that country.

"Major O'Grady was selected to go to Ireland and gather up from the various villages the girls needed. And thus came our dear sister. Two years she worked in the mills before anything happened to disturb the quiet life. Each day was like the others, a continued round of work. It was not that it was hard, after the eye and the hand had become used to the work,—but it was tiresome and the life was very lonely for the poor child, far removed from all she loved.

"Sundays were her joy; for she spent almost the whole day in church. Early she attended Mass, and when her simple dinner was over and her work done, (she had her own room and got her own meals, in order to save for the distant ones) she hastened to Vespers. Long she stayed to pray and to thank God for her good fortune, and long she thought of the dear ones at home. Each Sunday evening, as well as she could, she wrote out her simple story and sent it to the good priest as she had promised. Every month she sent all the money she had saved, and often she left herself scarcely enough to bring her through the week.

"The receipt of the money always brought a word from the curé, for she never failed to tell him to reserve a little to repay him for all he had done for her. Now and then some extra economy would enable her to suggest a Mass for her dear mother's soul; and the curé never forgot to send her his blessing and his advice whenever she asked for guidance.

"About two years after she came to Nashua she took cold and for a week

could not go out. The good Major O'Grady who had always at heart the interest of his girls, as he called them, was not long in sending the doctor, M. Deschênes, a young French Canadian of noble origin. I knew his people well; indeed my own mother's people were of the same blood. He had been educated here in Quebec, and after finishing his studies in France he had returned to America and, following many of his people, had settled in Nashua, to practice his profession. Thus did fate bring these two children together.

"Doctor Deschênes attended the little exile and from the first he was interested in her. He soon grew to know her well, and called on her, bringing books from his library. He was a devout Catholic, and many times he walked with her from the church to her humble home. He had brought with him from Canada his mother and sister, after the death of his father, and as good fortune had come to him it was not long before he had gathered a goodly competence.

"His family was looked upon as being very superior and his interest in the poor little Irish girl was not long unnoticed. I need not tell you that Agnes was a beautiful girl at that time. I have a copy of a photograph that the doctor had her pose for. It was the only touch of vanity she ever permitted herself, and when she came here she gave me the one picture she had left, asking me to burn it in order to put aside the last thoughts of the world.

"As she was at that time uneducated and very sensitive she felt the superiority of the doctor and his family. He had introduced her to his mother and sister, and they had called on her and invited her to come to see them, but her modesty and sensitiveness kept her aloof. Many of her companions at the mill misunderstood the kind attentions of Doctor Deschênes, and spoke harsh things amongst themselves. Some of the more gross-minded even passed remarks in her presence. Her natural modesty was turned against her, and her quiet ways were pointed out by her petty tormentors as an evidence of her being secretive.

"Doctor Deschênes had learned through Major O'Grady all about the history of the little flower, and of her family at home. He knew her economies and her faithfulness to her people, and one Christmas in the fulness of his heart, through his sister, he had given to Agnes a pretty dress of plain dark silk. In her innocence of evil she told one of her friends of the present, and when the silk was made up she wore it to church. This incident gave rise to much talk at the mill, and the poor girl was not long in learning the cruel suspicions of many of her companions. Her pure mind could not conceive of the distorted stories that were passed around.

"It was whispered about that the good doctor was not honest in his intentions towards her; for it did not enter the minds of her detractors that her pure character and modest ways could be attractive to a young man of wealth. They saw all about them a sinful life, and knew only too well the signs that indicate the pathway of sin. It was a sad day for the gentle little Agnes when her eyes were opened to the deceit and slander about her, and in her honest way she told the Doctor's sister of her distress.

"When the story came to M. Deschênes, he was much troubled, and took counsel with the priest of the parish. He told the good Father that he loved Agnes and if she would consent he would make her his wife. Father Reardon pointed out the objections to such a course at that time. 'She is too young,' said he; 'and besides, her station in life is not equal to your own. It is too much of a sacrifice for you, and she would never be able to understand you.' 'But I can wait,' said the young man. 'I am rich and can well

afford to send her to a convent for a few years.' 'What of her people at home?' asked the priest. 'I'll be only too glad to send them even more help than they get now,' said the doctor. The priest thought it all over for a long time before replying. He knew the conditions in the mill and that the poor girl's life would be a torture there. He knew that the doctor was a most honorable man and that his wealth permitted him to carry out the plans he had suggested. His only fear was that the delicate, sensitive girl would not understand the life before her and that it might in some way interfere with the future work of the young doctor. After much reflection he promised to visit Agnes and talk it over with her. 'I must act like a father to the poor child,' said he; 'as soon as I can I'll see her, then we can arrange what is best to be done.' Within a few days a most terrible affair happened that brought matters to a crisis.

"Father Reardon had not found time to see Agnes before news came to him that she was at home, sick, having been openly insulted and beaten by one of the girls who worked near her in the mill. No one knew just what had occurred, for Agnes was too much overcome to speak of the affair.

"Father Reardon visited her when she recovered and learned the story, but he never divulged it; nor did Agnes ever say any more about it. I learned from the priest these few facts when he came here with Agnes to arrange for her education. Doctor Deschênes had a desire to have her educated in his own native city, and he selected St. Hyacinthe, because of his acquaintance with us. She was to be taught as far as possible in French, as his family used that language altogether in their home. From the very first she seemed to love me more than the rest,—perhaps because I was more like a mother to her,—I was not then the Mother Superior. For five years she stayed as a student, and she developed into a beautiful woman. Of a studious character she soon made great progress, and her greatest delight was to master the French, and indeed she excelled us all in its use later on.

"I shall carry to my grave the music of her sweet accent; for it had in it all the richness of her native tones besides its own natural beauty; and when she sang you were reminded of the minstrels of her own native land. She could sing in minor chords and although her voice was not strong, the rich pure tones went to one's very soul.

"Ah! dear child, I shall never again listen on earth to a sweeter harmony than our choir at Vespers on Sundays. We wept tears of joy when she sang, and it was as if a band of angels had come to us when she gathered the girls about her, all robed in white, to chant the Christmas carols. Each year Doctor Deschênes came to visit her and I could see that he went away deeper in love with her than when he came. It was a pure exalted love, almost adoration; for he realized the depths of her mind and soul.

"Her progress in her studies surprised him, as indeed it did all of us; for she was never content unless she was employed at some task. Her old training in making laces came into play, and she soon became our teacher in that art. I will show, some day, much of her work; we keep it to guide the work of the students. Before her day of graduation arrived the Mother Superior, Sister Alexis, realized that Agnes was not intended for the world. I too, from my confidential talks with her felt that it would be a sad day for her when she had to go.

"While she never permitted herself to dwell on her love for the convent life, yet many times she would say to me that our work was truly noble and that she would go out into the world to take up her duties full of inspiration. Her love for her peo-

ple grew stronger as she realized how much she would soon be able to do for them. Letters from home brought glad news to her of the continued prosperity of them all. Her heart-felt gratitude to Doctor Deschênes for his noble kindness was touching to behold.

"Ah! my child, I could dwell for hours on the loveliness of her ways. It is sweet for me in my fast declining days to reflect on the soul that God put into our hands, to cherish, to foster, and to love. How shall I tell you of the mysterious ways in which God performs His wonders? We are as children in His divine hands.

"The glorious end came just before the day of graduation. Doctor Deschênes and Father Reardon had come from Nashua, and after a long talk with the Mother Superior, Agnes was called to this very room. Sister Alexis told me of it long after. It seems that Father Reardon and the young man had long since divined the truth, and although M. Deschênes was quite broken-hearted that his hopes were shattered, the good priest had succeeded in showing him his duty.

"It remained for Agnes to tell them of her hopes and aspirations. She was prepared to accept the advice of her friends as to her future course, but the good priest and Mother Superior were wise enough to show her that the choice lay with herself. Doctor Deschênes most nobly held himself aloof.

"Thus it was that Agnes on that summer day more than twenty years ago made her choice as the Bride of Heaven. The doctor went away full of religious resignation. He realized that he was but the humble agent of a Divine Power and he went back to his duty, impressed profoundly. For a year Sister Agnes continued her work in the convent before she took the veil.

"Doctor Deschênes gave himself up to deep meditation for some time and we learned later that he entered one of the missionary orders, after providing for his people and for the family of Agnes. His career was a glorious one as you may well believe.

"Five years ago he came here to read a Mass for our beloved Sister Agnes when she died after a life of holy works. Each year he returns to say a Mass for her on the anniversary of her death. You saw him this morning, and when you asked me who he was I felt I must tell you the story."

AN OLD TIME IRISH MOTHER.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

It has been a source of more than ordinary surprise to many people to see how bravely the Irish race has taken up what at the beginning, must have seemed to foreigners, and even to many of the Irish themselves, the hopeless task of reviving their language and resurrecting its old literature. The story is told that at the beginning of the movement for the revival of the Cjeckish or modern Bohemian language, a half century or so ago, there were but seven reasonably educated men who knew the old language of their country and its literature. One day a noise in the street close to the house in which they were holding one of their preliminary meetings seemed to threaten a serious accident of some kind, and Jungmann, who was the presiding genius at the meeting, said "if this ceiling should fall, there would be an end of the Cjeckish language for ever." Perhaps the Irish situation was never quite so bad as that, but a few short years ago any serious thought of a revival of the old language seemed very unpromising, while now the Gaelic is in a fair way to rival the Cjeckish revival, which had almost a half century start of it.

Very few realize, however, how much of enthusiasm and devotion to the cause has been demanded of the evangelists of the movement and it is indeed a matter for hearty congratulation that the success reaped has been so marked in so short a time. Perhaps, however, not enough of gratitude is felt towards the old Irish peasants who have clung so faithfully to the ancient tongue of their fathers, and thus have kept it alive during all the years when their persistence in its use seemed only a hindrance to their industrial success and when their material prosperity, and their children's success, would without doubt, have been much greater had they devoted themselves entirely to the acquisition of a working knowledge of English, instead of quixotically insisting on the family use of the old tongue.

When the accounts of what the Irish language owes to former generations of Ireland's people are made up, it will be found that it was especially the Irish women who clung most faithfully to the native language of their forefathers, and who taught their children its use so that it remains a priceless heritage for our generation, a living language with an unbroken tradition of daily use as far back as history goes. While the men who went out to their work learned English and gradually got away from the purity of the Irish speech, the women at home not only preserved the language, but also the folk-lore tales and the characteristic bits of Irish traditions that have proved such a mine of treasure for the modern Gaelic revivalist.

I was reminded very forcibly not long since of the debt Irish people owe to the Irish mothers of the past generations by a striking story of an Irish mother of the very olden times, which is to be found in J. Fulford Vicary's "Saga Time."* The story is a very characteristic expression of the Irish love for the old sod, the old language and the home, which has always been strong among the descendants of the Gaels, and which the modern Celtic movement now serves to make stronger than ever. It seems worthy of finding a place in

*Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, 1887.

the literature of the Gaelic movement then, and that has been the idea in rescuing it from its obscurity. The legend might well prove the basis for a poem for a modern Irish bard. It is given simply as it appears in its old-fashioned garb in Vicary, though there are certain features as for instance the supposition at the end of the story that evidence is needed for an individual existence of the Gaelic language at the end of the tenth century is gratituous.

"That the Irish had a great love for their language very early is apparent from the romantic story of Melkorka, as narrated in the Laxdaeler's saga. The date was towards the close of the tenth century. Hoskuld, an Icelander, had sailed to Norway and then down to the Danish islands, and attended a large fair that was held for the purpose of trading. There was much drinking, many games, and a numerous number of dealers offering their wares. Hoskuld saw a man in colored clothing, with a Russian hat, and asked if his name was not Gille the Gerdske (Russian) and if he had anything to sell that would please him to buy.

"You say that you may try me," said Gille. "I can supply you with anything you like to ask for."

"I want a woman thrael," said Hoskuld.

Gille lifted up a curtain and offered to sell a dozen women, like so many dolls or other articles at a fair.

Hoskuld selected a woman that was poorly clad, but very good-looking.

"What is the price?" asked Hoskuld.

"Three marks by weight," said Gille.

"That is three times the market price," said Hoskuld.

"That is quite true, but I will not sell that woman under three marks by weight of silver; either of the others you can have for one mark."

"I will buy her," said Hoskuld.

"There is one defect that the woman has, which I will mention," said Gille. "She is dumb. I have tried to get her to speak, but she either will not or can not."

"Bring out your scales and weigh the silver," said Hoskuld. "I will have the woman."

The next day, Hoskuld directed the woman to be dressed in a better manner, and shortly after returned to Iceland.

When Hoskuld arrived, he could not tell the name of the woman, as he did not know it, or anything about her, as she appeared unable to hear or speak. She had a son, who was afterwards named Olav Pa, or Olav the Peacock, on account of his good looks.

One day Hoskuld was out early, looking after his farm, when he heard two persons speaking. It was Melkorka and little Olav. Hoskuld asked her why she did not speak to him.

"My name is Melkorka, and I am the daughter of the Irish king Myrkjartan," replied the thrael woman. "I was taken prisoner, when fifteen, by the Vikings."

Hoskuld told his wife Jorun, who said she disbelieved the whole story. Melkorka left Hoskuld, and lived at Melkorkastad, which even in the thirteenth century was in ruins.

When Olav Pa grew up, his mother married a man called Thorbjorn Skrjup, to obtain a start in life for Olav. She gave him articles of value to take to Ireland, and told him that she had done her best to teach him the Irish language, so that he could speak to her countrymen when he arrived there. Olav's Irish visit was successful, and the use of the Irish language, which his mother Melkorka had taught him, was necessary. Olav Pa returned to Iceland, and bore testimony to the truth of his mother's history, which was supported by the gifts his grandfather, the Irish king, Myrkjartan, had

bestowed upon him. The Irish language was, therefore, distinct from the old Norsk, or Icelandic.

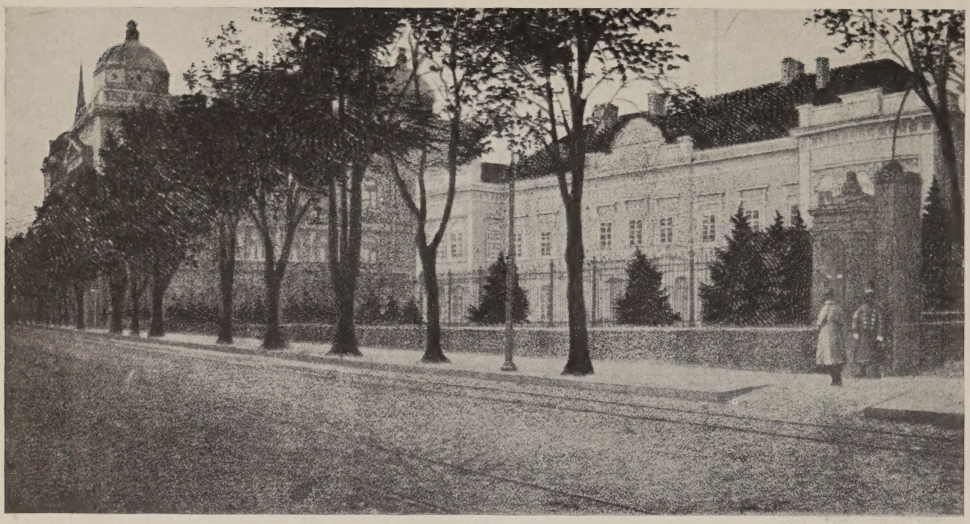
It is indeed interesting to find this poor expatriated Irish girl preferring for long years to seem to be dumb rather than to take up the language of her master, since she feared she might thus forget the old Irish. And then when her son comes, to be a welcome companion in her loneliness, her motherly effort to teach him Irish in the hope that some time he might be able to go back to the home of his ancestors and be properly recognized by his relatives is surely a trait that every Irish mother heart will find eminently sympathetic. Even at this early period in the history of the race many of the most prominent features of the Irish character are manifest, and the touch at the end of the story according to which after the son has grown up his mother marries again in order to be able to provide him with a proper starting is a bit out of the very heart of the nature of Celtic mother love. That her son should have been so handsome and so stately of bearing as to be called the peacock is of course not surprising for what Irish mother's son is not a prince among men.

A LOYAL SERVIAN SOLDIER.

BY E. H.

In the midst of the treachery, the turpitude, which the Servian tragedy of last June revealed to the world as existent in the highest circles of a kingdom pretending to modern culture and civilization, one turns with relief to those whose Christian attitude stands forth in striking contrast. Such a figure is General Franassovitch, an old-time follower of the now annihilated Obrenovitch dynasty. He happens to be that rare combination, a Servian and a Roman Catholic, the only one of his creed, we believe, ever admitted to the state service of this "orthodox" kingdom. His father was captain of the vessel which conveyed the liberator, Milosh Obrenovitch, to the Austrian shore when the adherents of the present, Karageorgevitch, dynasty obtained his banishment. When, after a short experiment, the people sent a deputation to invite him back again, the old warrior fearing treachery, made it one of the conditions of his return that Franassovitch should be the man to command his escort. It was then that the young Dragutin (Charles) came under the notice of Milosh's son, Prince Michael, and when the latter was assassinated, in 1868, the accession of his cousin, the boy Milan, did not sever young Franassovitch's connection with the palace. The stalwart, handsome young officer whose talents soon brought him to the first rank, was, of course, attacked in his quality of "papist." Indeed, throughout his career, this taunt was continually flung at him by those who would willingly step into his place, and who could accuse him of naught else. However, whether as diplo-

matic envoy on an important mission to the Czar, or as Minister of War during a stormy period of office, he succeeded everywhere in justifying the choice of those in authority. His efficiency in the discharge of the most difficult tasks silenced his opponents and one incident fixed him more firmly than ever in the royal favor. An insane woman fired at King Milan in a public assembly and missed her aim. Before she had again adjusted, Franassovitch sprang forward and seized her hand. In this position the pistol was turned towards his own breast and thus he remained until the arrival of the gendarmes who secured her. He had risked his life for the king's. It was King Milan's wish that the young aide-de-camp should adopt the religion of the state but his reply that he would much rather resign his brilliant post and serve the king in a humbler way made the monarch think better of his proposal. Short-sighted as he was in the appointment of those whom he placed near his person King Alexander shared his father's view in this case, and was heard to re-echo Milan's words: "Catholic or not, it is not easy to replace Franassovitch." Among those in daily contact with him, Franassovitch passed for the best-natured fellow in the army and his enemies were to be found only among those actuated by religious prejudice and totally removed from his personal influence.



THE ROYAL PALACE, BELGRADE

Although he remonstrated eloquently with the young king on the occasion of his ill-advised marriage, General Franassovitch yielded to subsequent entreaties and consented to retain his post, the Chancellorship of Orders and Decorations. This is the highest dignity in the state service and the General retained it up to the date of the tragedy when, in spite of threats and promises, he resigned it, together with the uniform he had worn through three wars. On the fatal morning of June 11th, last year, he was awakened by the sound of firing in the direction of the palace. He hastily dressed and was on his way to the royal residence when he was met by a party of soldiers who charged him, in the king's name, to accompany them without hesitation or resistance. "It is very strange that his majesty should summon his faithful Franassovitch after this fashion," reflected the

THE CHURCH IN WHICH THE MANGLED BODIES OF THE ROYAL VICTIMS WERE HASTILY INTERRED

puzzled General; but he was too true a soldier to do aught but obey. He continued his way surrounded by the guard, and preoccupied with the possible cause of the disturbance. Of all surmises, the banishment of the Queen and her clique, long demanded by the people, seemed the most probable. "But why make such a to-do?" he asked himself. "His majesty's father, God forgive him! got rid of a beautiful and virtuous wife with much less noise! If he is resolved to hearken to the people's wishes, surely there is nobody to oppose him."

At the palace gates they were met by an officer who broke into a storm of oaths as he caught sight of them.

"You have made a mistake, you booby!" he shouted to the sergeant. "We don't want this man here. Keep him at home and guard him carefully. General! if you leave your house you are a dead man."

"If this is how my king repays my life-long service," answered Franassovitch with indignation, "he will not at least refuse an explanation to my grey hairs! I demand to be led before him!"

"Better not insist!" sneered the officer, who, as it afterwards appeared was an active conspirator, and again he gave the order to have the General conveyed to his house where he remained under arrest.

Only many hours later did he learn, with grief and horror, by the conversation of some men passing under his window, that a terrible crime had been committed, and who were the victims.

"It is shamefully unjust," says the General, "to attribute the foul deed to the army or the people of Servia. The soldiers who arrested me, as well as those who formed the line round the palace while the tragedy was being enacted within,

SERVIAN INFANTRY.

were perfectly ignorant of the true state of affairs. When we all learned the truth it was too late. Every arsenal and every fort was in the hands of the regicides. King Alexander left no heir and nothing remained to loyal soldiers but to bow their heads and leave redress in God's hands."

With regard to the metropolitan's sanction of the crime, he remarks: "You could not find the most indigent or ignorant Catholic priest to do such a thing. If my Church has sometimes seemed to stand in the way of my worldly advancement I thank God that I belong to her to-day. It is my only consolation."

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL, MAIN BUILDING.

A MODEL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

BY IAN JAY MCGARVEY.

There are perhaps few sections of the United States that contain as many well-established charities as Philadelphia and vicinity, and one of these is St. Francis' Industrial School, at Eddington, Pa., with its farm of teeming acres yielding prolific crops annually. There are, however, other features of the school besides the farm that command the attention. These include the academic and the manual training courses that bring out the best side of the three hundred boy pupils, inculcate practical lessons, develop their individuality, and tend to make of them Christians and respectable citizens who need not fear to go into the world and confront the problems of life. St. Francis' School is an industrial school that teaches actual industry; boys are made practical and not theoretical workers.

This institution was opened in 1889, having been conveyed by deed to the corporations of St. John's Orphanage Asylum of Philadelphia, by its founders, Mrs. Elizabeth Drexel Smith and Mrs. Louise Drexel Morrell, wife of Colonel Edward Morrell, Congressman from the fourth Philadelphia district. These generous ladies founded St. Francis' School in memory of their father, the late Francis A. Drexel, of the firm of Drexel, Morgan and Company. The cost of the school, including machinery, buildings, farm and grounds, aggregated $400,000 and this amount in no way includes the handsome endowment that Mr. Smith and Mrs. Morrell subsequently provided for the school.

Few schools in this country are so extensive in the scope of their work, and so

perfect in their arrangement as St. Francis. The efforts of its donors are not confined to this special activity, but extend into numerous fields of usefulness. Boys who have enjoyed or are enjoying the privileges of St. Francis in years to come will glance backward with commendable pride, and be thankful for the excellent opportunities so amply afforded them. Magnificent has been the outlay, not to speak of the care and interest which the patrons, Mr. and Mrs. Morrell, have taken in the welfare of the school since it was organized. The outcome of such an enterprise must be problematical until it has been proved that it is no longer a venture, and that St. Francis is a success is attested by the results of its different departments. The aim of the institution is to send forth children thoroughly equipped to take their place in the world, and fortified against its temptations by a well-defined faith, an abiding hope, and a never failing charity.

In regard to the supervision of the school, conducted by sixteen Christian Brothers, under Brother Ferdinand, pertinent suggestions are frequently made by the directors—His Grace, Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D., Bishop Prendergast, Mrs. Joseph H. Sinnot, Mr. William McGrath, Rev. James Turner, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, and Rev. Joseph F. Haley.

BAND OF THE BRANCH SCHOOL.

The Brothers also exercise a kindly supervision over the boys after graduation, by turning them over to the branch school and home at 507 S. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, where their interests are guarded and employment secured for

them. The boys are privileged to make the branch their permanent home if they desire, and on account of its central location and the provisions made for their comfort and enjoyment by Brother Dominic and his four assistants they often do so.

St. Francis is exclusively an industrial school for poor boys. The qualifications necessary for admission are that the applicant must be eleven years of age, of promising character, cleanly habits, and of a physical condition to pass the inspection of the resident physician. The right, however, of admission to the school is first granted to the boys of St. John's Orphan Asylum, of Philadelphia, of which Archbishop Ryan is the guiding spirit, and which is maintained by the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. That great caution is exercised lest none but the deserving youths are retained is shown in the rule that places every boy on a month's probation, and then if he does not come up to the requirements he is returned to his parents or guardian by the board of directors.

The farm, the garden, dairy, stock-raising and the trades, all combine to develop the boy and train him in different ways by which he may earn an honest living. He is under no expense whatever, whether he be in for a six or four year term. The course of instruction is for four years, while the more diligent and worthy may continue their course for two years longer and graduate with additional honors, thereby stimulating others to follow their good example. The academic course consists of the common branches,

IN ONE OF THE INFIRMARIES.

including reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, mensuration, bookkeeping, linear, free-hand and architectural drawing.

Classes in manual training consist of stone-cutting, plumbing, carpentry, cabinet-making, altar and pulpit building, wood carving, modeling in clay, sign and fresco painting, blacksmithing, lead glazing, stained glass, embossing, Venetian iron-work, tailoring and shoemaking. It has been the persistent aim of the good Brothers to make manual training the important factor, not simply as a training of the hand, but more than that to aid in developing powers of the mind.

Every department has been equipped at great cost with modern machinery, tools, and apparatus, that the youth may be an up-to-date mechanic, fitted to engage in active business.

Not many industrial schools possess a museum of industrial arts equaling the collection in St. Francis, which is regarded as a splendid exhibit of the academic and industrial ability of the pupils. It speaks forcefully for the spirit of progress that permeates the entire working of the school. The exhibition hall is one of the largest rooms in the main building. Chief among its attractions are eight large stained glass cathedral windows. The rich coloring and the beautiful designs give the impression that they are the work of artists, instead of being designed and executed by the boys of St. Francis.

CABINET MAKING DEPARTMENT.

There are other specimens of the genius of the students, including wood-

TAILORING

BOOK-KEEPING AND ARITHMETIC CLASS.

carving, from the elementary figure to some well-advanced work. There are large colored drawings of classical edifices, and renowned buildings of modern times. Ornamental drawings are especially noticeable, also many pastel, oil and water color paintings, among which are large portraits of active friends of the institution. There are works in sign painting, on glass and on wood, marble carving and stone cutting. A slab of marble which adorns the wall is especially noteworthy. It shows forth in miniature upon its finely chiselled face emblems of various trades, and has been universally admired as evidence of genius rarely revealed in the work of the novice.

Altar and pulpit making has reached a perfection not equalled in this country, perhaps, in an industrial school. The boys have filled contracts for various churches in different sections of the country; some of the finest specimens of their work are in St. Ann's church, Philadelphia, St. Josaphat's, Manayunk, St. Mary's, Gloucester, N. J., St. Rose, Laurel Run, and St. Francis of Eddington.

There are also specimens of shoemaking, tailoring, cabinet-making, blacksmithing, plumbing, chair-making and of the other crafts. An excellent example of the wood-working department is a reproduction of antique design in the form of a sideboard in Mr. Morrell's Philadelphia home. In his Washington residence there is furniture from St. Francis', which has been admired for its beauty by ambassadors and ministers from all over the world.

Additional evidence that the trades the boys learn produce practical results is furnished in the more than six hundred suits of clothing and as many pairs of shoes, that were turned out last year for home use. The boys spend five hours in classroom studies and three hours in training, devoting the rest of the twenty-four to recreation, sleep, and meals.

Of late a course of military drill-work has been introduced in St. Francis'. The benefits of military discipline are so evident that they need no recommendation. Besides affording wholesome excitement and a refreshing pastime to the scholars, it enables them to acquire a manly bearing and supplies to some extent the place of a regular course in athletics. It tends moreover to instil patriotism and promote obedience.

An infantry battalion has been organized. It is composed of four companies officered by boys chosen from the school, and exercised according to the United States drill regulation. The companies are drilled regularly in fair weather, every Thursday afternoon, on the spacious lawn in front of the main building. In inclement weather the drills are carried on under shelter. The battalion is under the command of Captain J. S. Whitaker of the Third Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania. So far this branch of the curriculum has been an entire success and has commended itself to every one interested in the school. The school does not make a specialty of tactics, but the marching evolutions of the boys when out on parade indicate that they equal the pupils of any of the purely military schools in the vicinity of Philadelphia. There is a brass band of thirty pieces at the school, and a second one of nearly the same number from which the first one is recruited. The branch school in Philadelphia has also a band and drum corps of its own.

The chapel, during the Masses, resounds with the voices of the boys who are taught the hymns so dear to the Catholic heart. There is a well-provided library, and the youngsters have their athletics, foot ball teams, and hockey clubs and that purely American muscle

developing institution known as base ball.

The moral standing of the school is high. The little fellows are healthy and happy. They are honest and conscientious, their open and cheerful countenances speak well for them, no less than their manly bearing and unaffected politeness. Moreover, their absolute confidence in their teachers and their good-nature towards each other unite them in one family.

The Brothers say they have reason to be thankful to God Who has blessed their efforts so singularly since the beginning. The school in its progress has demonstrated that among the children of the poor and needy there is considerable latent art as well as much industrial talent that can be brought to full development. St. Francis' has kept moving onward in its great undertaking in accord with the intention of its generous founders who through this noble charity have done so much to equip poor boys for their life-work.

A PRAYER.

BY CAROLINE S. BRADY.

I give Thee my time, and what do I give?
  But briefest of seconds; were I to live
Years three score and ten, brief second 'twould be;
  Eternity's time belongs, Lord, to Thee.

I give Thee my strength, soul, body, and mind;
  Not less is the force of soft, summer wind
That stirs not a leaf, that moves not a tree;
  Infinity's strength belongs, Lord, to Thee.

I give Thee my wealth, and what give I then?
  Though I were to count in millions and ten,
'Twould be as a pebble cast on the shore;
  The universe Thine, Lord, what is there more?

I give Thee my love, but what do I say?
  The flower that blooms, and lives for one day,
In dying shows forth of love it hath part;
  All love is the essence, Lord, of Thy heart.

I give Thee my life, and what do I bring?
  The beast in the field, the bird on the wing
Draw breath from that source, from which I draw mine;
  All created life, O Lord, it is Thine.

I naught have to give, 'tis mine but to ask;
  I pray Thee, then, Lord, make known now my task;
Give light to my mind my duty to see,
  For everything else belongs, Lord, to Thee.

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

(Chapter XIV Continued.)

"Yet he is a horror." To judge by the Duchess' eyes a horror was a very pleasant thing. "I shall never forget how his poor mother told me that her carriage overtook him one day when he was tramping up a hill, laden down, like the ass and and its panniers, with an old goody's marketing."

"She couldn't carry it herself," said Lord Godfrey, simply. "My mother did not really think that I ought not to have done it. But now, my dear aunt, it is no use talking about me any longer. You are making me a bore of the first magnitude. And all the time Miss Daly quite agrees with me?"

"Oh, does she? You don't know Anne's pride, Godfrey. Her pride is. . .is. . . ." The Duchess cast about her for a word and found it,—"her pride is insensate."

Anne laughed, coloring a little.

"I agree with a great deal that Lord Godfrey has been saying," she said.

"You are thinking of your Irish peasants. But it is really that there is such an immense difference between you and them. And they are charming creatures, I acknowledge You wouldn't like Godfrey's working-men so much. The charm of your peasants is that there is nothing of the man and the brother or the woman and sister about them. Once socialism comes in they lose their manners. Socialism means letting everybody doeverything for themselves. Luckily Godfrey can't get over his early training, so he opens a door for me and fetches and carries for me. He needn't say it's for love, for he'd do as much for any woman."

"There is nothing against it in socialism," interjected Lord Godfrey. "And surely a service of love covers all service rendered to women by men."

"I don't like the . . . the moneyed people," said Anne. "It is one of the painful things about living in England. There is so much money. We never suffer from that complaint in Ireland."

"I should take the money from the moneyed classes and distribute it equally," said Lord Godfrey.

"He would have no aristocracy Anne." said the Duchess; "not an aristocracy of wealth, nor refinement, nor birth. He would have one man as good as another."

"Oh!" said Anne. "But you couldn't do it. You might as well talk of distributing beauty and genius."

"We shall do that in time," said Lord Godfrey. "I tell you what, Miss Daly, you must join us. You may not go all the way with us yet, but you will in time. I have discovered that there's a not very flourishing branch of the Socialist League in Elsdon. I'm going to reorganize it. Can't you help me?"

"Can't you let Elsdon alone, Godfrey? Elsdon employers are good to their people. The people are content."

"It is the worst thing possible for them to be contented. We shall stir up discontent."

"Then Anne won't help you."

The young man looked at her appealingly. Anne was good to look upon. He felt that her adhesion would be a great help to socialism.

"One of our planks is justice to Ireland," he said. "When we have educated the people a bit I want to get down an Irish member to speak at one of our meetings. I have little confidence in Parlia-

ment, but these fellows are going the right way about taking from the rich to give to the poor."

Anne had no more love of an argument as an argument than is common with women, and like her sex generally made up in heat what she lacked in debating power.

"It is altogether contrary to justice and equality," said the socialist calmly, "that one class should have even the power of protection over another. We would level everything."

"You can't. There will always be hills and hollows," said Anne.

She was already tired of the discussion and again like a woman disposed to think little of the capacity of the person who took the opposite view to opinions she cherished.

"Bravo, Anne!" said the Duchess. And then— "My poor Godfrey, *what* a socialist you have captured!"

"I don't despair of converting her," said Lord Godfrey, with excellent temper.

"I'd rather you'd get angry," said Anne, suddenly repenting her heat. "I don't like your English patience."

"It's another wrong to Ireland," said the Duchess.

Anne laughed.

"And a very trying one," she replied.

At this moment Angela came into the room, and the conversation took a less polemical turn. Yet, the Duchess, watching eagerly for the effect of Angela on Lord Godfrey, at first sight felt disappointed. He was plainly more interested in the discussion which Angela's coming had put an end to, and his eyes followed his aunt and Miss Daly when they had withdrawn themselves a little for a confidential chat.

"You must ask us to dinner," the Duchess said, "though you must expect to see that boy in a suit of navy serge, for he won't wear evening clothes, although I am grateful to say he hasn't yet adopted the flannel shirt and no collar, which is quite the thing among his socialist friends, I understand. He's enthusiastic about John Corbett, upon whom we called today, and didn't seem to remember he was one of the capitalists who ought to be despoiled. I wish he and Angela would fall in love with each other. Marriage might cure him of his nonsense."

"If it didn't drive it in deeper," said Anne. "But since Angela is engaged already. . . . "

"My dear Anne, what a gadfly of a tongue you have—at this moment for usually it only drops honey. Well then, Friday we shall say for you to dine at the abbey?"

"A pretty little girl," was Lord Godfrey's verdict on Angela as he drove homeward with the Duchess.

Anne that night scribbled a long entry in her diary for Gran.

"These English are a very mad people," she wrote. "Where else would you find a young man of Lord Godfrey Ingestre's position going about dressed like a working-man, and waiting to deprive us of the things we haven't got? And the maddest thing about him was, that he thought I, Anne Daly, could agree with him."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INTRUDER.

Mr. Olivarez had again dined at Minster. On this occasion his demeanor had not been as before, when he had quite obviously been Mr. Corbett's guest as a business connection, rather than as a friend or even a very congenial acquaintance. On the first occasion he had remained in the dining-room almost to the hour when the brougham was to take him to the station, and had only made his appearance in the drawing-room, redolent of cigar-smoking, to say good-bye to the ladies.

On this occasion, to Anne's annoyance

and amazement, he had followed her and Angela to the drawing-room almost immediately. He had come in and straddled the hearthrug with an air of ownership that offended Anne extremely, and had stood there staring in a well-pleased way at the two white creatures glimmering in the half-light of the shaded lamp as they sat side by side, their faces in shadow, the golden light throwing up brilliant reflections from the white silk gown each was wearing.

"We can't live by business alone," he said; "eh, Miss Daly? Corbett is a most exacting man. He'd have kept me to it if he could, but, 'no,' I said, 'we can't desert the ladies.' He let me go, only half pleased with me, I assure you. We can't all plug along like Corbett. Some of us have souls above business."

"Papa thought no doubt that he was pleasing you best by talking of business, Mr. Olivarez," said Angela with a little quiver of anger in her voice which Anne noticed with surprise, and loved her for. She had always thought Angela so sweet-tempered. But it was dear of her to be up in arms at a disparagement of her father although Anne herself would have ignored anything that came from the same source: but then Angela was younger.

If John Corbett had not come into the drawing-room quickly it would have been rather awkward for Anne would not have spoken to save her life and Angela was offended, and the two little girls who sat on footstools by Anne's sofa, their golden hair against her white gown, were absorbed in their story books. Old Mrs. Corbett was keeping her room, and Hetty was with her.

However, the entrance of the master of the house with his two sons saved Mr. Olivarez from the silence with which the two elder girls would have received his liveliness and the compliments he was turning over in his mind with which to delight them. With the coming of the men folk the chilliness of the atmosphere perceptibly thawed. John Corbett flung another log of wood on the fire which leaped up to receive it and wrapped it about in fragrant flames. Young John engaged Mr. Olivarez in a discussion of the latest American coal strike. Arthur turned on half-a-dozen electric lights. The tea came in and Anne took her place at the tea-tray, wishing that horrible man, as she called him, would not stare so, and would not insist on handing the cups, a thing the children claimed as their privilege in the happy homelike evenings.

When he had had his tea, Mr. Corbett asked for some music. Anne's Irish songs had taken the household by storm. She did not want to sing to Mr. Olivarez. She did not know why she thought of him in the matter, or why she was possessed by such an odd rage and impatience in his presence, so that it became a positive suffering to her. However, she could not well refuse; and the piano would be a refuge from those bold black eyes which were fixed on her in a way she found unendurable.

The boy, Cyril, who was her devoted lover, ran to turn her pages. But while Anne turned to smile at him, someone pushed him aside.

"Allow *me!*" said Mr. Olivarez, flashing all his diamonds before Anne's eyes as his short stubby fingers felt for the parting of the pages.

"Please, no," said Anne, with a half-despairing glance over her shoulder towards the fireside group. "He likes to do it for me. Please let him do it."

Little Cyril had not relinquished his position. The insolent strange person had pushed him out indeed, but his small hand was yet extended to turn the pages. He was looking at Olivarez with a flushed face and a heaving breast which would have amused that gentleman highly if only he had noticed them.

Suddenly a hand was placed on his shoulder.

"Come, Olivarez," said Mr. Corbett in a gentle, good-humored way. "We want you to tell us a little more of this business. And it is the boy's privilege which none of us dare interfere with."

Olivarez turned and stared at Cyril, then burst into laughter.

"Why, I had no idea," he said good-humoredly. "Forgive me, young gentleman."

He allowed himself to be led away, leaving Cyril breathing fire and fury after him. That anybody should have dared to laugh at him before Anne! If the boy's eyes following the black broadcloth back had been swords then Olivarez had been stabbed to the heart.

To Anne his disappearance was an immense relief, and she felt extravagantly grateful to John Corbett.

"Never mind, old fellow," she whispered to the boy, whose hurt sensitiveness she felt like a sore place of her own. "He doesn't know any better. We didn't want him interfering with us, did we?"

"Never mind," said the boy magnanimously. "I suppose he can't help being a beast."

"I would I were on yonder hill," sang Anne, filling the great room with the wild and rich melody of her voice.

"I would I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd weep and cry my fill,
Till every tear should turn a mill
Is go d-tiedh tu à mhuirnin slan.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
Around the world I'll beg my bread
Until my parents shall wish me dead
Is go d-tiedh tu à mhuirnin slan.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain.
I wish I had my heart again
And vainly think I'd not complain
Is go d-tiedh tu à mhuirnin slan."

A silence fell on the room as they listened to the artless words and the delicate music, as the passionate tenderness of the Irish refrain reached the listeners' ears through the cloak of the strange words. The silence lasted even when Anne had finished, till someone asked her for more.

She sang "The Castle of Dromore," "The Foggy Dew," "'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry," forgetting the one among her audience for whom she would not have wished to sing. She did not want to leave the piano, feeling securely intrenched there, with Cyril's shining loyal eyes sending her love-glances. If she left the piano the man, as she called him in abhorrence, might even presume to sit down beside her. And then what was she to do? She detested the idea of making anything like a scene by getting up and leaving him: and she felt it was impossible she could talk to him, so she stayed at the piano, singing her wild songs, playing her wild music, till it was time for the unwelcome stranger to depart.

He bowed over her hand with a flowery compliment as he said good-night. Anne looking down,—like a tragedy-queen though she was quite unconscious of the pose,—at the division between his black curls, detested him more than ever.

When he had gone she went to a distant window and flung it up, letting in the moonlight and the pure sharp air. There had been a slight fall of snow, and the flakes of it lay on the ivy about the window. She stood there a few seconds, drawing deep breaths. Then Mr. Corbett, who had accompanied his guest downstairs, came to her side.

"You will take cold," he said in a gentle peremptory way. "Have you forgotten that you are in evening dress?"

He closed the window as he spoke.

"I felt stifled," she said.

"Poor Olivarez. He's not a bad fellow. I'm sorry he annoyed you, Miss Daly."

"Forgive me. He was your guest," said Anne. "I'm ashamed of my own unreason. But I do not like him."

They went back and joined the little circle at the fire. Everyone seemed easier now that the guest had departed. Angela fetched her work-basket, and took out a delicate bit of needlework. She always amazed Anne by her industry. Anne loved to be idle at times, and could no more have made herself under-garments, or dainty baby-clothes for other people's children, as Angela did, than she could have made a watch. The children asked for a little longer. Mr. Olivarez had spoilt their evening. Their father smiled acquiescence. The two young men were having a friendly argument into which the father interjected now and again some remark, affectionate and rallying.

"It is so nice to be by ourselves again," breathed Cyril devoutly.

"It is so nice," echoed the little girls.

Anne, sitting in the chimney corner felt it pleasant to be one of that circle, and accounted of it as by right. Yet only four months ago how little she could have believed that possible. Then she had thought of the days that intervened between her and Witch's Castle as a desert of arid time. Now, she put out shoots and tendrils that gathered about the new life, the new people, and made them dear to her. Not like Witch's Castle, of course. Oh never that, but still dear as she had not thought it possible for English persons and an English place to be.

She was thinking her thoughts and insensibly watching Angela's face. Suddenly she became conscious that Angela was listening, listening although she never lifted her head from the white seam. Her eyes turned to the direction of the door. Her lips parted a little. A color came into her cheeks. She turned her head a little to one side, as though to catch the light upon her sewing.

"You should marry a poor man, Angela," said Anne, under cover of all the gay chatter that was going on around them. "You are so industrious. How much you have done since last night, and how beautifully!"

The door opened and someone came in. Not Willie Armytage. Anne had had a half-idea that Angela might have been expecting Willie Armytage, who was away for a few days with friends at a distance. It was the young painter, Mr. Vallance, who came in. He had been at dinner, but had been very silent, as though he too had found Mr. Olivarez an oppression, and had disappeared immediately afterwards. He came and went as he liked: it was a privilege of his art.

The children welcomed him with many shouts. They wanted him to play a game with them. Angela looked up and smiled at him. Mr. Corbett said: "Well, my lad," as though he had been a boy of his own. Now that he had come Anne had a curious sense that the circle was more complete. She looked at Angela. Angela was absorbed in her seam: a dreamy and quiet sweetness lay upon her lips as though she smiled a little. She wore a contented air as though now she could settle herself to the thing in hand without any more waiting. It caused Anne a vague perturbation.

Hetty had not come back to them. Anne was always a little more careful about Hetty than about Angela, because she loved her less. Hetty was wanted for the round game. Cyril offered to fetch her. No, Anne would do it: she was going to her own room for a book, and she wanted to say good-night to Mrs. Corbett. Mrs. Corbett had a maid to wait on her, but one of her grand-daughters often assisted her at going to bed or getting up or making her simple toilette for dinner. Of late Anne had sometimes done this, and Mrs. Corbett had accepted her ministrations gratefully. Anne had learnt to be deft and clever in her ways from attending on Madam: and her offices

were rendered with a tenderness the old woman felt and appreciated. If Mrs. Corbett were not yet in bed she would take Hetty's place and let Hetty go back to the children.

The door was ajar as she entered it, and she saw the glow of firelight and lamplight beyond the screen which stood by it. With a little tap she passed within. She was already well in the room when she saw Hetty on her knees by her grandmother's side. Her face was buried in the comfortable lap. One of the old woman's hands was on her head like a blessing.

Hearing her Hetty sprang to her feet. The glow of the firelight sparkled on her wet eyes. She stood with her head averted from Anne.

"They want you downstairs for a game," Anne said, not looking at the child. "I have come to take your place."

Hetty went away, murmuring something which Anne could not hear. Anne remembered the Duchess' suspicions and was troubled, but said nothing. As she helped the old woman, taking down her thin gray hair and brushing it, and tucking it away within a laced nightcap, Mrs. Corbett suddenly put a hand, that was a mere bunch of blue veins, on Anne's firm white one.

"They have to fight it out for themselves, haven't they, dearie?" she said, pitifully. "The children, I mean. 'Tis hard to see them suffer, especially when we can't do anything for them."

"They have to fight it out," said Anne in a quiet voice which only the tenderness kept from being hard.

"You think so, dearie, there's nothing at all for us to do?"

"Nothing at all, I think, except to pray that things may be as God willed them. And His will must always be good."

The tired old peasant face looked up at the strong, beautiful compassionate one above it.

"Even though He slay me," she murmured to herself; and then to Anne: "'Tis hard to sit and see them suffer and do nothing at all to help them. But I'll take your word for it, my dearie lady, indeed I will."

CHAPTER XV.

EASTER JOY.

It was the week before Easter, when business in Elsdon was rushing to get itself finished before the little time of suspension and lull should come; so Anne, coming in one afternoon with her hands full of daffodils, glorious single trumpets that grew in clumps among the grass of the park, was a little surprised at being overtaken by Mr. Corbett. He took her armful of lilies from her.

"They become me less well than they become you," he said with his grave smile. Then, answering the surprise in her face. "Yes," he said, "I am home early. I thought I should like the walk and get home in time to countermand the carriage. It is not often I drink tea with you and the children."

They went into the house together. Mr. Corbett's own room, part study, part office, opened by an unexpected door in the panelling of the hall. There was no one in the hall: it was not yet quite the tea hour, and the young people were still scattered. With his hand on the leaf in the carving that was the door-handle he turned to Anne who was holding out her hands for the daffodils.

"Could you give me five minutes?" he asked. "There are one or two things I want to speak to you about."

Anne followed him. The room was already dim, but he turned on the electric light, revealing the austerity of the bookcase, the plain writing-table, the hard, rush-seated chairs. The room had hardly anything about it that served merely decorative purposes. Some photographs of

the children, a pastel drawing of the late Mrs. Corbett which all the artist's delicate skill could not redeem from insignificance, above the mantelpiece a print of a woman's head. The latter Anne could not place, though she believed she had seen it before. Was it a Leonardo? She could not be sure. And it had a vague likeness to some living face she knew which haunted her and would not be traced.

She sat down in the chair Mr. Corbett had set for her and looked at the picture.

"Who is that?" she asked. "I seem to remember it."

"It is from an early Italian painter," he answered. "I keep it because it is like a friend, a lady I once knew, who is dead."

Ah, so that was what Angel Sachevarell was like, the shining, misty, star-like face, looking up with an air as though something above it were drawing it upward in wonder and aspiration. Yet she had stooped to a lowly lover. Nay, not stooped—Anne put the word away from her—rather seen that the best was best wherever it was placed. With difficulty she turned her eyes away from the picture.

"It is beautiful," she said; "and it is oddly like someone I know."

"Angela?" he suggested.

"Angela and someone else. I shall remember presently. I know it is someone who looks like that in flashes."

Oddly enough, for she had the clue which John Corbett had not, she did not think of the young painter. She withdrew her eyes slowly from the picture, and turned the full, quiet, friendly light of them on Mr. Corbett.

"Well?" she said.

"You were wondering why I brought you here. First, I want to tell you, I've had a visit from Olivarez."

A conscious flush darkened the face that was usually so calm, and faded as slowly.

"Mr. Olivarez!" Anne repeated wonderingly.

"You are wondering what he can have to do with you. Well, my dear Miss Daly, pray forgive me. I think it is best to tell you the truth. Olivarez is, he says, in love with you."

"How dare he!" cried Anne.

"Why, he has no idea that it was so very daring. As a matter of fact he suggested himself to me as a guest again. I had great difficulty in refusing him. I'm afraid I've made an enemy of Olivarez."

"Does it matter?"

"He thinks it matters. He can injure me in business. But I am not afraid of that. I felt that you were in the protection of my house, that I could not have you troubled and worried. I told Olivarez frankly that I believed his suit would be unwelcome."

"Thank you. And he, what did he say?"

Again John Corbett flushed.

"He said . . . I would rather not repeat what he said. It was something that was quite untrue at all events. But Olivarez is not a man to be put off by my word. His burst of confidence did not mean that he thought I had any say in the matter. He will go to the fountain head."

"I shall not see him, nor answer a letter of his."

"For the matter of that it is the right thing that a man should go to the fountain head. We must not blame Olivarez because he will not take my word for yours. Nor, though he swore vengeance against me for my discouragement, do I suppose he will really try to do me any harm. It is his Southern excitability. I believe him to be a decent fellow at heart."

"You are very generous," said Anne, a little scornfully.

John Corbett looked at her wistfully.

"I only want to be just," he said. "I don't like Olivarez very much myself. We have little in common. But he is

well spoken of, well thought of. And he is immensely rich."

"As though that mattered."

"It would matter to a great many young ladies."

"It does not matter to me at all events," she said as though she was tired of the discussion. "I detest the man. The very thought of him fills me with loathing. How dare he!"

The least little smile crossed John Corbett's face as he sat with his eyes in shadow. Anne's rage was almost childish, like her simplicity, like many others of her qualities. He thought of what the Duchess had told him about the poverty that sat on the hearthstone of Witch's Castle. A magnificent poverty, wearing its rags like kingly purple, he thought, since Anne so despised money. There he was not at one with her. Money was a great power, a great influence, a great possession. Why without money he could no more have been to Angel Sachevarell what he had been than if he had remained a ragged working-boy at her gate. And apart from that sentiment he had still the successful business man's appreciation of money as success, achievement.

"I have done what I could to save you annoyance," he said. "I can forbid Olivarez to come here. I cannot forbid his writing to you. Perhaps the annoyance will not finally cease till he has your word. And you may meet him at other places, at Mrs. Perkins' for example."

"Then he shall have my word," said Anne loftily.

John Corbett looked at her for an instant, hesitated, and then spoke.

"I would like to say to you as I might to my own daughter that Olivarez has a magnificent position to offer to the woman who marries him. She will have the world's ball at her foot. He has all the power great wealth can give. And I am bound to say that he spends his money nobly. Ask the hospitals and all who are doing good work."

"Is that all?" asked Anne, pulling him up short.

"I might say more if it were any use."

"Is your conscience still unsatisfied?"

"How did you know it was a matter of conscience?"

"I guessed it because you made a set speech, with obvious painstaking. Now let us talk of something pleasanter than the wealth of Mr. Olivarez and the uses he puts it to."

"Of something pleasanter."

Mr. Corbett's eyes began to sparkle.

"I have thought of something pleasant for you and Angela and myself," he said. "It is the sweet after the pill. There is an invention we have heard of which is in the hands of an Irishman. We want to get it before it is in the market. I cross to Dublin on Saturday. I thought of taking Angela to see something of the country. We shall be away a fortnight or three weeks. Would you like to come with us and spend a portion of the time with your grandmother?"

"*All.*" Anne's eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed. "*All.*"

"When the Dublin business is concluded I thought of taking Angela to see Killarney and the South. We might pick you up, perhaps in Dublin, as we returned."

Anne's face fell.

"You will come to Witch's Castle?" she said. "Gran would be dreadfully offended if you did not."

"Would we not be a trouble? Madam Daly will want you to herself."

"Not Gran. She delights in company. How good you are, Mr. Corbett. I shall race home from Dublin while you do your business there and tell Gran that you and Angela are coming."

So it was settled. There was hardly time to do more than telegraph to Gran. Miss May came at a moment's notice to

look after the children and pretend to look after the great house as she had done before in her kind, plodding way.

Engagements had to be broken or postponed. It was a transformed Anne who flung herself on the Duchess, laughing and excited to tell her she was off to Ireland. And the time after Easter was so lovely in Ireland, so fresh and clean, as though the world had been made over again.

She found a half-hour in which to visit Mrs. Perkins. She wanted Mrs. Perkins to come now and again for a chat with old Mrs. Corbett while they were away.

Mrs. Perkins promised that the old soul should not be lonely.

"And I've been thinking," she said to Anne, "over what you told me. Maybe one of these days I'll write to my man of business. He saw the girl, if I did n't. But what good is to be expected of her? You are as innocent as you look, and that's as innocent as a child with its milk teeth."

Chapter XVI.

THE OLD SERVANT.

They were gone, and Minster once again was given over to the plain business people whose possession of it had been a grief to Mason.

Mrs. Perkins had not been alone in her fancy for Anne. The proudest and most exclusive people in the county had called on her. Old Lady Packington who had turned her back on Minster since the Sachevarells' days and still referred to Mr. Corbett as "the new man," had driven straight off to leave cards the day after she had met Anne visiting the Duchess of St. Kilda. Her Grace, for all her strawberry leaves, did not take the lead in exclusiveness in the county. She was too fond of odd people, politicians, musicians, artists, writers, actors, people in all sorts of movements, for her friendship to confer a hall-mark on its recipient, and old Lady Packington, not being in the secret of things, had been rather inclined to look on Jane St. Kilda as a backslider in that old matter of the Sachevarells and their supplanter.

Lady Packington had come, and after her the Misses de Saumarez, and Lady Hilda Trevanion, and all that was most exclusive in the county. As a matter of fact, Anne's visitors had rather abashed some of the old friends. Mrs. James Armytage grew more attached than ever to Minster and its occupants, but others of her rank and connection, comfortable mothers of families, with Quaker quiet in their eyes, others who were devoted to the doctrines of Wesleyan Methodism, who were but a generation removed from the working-people, came to Minster with perturbation in their spirits, and never by any chance on Anne's at home day.

"You should speak up for yourself," Mrs. James said sharply on one occasion to her daughter, Miriam. Mr. Vallance had compared Miriam Armytage to a little well, cool and deep, which spreads refreshment around it, and the comparison was an apt one. She had sat all through an afternoon call silent, with a heavenly contemplation on her face in the shadow of her fashionable hat and veil; and though Mrs. James did not know it, her attitude had excited Lady Packington's commendation.

"The mother made me feel hot," she said, "fussing about and clucking like a little, much befeathered hen. But the daughter is refreshing to look at. Are those Armytages very wealthy, do you know, Jane St. Kilda? Because if they are wealthy enough to be taken notice of by us,—I think it ought to be half-a-million at least, since we are so exclusive,—I shall take up the girl. She might marry my cousin, George Dare. He has been rather a trouble to his parents, and this girl looks as if she might reform him. How much would you say, Jane? Eight

brothers! Oh, then I'm afraid it won't do. And George is so hard to please. He looks at every heiress I find for him as though she were a horse and needed beauty and spirit and blood and breeding. Which I tell him is ridiculous where a wife is concerned. This little saint might do for him if the *dot* were sufficient. Poor boy, he has debts, and can't please himself."

However Lady Packington was a very worldly-minded old woman, if sometimes a rather amusing one. She was as curious, too, as it is possible to imagine anyone, and would have been deeply interested in Mr. Hilary Vallance if she had known anything about him, and about the extraordinary supposition concerning him entertained by the Corbetts' old housekeeper.

Mr. Vallance had begun the painting of the chapel at Minster, and in those cool, radiant after-Easter days had the place pretty much to himself, since Hetty was gone on a visit to the Reuben Armytages, and the little ones spent most of the fine days botanizing in the woods with their governess. Arthur had gone with Hetty, and John, very important in his father's absence, was at the works every day.

Mr. Vallance seemed to enjoy rambling about the place. When he rested from his work he was to be met with, straying in and out of the gardens, smoking, talking to gardeners and gardenkeepers, persons of long memories, and apparently very well satisfied with the emptiness of the place.

If he had but known it, Mrs. Mason was often on his track. Mason was getting old and rather eccentric. Some of the younger servants had noticed her absorption in the young artist, and jested flippantly among themselves, concerning it. If she happened to come face to face with Mr. Vallance, Mrs. Mason never spoke to him, but would glide out of his way with an old-fashioned courtesy when he would have spoken and thanked her for the things she had done for him during his illness.

Midway of Lady Katharine's rose-garden, one of the sights of Minster, is a pond full of gold-fish. A dolphin in the midst spurts a high jet of glittering water from his nostrils. Around it there is a grassy space, and then a little amphitheatre of seats cut in the green terraces. On one of these Hilary Vallance sat one April day watching the clouds pile themselves in soft smoke and mother o' pearl masses.

Suddenly he was aware of Mrs. Mason standing and courtesying profoundly before him.

"I have wanted to tell you, Master Humphrey," she said, "only there were always folks about,—how glad I am that you have come back."

He stared at her, and then a bewildering softness fell upon his face.

"My good soul," he said, "I'm very grateful for your kindness. I remember your face by my bed when I was ill. But what bee have you got in your bonnet? I'm not Master Humphrey. My name is Hilary Vallance."

Mason shook her head. Her old hand smoothed out a fold of her black silk apron. Her dim eyes looked at him with a devotion which he found it hard to refuse.

"Don't tell me you're not Master Humphrey," she said, "for I won't believe it. And since I knew there was a Sachevarell yet walking this earth I've felt that the Lord might call me any day and welcome. I ought to ha' been your nurse, Master Humphrey, if your father, Master Anthony, had n't gone away to foreign parts, and been as though he was dead to all of us. Eh, but he was bonny, Master Anthony! And you're the image of him. Many a girl 'ud have walked the world barefoot after Master Anthony if but he'd ha' given her the nod. He had

only eyes for one lady, after the unlucky day they met; but many a one had eyes only for Master Anthony."

She stood pleating her apron now in her fingers, her eyes growing dimmer and dimmer as she recalled the old memories.

Suddenly the young man sprang to his feet, and taking her gently by the shoulder, forced her to sit in one of the rustic chairs that faced the fish-pond. Then he stood before her looking down at her, his eyes wonderfully bright and soft.

"He would not have thought to be so remembered," he said. "And so you are sure I am Master Humphrey."

"Quite sure, sir."

"Have you said so to anyone?"

"To Miss Daly, sir, Miss Anne. She understood. You could trust her to understand. There's a lady for you! She asks a service as though it were a favor and is only proud to her equals."

"And what did Miss Daly say?"

"She told me not to talk about it. I was n't likely to. Would I have them know you were come down in the world to be painting pictures when you should be master of Minster."

"Not that, Mason. The entail was broken long ago. I am very glad to earn the money Mr. Corbett puts in my way."

"He would make it twenty times as much if he knew who you were. He has the right feeling for the Sachevarells, that I will say for him."

The young man frowned ever so slightly.

"My good Mason,—pictures have their commercial value like other things. Mr. Corbett will pay me the commercial value of mine. My staying here depends on your silence. I am prospering here and do not wish to be compelled to move on. I was in very low water the night I stumbled in the road and had my head laid open by Grenadier's hoof. A lucky kick. Do you know, Mason, that when I am done here I am to paint the walls of a Children's Hospital in London for the Duchess, her memorial to her son. And the present Duke may give me the painting of the banquet-hall as well as the Chapel at Ewerne. I shall be a rich man."

"Lord!" said the old woman, "to think you should come to painting walls and ceilings for money. The Sachevarells kept their own painting man ever and always. Look at the picture gallery!"

"I don't know that I would give up the painting for Minster if I had to make my choice between them."

"Lord! Master Humphrey, what nonsense you do talk!"

"You think Miss Daly has told no one, Mason?"

"Would she tell herself after bidding me not to tell?"

"She might. There might be reasons. But I don't think she has told. I should read it in—in—somebody's candid eyes. She would understand that I could not come back like this if it were known who I was. Yes, Mason, I am Humphrey Sachevarell. Your faithful eyes have found it out. I did not mean to have told it to anyone."

"You will let me do what I can for you, Master Humphrey? Mend your stockings now; and I don't suppose you have a button on. Your old Polly would love to do it. Lord, the things I did for Master Anthony in the old times. He had a way with the girls; he could n't help it; but he had eyes for no one once *she* had come."

The young man extended a frank hand to her.

"You will do what you like for me, only keep my secret."

"You won't go away as your father did before you?"

"I hope not. I don't want to go from where I have found friends as Hilary Vallance."

The old woman lifted his hand to her lips.

"I was cheated out o' being your nurse, Master Humphrey," she said. "Lord, how I should have loved to do anything for Master Anthony's bairn."

Chapter XVII.

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

Anne had had a happy fortnight of it before the evening came when Mr. Corbett and Angela were expected at Witch's Castle, when they were to see Anne under a new aspect.

She drove herself to meet the long car which was to deposit them and their luggage at Portroe Cross-Roads. Her conveyance was an old outside car, the once blue cushions of which were white from exposure to wind and weather; but of this and other deficiencies she seemed absolutely unconscious. Her eyes rested humorously on the luggage to which Angela had been adding since they had met last.

"Ah, Angela," she said. "If you lived here for a year you'd have to do without superfluities, child. Here, Billy Brady," —to a small urchin who was creeping up the grassy lane jerking the rein behind a diminutive donkey which matched its cart—"take great care of the luggage. Don't go letting it fall into the sea as you did when you fetched Miss Judy's trunk. Have you anything for me, Martin Doyle?" to the driver of the long car who was industriously rummaging "the well" of the car. "Ah, that's right. You haven't forgotten the meat. The Madam will remember it to you, Martin. And butter and candles and a box of biscuits. I think that's all right, thank you."

Mr. Corbett, who was assisting the boy to lift the luggage on to the little cart, glanced at Angela, who was looking like a lily of the fields in her pretty frock, and smiled. This was an Anne neither of them knew. He felt vaguely conscious that they had not seen the real Anne at all till now.

Anne was wearing a dress of rough homespun the color of lilac. A cap of the same material was on the blue-black coils of her hair. The color was repeated in her eyes. She looked as though the fortnight had been of much benefit to her, although there was not a trace of sunburn on the clear healthy paleness of her cheeks. The long car was not in such a hurry with His Majesty's mails that it could not delay to see Miss Anne and her visitors off. "Sure what's the hurry?" asked Martin Doyle, when an English commercial traveler, who found himself in odd company, suggested that they had better be moving on.

As Anne packed away the things in "the well" of her own car she kept up a running fire of greetings and inquiries with the people on the long car. Could this possibly be the Anne they had known? At last she had got up Mr. Corbett and Angela on the other side of the car, had taken the dilapidated reins in her hands, and with a chorus of blessings from the occupants of the long car they moved off.

During his fortnight in Ireland Mr. Corbett had learned to sit on an outside car, and Angela had to some extent acquired the art, although she always carried her heart in her mouth: and the excitement of being driven fast under the circumstances brought a light to her eyes and a color to her cheek.

Mr. Corbett smiled across now at Anne who was sitting far back on her side of the car holding the reins firmly. The horse, a long, rakish-looking bay, could go like the wind when he chose. It was evident that his driver had him thoroughly in hand.

"I begin to understand, Miss Daly," he said, "how horribly dull you must have found us. We've been long enough in this country, Angela and I, to have learnt something of how eventful life is here."

"We are livelier," Anne admitted. "I suppose things do happen in England although they never seem to. I was very lonely at first. Afterwards, when I came to know you all it was different."

Angela sent her friend an adoring glance from where she sat surreptitiously grasping a strap of a cushion lest a sudden jerk should set her flying from her insecure position. Mr. Corbett too looked and felt distinctly pleased.

"That's a nice horse you're driving," he said, noticing the pace at which they were going.

"Gran bred him. I've had him from a little foal and I broke him myself. He'd do anything for me, would Paudeen. He goes nicely now. When I came back first I thought he'd kill me. He does n't get enough to do when I'm away, and Gran won't let him be put to rough work."

They had taken to the sands now, and were driving across a luxurious stretch of yielding and spongy softness. Just as they entered on it Anne turned and shook her whip furiously in the direction of the little donkey cart which was visible at the far end of the grassy lane from which they had turned.

"It's that little monkey, Billy," she explained. "He'd take to the sands if he wasn't frightened of me, and the tide would catch him, and his mother would be left with only ten instead of eleven. What matter, she'd make as much work over it as though he were her only one. Those are Atlantic rollers out there, Angela. There is n't a bit of ground between us and America. What do you think of our sunsets?"

Angela's eyes, full of the flying gold of the sunset, answered her.

(To be continued.)

DANCE OF THE SEISES.

BY LUIS G.

Any tourist who chanced to be in Seville during the Festivals of Corpus Christi, the Immaculate Conception, or during the three days of Carnival, must surely have heard of, if not witnessed, the famous "Dance of the Seises," and possibly wondered what it meant, and why performed in such a holy place. Its origin and the reason of its being danced in the Cathedral of Seville and nowhere else, are only to be conjectured, and some difficulty is found in trying to discover the exact time of its first performance. Of its great antiquity there is no doubt, for one may see even now the tiny figures of the six dancers in the illuminated manuscripts of Alfonso the Wise. The children are represented, in front of the Blessed Virgin, in dancing positions, dressed as pages in the costume of those days. That they were chosen from amongst the choir boys is evident because we find that they and their masters were assigned a certain pittance by a special bull of Pope Eugenius in 1438 to aid in supporting them, and also to provide choir cloaks for their use. They were further assisted by endowments, one left by Don Diego Carmona who had himself been a dancer in the "Six" when a little boy. A second donation was given by Don Diego de Rivera, a canon of the Cathedral. This money was to be doled in small quantities to the boys when their

voices changed—that is, if their master gave a satisfactory account of their conduct. It is quite certain that they danced before the Blessed Sacrament as early as the time of the conquest of Seville by St. Ferdinand, but the actual time of their beginning to dance before the shrine of Our Lady is not so sure. It must have been performed there very early in the seventeenth century, for a historian describing a grand festival held in the Cathedral in 1615 says amongst other things: "Twelve persons, seculars, admirably dressed and adorned, came forth and danced before Our Lady's altar." The historian, Ortiz de Zuñiga, in speaking of the improvement in the art of weaving in Seville says: "They have now succeeded in fabricating a very beautiful and rich texture, not to be surpassed by either Naples or Milan, so good in fact, that it is even used for the costume of the Seises, richly adorned with fringes to match."

As we have said, the origin of the dance is unknown, but it is generally believed to be in imitation of David's joyful dance before the Sacred Ark, or perhaps the symbolic "Playing of the Angels before the Throne of the Most High." The dance is performed, as mentioned above, three times in the year, viz.—Corpus Christi and during the octave; on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and during the octave; and finally during the three days of Carnival. It takes place in the evening after Vespers have been chanted—not actually in the Sanctuary of the Cathedral, but in front of an immense altar erected for the purpose, near one of the entrances and quite close to the spot where repose the remains of Christopher Columbus' son, the Cardinal. The costume of the boys vary in color, yellow and white silk on the Feast of Corpus Christi and octave—also at Carnival; white and blue on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The costume worn by the children now is that of the Spanish pages of the seventeenth century—a quaint and picturesque one—the hats plumed and looped up in front. In the earliest times they were dressed as little winged angels—later on as knights with helmets, lances and shields. Probably the dress which is worn at present was considered the best suited to the style of dance.

The boys enter the space before the high altar, their hats under their arms and their ivory castanets in their hands. Having genuflected before the altar they put on their hats and take their places face to face, each to his allotted position. The four tallest boys are named the "puntas" or heads; the four next the "segundos" or seconds, and the two smallest boys are the "trancas" or bars. All through the various figures their movements are infinitely graceful and dignified. The dance is something like the minuet and the children time their steps to their own sweet voices, accompanied by the low tone of the magnificent organ, or the plaintive wail of the violin. It is quite impossible to describe the impression this strange and unique ceremony makes on the mind; the sound of those fresh young voices ringing through the vaulted Cathedral, the click of the castanets, the throng of silent spectators and the presence of the Archbishop, canons and clergy, all in their richest choir vestments, combine to render the scene imposing, nay almost sacred. Even persons who go to see this famous Dance through curiosity, and prepared to criticize, leave the sacred building impressed and deeply moved.

From time to time archbishops of Seville have had doubts as to the propriety of allowing such a performance to continue. One of them whose name is not remembered brought the question to Rome and begged the College of Cardinals to have it suppressed as he considered

the Dance most offensive in presence of the Most August Sacrament of the Altar. The story goes that he brought an action against the Ecclesiastical Chapter for refusing to do away with the ceremony, but that they actually chartered a vessel and sent the boys to Rome in charge of the choir master to perform the dance before the Pope. His Holiness was so charmed with the simple graceful dance executed in his presence that he withheld its condemnation and forbade anyone in the future to interfere with this popular and very ancient custom. Afterwards another Archbishop of Seville, Don Jaime de Palafox, a stern Aragonese, also brought the question to Rome and his complaints did their work, although not immediately, for a decree of the Sacred Congregation, dated June 8, 1700, declared the "Seises" suppressed. Once more the Chapter came to the rescue. They declared the decree had been procured unjustly, and after some time another archbishop permitted the dance to be performed again, and so it has continued to the present year. The children who are chosen for this important ceremony are all under fourteen years of age. They are generally of the poorer class and must be good little lads as well as being graceful and passably pretty.

Thousands visit the Cathedral to see this Dance, and perhaps scores of writers have described it with more or less prejudice. It has been ridiculed too, and strongly condemned by many who no longer look on any religious ceremony with eyes of Faith. Then again, men of a different stamp—of great intellect too, but with heart, and living faith—view such things from quite a different standpoint. They look on this dance as a relic of a bygone simple mode of doing hom-

DANCERS IN COSTUME.

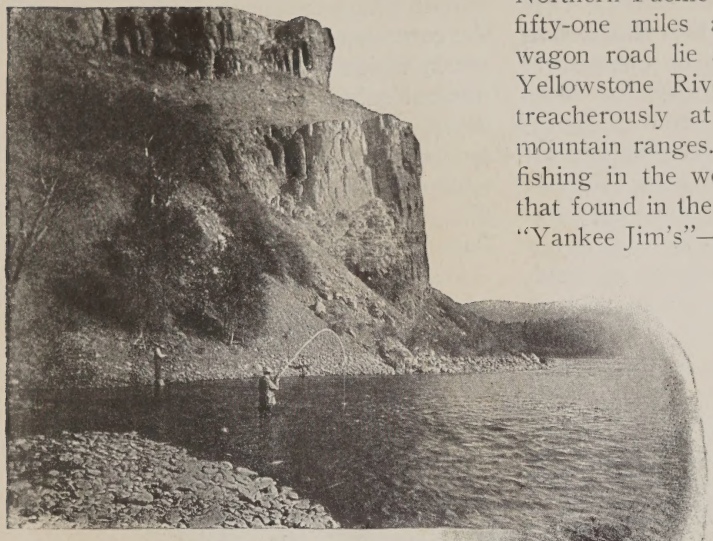
age to Jesus "Sacramentado" as the Spaniards lovingly name the Blessed Sacrament. And in fact that is exactly what the "Seises" implies. Any one who has lived some time in Spain must have observed how dearly the people love splendor and display in their religious ceremonies, and how tenaciously they cling to their ancient customs in observance of the greater festivals—notably the processions in Holy Week, and their quaint mode of

THE SEISES OF THE CATHEDRAL.

singing the midnight Mass with accompaniments of tambourines, castanets, bells, bugles, bird whistles, etc. These Southern people delight in "visible signs" and gorgeous shows; it is their way of showing their devotion to the hidden Majesty of God. It is not so with us of Northern birth, but we may look with a tolerant eye on their manner of doing homage to our common Father, and sympathize with their warmhearted enthusiasm, even though preferring our own less demonstrative, but certainly more solemn forms of worship.

It may be interesting to our readers to know that the famous Lord Roseberry, who often saw the "Seises" and must have admired them too, had a very beautiful painting of the Dance done by Bilbao the best painter in Seville. Those who have seen the picture declare it a masterpiece; each tiny figure is perfect. The name "Seises" means six, the number of children who originally danced. Now eight, ten, or twelve may take part in the performance.

It is reported that the present saintly Archbishop of Seville intends to take the boys to Rome to dance before Pius X. If this be true we may safely forecast the fate of the "Seises" and it is not improbable that 1904 will chronicle its final suppression.



TROUT FISHING IN YELLOWSTONE LAKE

THE NATIONAL PARK.

BY C. P. CONNOLLY.

In Cinnabar you reach the end of Pullman car civilization. Cinnabar is a railroad station around which have clustered a few buildings, hardly enough to dignify it by the name of town,—a dignity to which it feels itself entitled, as the terminus of the branch line running from Livingstone, Montana, and the last railroad station before entering the Yellowstone National Park. The Federal Government, which has reserved this tract of 55,000 square miles of territory as a park for pleasure and sightseeing for all the people, will permit no railroad station to be built within its precincts.

Three miles from Cinnabar is the mining camp of Gardner, and as you approach this little bourn a large, well-painted sign-post, informing you that this is the boundary line of Uncle Sam's circus and zoological garden, projects itself into view from the road-side.

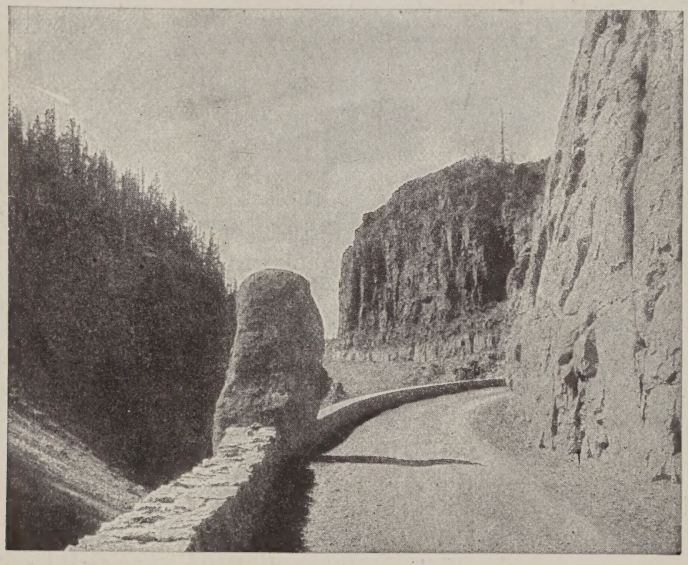
From Livingstone, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, to Cinnabar is fifty-one miles and both railroad and wagon road lie along the course of the Yellowstone River, flowing swiftly and treacherously at the base of majestic mountain ranges. Here is the best trout-fishing in the world, not even excepting that found in the Park, and if you stop at "Yankee Jim's"—a character known to all Montana — you will learn more of the piscatorial art practical in twenty-four hours than Isaak Walton could tell you in a week. It was here that Lentz, the bicycle world tourist, afterwards murdered by the savages of the Orient, spent two or three days on his trip to the Park; and many of the notables of modern American history have loitered here.

From Cinnabar the six-horse coaches of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, a private corporation organized in connection with the railroad service, carry the railroad passengers to the hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs, eight miles beyond. The road is admirably constructed and winds along the Gardner river amid pastoral scenes of picturesque beauty. It is the first glimpse of the anticipated beauties of the great Park scenery. The grade is up-hill all the way, for the National Park may best be described topographically as a great plateau on the crest of the Rocky Mountains. The last two miles of the road from Cinnabar to the hotel are

a trying ordeal to teams hauling even light burdens. But the surpassing engineering skill which is everywhere apparent throughout the Park has been brought into requisition here, with the result that these mountain heights are accessible with comparative ease. Rounding the last elevated curve, the great caravansary at Mammoth Hot Springs is immediately in view. Government barracks, attractive in appearance, occupy a part of the plateau.

Here, less than a quarter of a mile from the hotel, are the famous Mammoth Hot Springs. Possibly at one time they were geysers. A vast body of scalding hot water issues from the earth in various places. This is not remarkable in itself, but this water is so thoroughly impregnated with mineral substances that as it flows over the earth and down the embankments it hardens and solidifies, making a vari-colored terrace formation of almost adamantine firmness. Horse shoes, bottles, or other articles, placed in this water soon become encrusted and while retaining their original forms are converted into pretty ornaments which will stand the corrosion of time. Besides the terrace work, which is formed by the deposit of mineral substances from the water as it flows, grottos and conically-shaped hills are erected and hardened by this mineralization. The region in the vicinity, though the least interesting portion of the Park, is full of interest to the sightseer.

Usually the tourist arrives at the Mammoth Hot Springs at noon and remains over night, spending the afternoon in an excursion among the springs and wonders of the neighborhood. At sun-down the booming of cannon and the blare of bugle remind him of the Government's paternal care of this domain. The next morning he is awakened at sunrise by the drum-beat of the reveille. At eight o'clock the great Concord wagons, each with its string of horses, are ready, and the tourists who arrived the day before prepare for their five days' tour through the Park. An inspection of the hotel register reveals the names of your fellow travelers, sightseers who have gathered from the land of Bismarck, from England's shores, from



THE GOLDEN GATE.

the gay boulevards of Paris, and even from the shadows of the minarets of Moscow, to view these wonders of the world. They mingle with retired capitalists from New York, "self-made" men from Chicago, and distinguished scholars and scientific men from every section of the Union. Nowhere in America can be seen such a heterogeneous gathering of sight-seeing humanity; and seen they are in grotesque costumes, in the garb of the Orient and in the garb of the boulevards, and frequently in humors as varied as the hues of the formation.

Leaving the Mammoth Hot Springs, the Government road—on which, by the way, the Federal authorities spend a generous sum in improvements each year—continues its ascent upwards to the Golden Gate, four miles distant. This is the entrance to the Park proper. The gate is through a very narrow, winding canyon, picturesque in beauty and proportions, but most worthy of its name when seen under the rays of the rising or the setting sun when the shadows deflect upon the golden walls. As you emerge from this canyon a level vista is spread out for miles, a sight not grand nor altogether picturesque, but so rich in the pastoral settings of Nature as to baffle any attempts at description. Halfway between these stations the coaches frequently stop along the shaded road to allow the tourist to drink at natural apollinaris and soda springs.

At this first lunch station are indications of the turbulent spirit which rules the subterranean precincts of Wonderland. You are approaching the mysterious earth chambers, the dance of the watery demons, the battle-ground of the liquid monsters. The shadows of these great mountains have whispered of horrible ogres and sprites and hobgoblins, the gambol of the devil's demons on their native heath; and now the influence of the supernatural creeps over you, for here is the ante-chamber of the great House of Magic. Here are the first evidences of geysers, the boiling seething water bubbling out of the earth's surface; here is the roaring mountain whose distinct rumblings are incessant; and here, too, is Obsidian Cliff, a mountain, it might be termed, of dark glass.

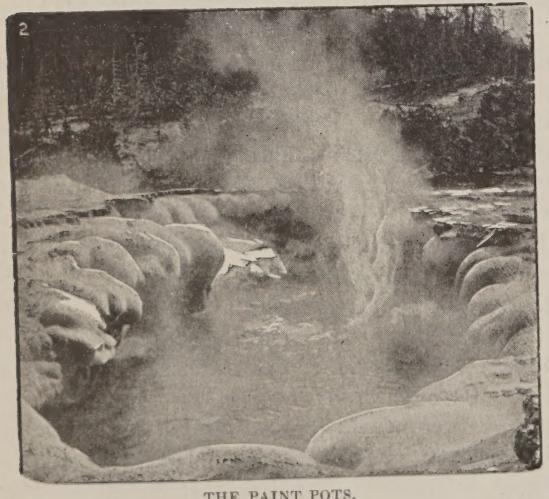
From the lunch station the coaches leave for the afternoon's journey of twenty miles to the Fountain Hotel at Fire

THE MUD GEYSER AT REST.

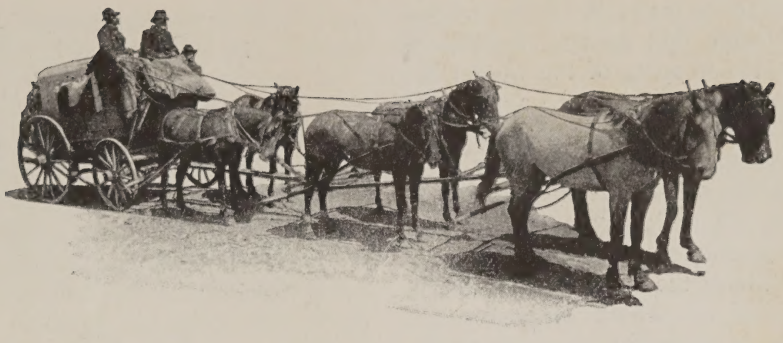
Hole Basin. At this stop is the beginning of the real geyser region. Columns of steam ascend in every direction; the smell of sulphur is almost over-powering; the soil is white like the sand of the sea beach; and for long stretches the road runs through this white sand. Quiet-looking apertures in the earth's surface appear here and there; as you approach them they growl fiercely, emitting the echo of subterranean noises. Sometimes they cast up volumes of turbulent, serpent-shaped waters.

The most interesting of all sights are the geysers themselves. Within a quarter of a mile of the Fountain Hotel porch is the Fountain Geyser, which plays at intervals of four or five hours, lasting for half an hour or longer. Ten minutes before its eruption a commotion begins in its basin. It is impossible to see below, but one can hear the surging noises, growing in volume like the on-coming of distant thunder. Gradually the volume of hot waters, casting off great quantities of steam, arises and, churning into foaming billows, shoots fifty feet or more into the air. It is as if twenty large fountains were mingling in various forms, making an inspiring display of liquid pyrotechnics. Exhausting their explosive force at the height of fifty feet, the columns become reckless of discipline and tumble over one another in all sorts of playful attitudes. The familiar roar of the sea accompanies this manifestation while the sunlight plays on the clear spray of the waters, forming rainbows of dissolving colors. Each eruption of this geyser forms a lake of blue water which finds an outlet in the Fire Hole River, two miles away, a stream so warm in places that it is too hot to bathe in, unlike the mountain streams and rivers of the Northwestern Rocky Mountain region, which are all too cold, even in the warmest days of summer, to risk a bath.

A mile and a half from the Fountain Hotel is the larger, or Great Fountain, geyser which plays irregularly, but usually at intervals of nine or ten hours. Its eruption lasts only a few minutes, but it throws an enormous column of water two hundred feet straight up in the air. These geysers come up and subside with great rapidity. In two minutes after the waters have ceased to play, all is quiet in the basin. As soon as they begin to play spectators run from all directions to see the phenomena, and when the display and the roar and the trembling of the earth cease, they depart as though they had been gazing upon a conflagration which had been hastily put out.



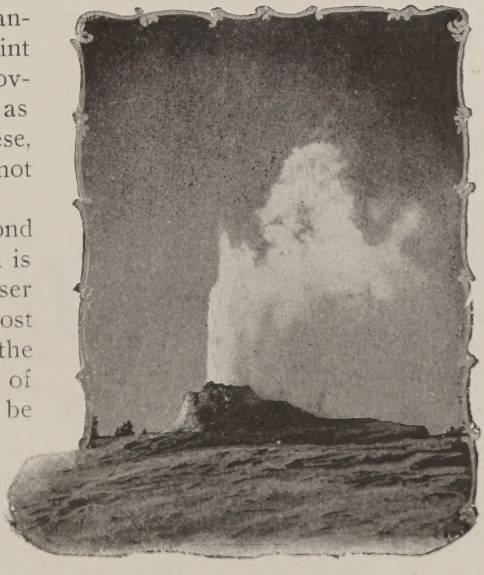
THE PAINT POTS.



In another direction from this point, where other geysers play, some without intermission, others after brief periodical rests, there is a small lake of water where at night-fall flames of fire may be seen issuing from the water's surface—a remarkable phenomenon. At another point are the famous Paint Pots, very much resembling the mortar beds that are visible on the sidewalk in cities where buildings are being erected, except that this seething earth looks fiercer and the pots are different in color, some red, some terra cotta, and others of varied shades between these and pure white. These pots cover an area of a quarter of an acre. The visitor cannot turn to any point here without discovering mysteries as wonderful as these, though perhaps not so conspicuous.

Ten miles beyond the Fountain Hotel is the Upper Geyser basin, where the most interesting of all the eruptive wonders of the Park are to be seen. On the road you pass "Hell's Half Acre," a piece of ground which on account of its dangerous character is seldom closely investigated by tourists. It is the vicinity of the Excelsior Geyser, the largest water-spout in the Park, whose eruptions take place at intervals of five and ten years. When it does erupt so large is the volume of water that the Fire Hole River, one hundred and fifty feet wide, rises perceptibly for several miles and has been known to overflow and inundate the whole region.

Along the road are the most remarkable springs of ethereal blue water, scalding hot but emitting no vapor, whose pellucid depths are visible seventy-five, one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet below, where the openings into the bowels of the earth through which the water rises can be distinctly seen. The water is so clear and still that these pools serve as great mirrors and without doubt, of all the wonders of the Park, they are the most quaintly beautiful. On the occasion of one of the visits of the writer to the Park, a camping party came up to one of the pools

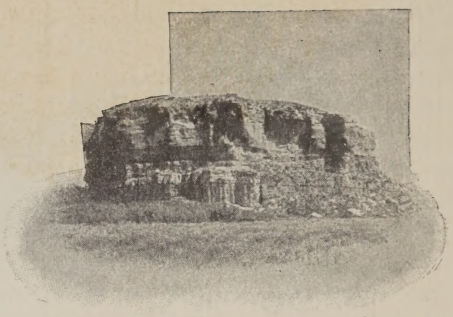


THE GIANT GEYSER

which lie close to the road. In the wagon was a valuable dog asleep. Awakened by the sudden stopping of the wagon the dog looked down and saw the apparently clear pool of water. Before any one could lay hold of the thirsty animal he had leaped over the side of the wagon and into the pool. He sank instantly to the bottom, literally scalded to death.

The feature of the Upper Geyser Basin is "Old Faithful." This great geyser, not as large or as picturesque as some of the others, is nevertheless justly celebrated. As long as the memory of white man runs, it has sent into the air to a height of one hundred and fifty feet a perpendicular column of water, every sixty-three minutes, day and night, winter and summer. One can time his watch accurately by this geyser.

The Riverside Geyser is another very unique phenomenon. The water emerges from a cone along the side of the Fire Hole River, very much resembling a large beehive, and ascends into the air like a sky rocket at an angle of forty-five percent, right across the river. The "Grotto," the "Castle," the "Slendidi," and the "Giant" are all immense geysers, only enumerated because of their prominence among fifty others. Somesend columns of water three hundred feet into the air. One called the "Saw Mill" plays for three hours at a time, playing with a circular motion, and making a noise like a sawmill at work, which can be distinctly heard a mile away. It may be remarked in passing that



PULPIT ROCK.

the beauty of all these water pyrotechnics is intensified tenfold by moonlight.

Twenty miles farther, over the great continental divide, where the Government signpost informs you that standing on this spot the waters flow on one side of you into the Atlantic ocean,—or more exactly, into the Gulf Stream—and on the other side into the Pacific, is Yellowstone Lake, a sheet of water which is a billow-capped inland sea, thirty by fifty miles in extent, surrounded by mountain ranges. It is the largest body of water at its altitude in the world. The trout are so plentiful that they decay. As the prow of the little lake steamer plows through the water you can look down and see these trout, in such numbers that you cannot count them. On the edge of this lake, at the point where you rest for lunch, is a giant cone set out in the lake itself. Within the cone, the water, like that in the geysers, is boiling hot. The fisherman stands on the edge of this cone and hauling his trout from the cold clear waters of the lake casts it

into the hot water and has it cooked before freeing it from his hook. Many tourists get one hundred of these large trout in one catch. The Yellowstone Lake is 8,000 feet above sea level. It is the source of the famous Yellowstone River and is fed by the eternal snows from the mountain tops.

The next and last point of interest is the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and the falls. It is sixteen miles farther on. The road between the two points is perfect, and traverses the famous Hayden Valley. On the way is Mud Geyser, the most uncanny of all these astounding freaks of Nature. At the bottom of a great funnel-shaped hole, fifty feet deep, the hot mud belches up from an underground gorge, at intervals of two or three seconds, bubbling and seething from out this hollow cavity. Over this hole, on the farther side of the funnel, which reminds you so much of the infernal regions that you find yourself constantly looking over your shoulder for a glimpse of His Majesty's pitchfork, is a formation made by the earth in its upheavals and contortions which resembles exactly the façade of a cathedral. Here also is a huge mountain known as Sulphur Mountain. Take a piece of this earth and apply a lighted match to it and it will burn rapidly. In fact, the prevalence of brimstone in all the geyser region is so great—imbedded in the soil, greeting the nostrils offensively on every side wherever eruptions of the earth take place, infusing most of the water to such an extent that it is dangerous to drink—that for penitential purposes the phenomena are more effective than a sermon on the hereafter. It is a realization of portions of Dante's Inferno.

There are two falls, the upper and the lower. The first has a fall of one hundred and thirty feet; the latter or Great Falls, of three hundred and sixty feet, more than two hundred feet greater than Niagara. The width of the falls at the top is only one hundred and forty feet, but the volume is large, the spray from the falls rising to a height of more than one hundred feet. These falls are at the entrance to the Grand Canyon, in places over 2,000 feet from its verge to the ribbon-like river which flows through its bed below. It is so precipitous that for five miles below these falls no one has ever descended its sides without the aid of ropes. Eagles wing their circling flight above their nests a thousand feet below you as you gaze down its giddy sides. Crag-like walls jut out here and there, and all the erring and unfinished work of rugged Nature seems gathered in the clasp of these canyon sides, and glazed with the golden lustre which covers every inch of rock in this great fissure. One stands on bed rock looking into its depths, and feels that he is hanging midway between earth and heaven. Moran painted a picture of these falls and the Grand Canyon which hangs in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington; and other artists and photographers of note have attempted to limn it. But no picture can give the slightest conception of its height and depth or paint the coloring of its golden hues.

The Indians never would enter this Yellowstone Park region because they believed it inhabited by dark and diabolical spirits. It was for this reason that the Park was not sooner discovered by the white man. The Government permits no spoilation. So sacred are these precincts that even to artificially beautify the natural landscape would be considered a desecration. Everything is left just as it is found. Nature is left to do her work in her own mysterious fashion. No vagrant hand is permitted to despoil, no artistic touch to mock her. The rules of the Park are stringent, and military guards mount the hills and vantage points, and with field glasses survey every knot of visitors, watching closely for any infraction. By

casting a piece of soap into the jaws of the geysers they will respond to the action of the soap and erupt irregularly. No one, therefore, is allowed to cast a piece of soap or a stone into the geysers, annoy or shoot the game, or pick up a piece of the formation. The spirit of vandalism is rampant among the professional tourists and notwithstanding summary punishments meted out two or three times a week to law breakers, no day passes during the season that an arrest is not made, the punishment being a pecuniary fine and banishment from the Park. The roster of these malefactors includes the most illustrious names ever entered on a criminal docket for, singularly enough, the ordinary individual respects the ordinances of the Secretary of the Interior with as much wholesomeness as he regards other laws; but members of Congress more than all others, Fellows of Royal Societies, professors of the ethical sciences, newly-created millionaires and other flotsam of fortune, seem to pay no attention to the regulations which appear over his name throughout the Park. Visitors are daily regaled with the sight of some forlorn-looking foreigner, with perhaps his wife and suite, being escorted by military authority out of the Park. You can fish to your heart's content. Not only that, but the Government has imported the famous Loch Levin trout from Scotland and stocked the streams in the Park with it, placing no restriction upon this pleasure. So you can pick the wild flowers. But all other forms of depredation or destruction are included in the decalogue of the Secretary of the Interior and transgression is more certain of earthly punishment than an infraction of the Ten Commandments.

At night the guests adjourn to the rear of the hotels where within half a mile, usually, bears emerge from the timber at sundown for their evening meal at the offal heap, the refuse from the hotel larders. Some of these bears have become so tame that tourists frequently approach within twenty-five yards of them, and the snap of the camera may be heard on all sides as the tourist from the various parts of the earth arranges his focus in the hope of securing a photograph which he may exhibit to his friends in more civilized lands. The bears are well fed and not many instances are on record where they have ever molested anyone, although no night passes but campers report one or more bears getting in their tents and carrying off flour, bacon, and other provisions. The Government officials seal all firearms in the possession of tourists as they enter the Park and will permit no harm to the animals living in the Park. Bears frequently cross the path of campers who digress from the main traveled roads, but they are the black and cinnamon species. Although every visitor to the Park sees between ten and fifteen bears in his rounds of the various hotels, the grizzly species is not among them.

One of the favorite haunts of the better-informed visitors to the Park is "Tancey's." It is, or used to be, twenty miles out of the regular traveled roads, and in the direction of the Grand Canyon. The scenery here, as throughout the Park, is magnificent. "Tancey's" is an outfitting place for hunting parties going into the famous Jackson Hole country, the "Hoodoo" country and the "Hell-roaring" country. Near it are the famous petrified forests. "Tancey's" has been the stopping place of many famous men from all over the world, though a tramp would hesitate before seeking the place out for luxury of accommodations. It is the famous stopping place of Senators Quay and Penrose when out on their hunting trips. President Roosevelt, President Arthur, Baron Rothschild, Senator West, General Sherman and many world-noted celebrities have put up with its hard beds and uninviting fare. The writer several summers

ago met there Ernest Thompson-Seton and Hamlin Garland. The former was studying the habits and peculiarities of the wild animals and game. Buffalo, bears, deer, elk, mountain sheep and mountain lions inhabit the Park in large numbers.

The white man—Jim Bridger—who first discovered to the outside world the wonders of the Park, was thought to be insane when he attempted to describe them. Of course, I have attempted to describe here, necessarily, but very few of the wonders of the Park. It takes a month to see it properly, though one gets a very good idea of it in a week. Volumes have been written on it, and volumes and volumes might still be written. It is the eighth wonder of the world and it is unique in this—the hand of man has never touched it. Subterranean mineralization and conformation undoubtedly account for some of the phenomena, but the scenery is Nature's and eloquent of Nature's God.

The Park is open for travel only in the months of June, July, August and September. Even in August the hotels are heated at night with steam.

An English globe-trotter waiting for a train at an Italian railway station was describing to an American friend of mine the wonders of the earth. He was asked what, in his opinion, was the greatest of all sights in the known world. "Undoubtedly," he replied without a moment's hesitation, "the Yellowstone Park in your country, which you Americans appreciate so little."

THE TALISMAN.

BY ROSE C. CONLEY.

Most potent words of human tongue
Where language speaks or songs are sung,
The phrase that thrills all being through
All worlds and ages; "I love you."
It makes this world a thing divine
And all the stars in heaven shine;
It takes the years and tears away
And gives us pearls and youth of May,
'Tis life's elixir, Gilead's balm—
'Tis the soul's nectar, rapture—calm.

'Tis alchemy that turns to gold
All earth's dross; oh manifold
Its uses, riches, tenderness,
Its thrilling sweetness first confessed!
'Tis noblest offering at a shrine,
Love's richest gift to love thro' time
'Tis passion's final word; no more
Hath any human heart, "Adore"
Belongs to that sweet God above you
So I dare only say "I love you."

OUR TRUE POSITION.

RUSSIA.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

XXIX.

In our last Essay we gave a brief sketch of the introduction of Christianity into this vast empire and the subsequent introduction of the Greek schism; also the change of discipline and final separation of the Muscovite Church from the Greek, so that what is now the Russian Church is no more a portion of the Greek Church than it is of the Roman Catholic Church. We have already shown how the Greek Church which still continues schismatical and heretical is separated from the Roman Catholic Church; but I would not be understood to say that the entire Greek Church is cut off from the centre of unity, for there are millions of members of the Eastern Church good Catholics, in union with the See of Peter. Now to resume our Russian sketch.

In 1588 the great body of Russian clergy and laity joined in the Greek schism and in 1667 they formed an independent church, of which they made the Czar and senate the head—thus rejecting the authority of the Patriarch of Constantinople and formally separating from him.

The descendants of Rurick, the founder of the Czars, became extinct in Theodore, in 1598. After considerable confusion and contention, Michael, of the family of Romanow, was chosen Grand Duke of Moscovy in 1613. His third descendant was Peter the Great, who founded the Russian Empire. In the year 1700, the Patriarchate became vacant, and after nineteen years, Peter, who had made some unsuccessful negotiations for a reunion with the See of Rome, declared himself head of the Russian Church, had an archbishop appointed for Moscow and placed the Church government in the hands of a committee of ecclesiastics and laymen, which to-day is called the Holy Synod.

There is considerable disunion in the Russian Church,—a large body who call themselves *Sterawersi,* or old reliables, having separated from the leading sect. This division has existed for a long time, but the first revolt was made in the patriarchate of Nicon. They were persecuted by the dominant party until Peter the Great established a limited freedom of conscience, tolerating any religion, but forbidding any one to leave the Russian Church for the purpose of becoming a Roman Catholic.

Lutherism was introduced in the early part of the sixteenth century by the Swedes, into Finland, and into the adjoining parts of Archangel and Novogovod. In 1559, William of Furstenberg, the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, who then governed Livonia, having become a Lutheran, resigned his office in favor of Gotthard Kettler, who had been his coadjutor. This man having also joined the new church, ceded a part of Livonia to the Danes and the principal portion to Poland, receiving the investiture of the dukedoms of Courland and Samagotia in return. The new doctrines spread from those places into Russia so that Lutheranism made considerable progress in the northwestern part of the country. In 1581, Pope Gregory XIII. wrote to the Czar, John Vasilievitz, who was a Roman Catholic, to request him to send the Lutheran preachers out of his dominions. But the Czar wrote back that he would not do it as all nations in his country should have free exercise of their religious beliefs. Many Calvinists subsequently found their way thither from the more southern regions of Europe, especially from Poland, Germany, Holland, and Scotland.

The Armenians not in union with the See of Peter, as well as those in its communion, are by no means a small number of the Christians of the country,—the latter being members of the Universal Church are to be ranked under their proper head. A large portion of this body which was schismatic has been reunited to the Catholic Church.

After the conquest of Greece by the Turks and the establishment of the religion of the false prophet in the East of Europe, many of the Mahommedans settled in Russia and at present the number in the European portion of the Empire is by no means inconsiderable.

By these several events the Roman Catholic religion has been greatly reduced in this vast empire, but of late years the numbers have been increasing. In the middle of the last century the Jesuits, who had been frequently the objects of gross misrepresentation and unfounded calumny, were established in many places to diffuse the light of philosophy and science in this country. They had previously labored as missionaries, and had been very successful; but when they were driven from the rest of Europe, they found an asylum in Russia under the reign of Catherine II. The great obstacle to their labors was the law which forbade anybody to become a convert;—yet many, notwithstanding this law, embraced the doctrines of the Church. In 1783, at the request of the Empress Catherine II., Stanislaus Siestrzencewez was consecrated in Rome first archbishop of Mohilow and primate of the Roman Catholic Church of Russia, on the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, December 21.

Upon the seizure of a considerable part of what once was Poland by the Empress of Russia, in the last century, a great accession of Catholics was made to the Empire; and when these usurpations had received a character of permanence, there were some regulations of the See of Rome to settle the questions of the jurisdiction of the bishops of Poland, etc., within such limits as would not interfere with the boundaries of those powers to which they were subject.

In most places within the Russian dominions the liturgy is in the Slavonic dialect. This was established by St. Methodius after the death of his brother Cyril, by the authority of Pope John VIII. in the year 879, which custom was confirmed by Pope Urban VIII. and his successor Innocent X. about 1650. It was also sanctioned by Pope Innocent XIII. and finally by Benedict XIV. in the year 1744.

The Slavonic is the most extensive language extant, with possibly the exception of the Arabic. Its modern dialects are as different from the old mother tongue as any modern language is from those which are now called dead languages. In fact, the liturgies of the Latin or Greek churches are just as intelligible to the people to-day as the old Slavonic tongue. The Church requires for the change of her discipline in such an important matter the consent of a general council of the Church or of the Pope himself, who is the head of the Universal Church. The same reasons therefore which caused the retention of the Latin, Greek, Coptic, Syriac, in the liturgies of the Church, may be applied with equal force to the retaining of the old Slavonic language in Russia. A missal and breviary in this tongue were printed in Rome in the year 1741.

Many of the churches in Poland and Moravia which had originally received the Latin liturgy wished to use the Slavonian, but on the same principle which causes the retention of the Slavonic in those churches where it was originally established, the petition was rejected and the use of the Slavonic tongue was expressly prohibited. Various synods and the Pope's legates forbade its use in any public service of the Church. These decisions were confirmed by Pope Alexander II. Pope Gregory VII., the successor of

Alexander, renewed the decree applying to the churches in Germany, which were in like manner omitting the Latin and adopting the Slavonian. Some critics who oppose the Catholic Church quote these decrees as conflicting and consequently they argue against the infallibility of the Church. Such men are either dishonest or sadly wanting in knowledge. There is no conflict in these decrees: they proceed from the same general principles, and even when applied under different circumstances there is no contradiction.

Our would-be-critics should bear in mind that Catholics do not claim infallibility for the Pope or Church in everything. The Pope is only infallible in doctrines of faith and morals; and these decrees do not regard either the doctrines of faith nor the principles of morality, but the regulation of discipline which is subject to change at any time when desired by the proper authority.

In Russia some of the churches have been planted by the missionaries from the East and some by those from the West. Each portion had its own peculiar ceremonies and form of prayer differing somewhat from the other, though their doctrines of faith, their principles of morality, and their essential discipline were exactly the same. Those churches still retain their original language as well as their original ceremonies and forms. Hence amongst the Catholics of Russia great diversity of secondary discipline is observable. This has given rise to the assertions of some ignorant writers that there must be a difference in belief because there was a difference in external forms. As well might they conclude that the Jansenists were Catholics because all the external forms are similar. As well might they assert that the people who frequent the High Episcopal Church are in communion with the Catholic Church because the ministers who officiate therein observe the same forms as are observed by duly authorized Catholic priests.

Communion in spirituals consists in believing the same doctrines of faith, having the same sacraments, acknowledging the same head, and being united in one grand communion. The Russian Catholic churches believe the same doctrines that are believed by all other Catholic churches; they have the same sacraments that all other Catholics have, and they are under the government of Bishops who hold communion with and are subject to the bishop of Rome, who is the centre of unity and communion for all Catholics throughout the world. They acknowledge this authority and obey it, and yet their liturgical language and their accidental ceremonies, which are matters of ecclesiastical discipline, differ from those of other churches. By not observing this distinction between what is essentially necessary and what is a matter of conventional regulation, many superficial writers and readers have made great blunders, and by confusing what ought to be accurately distinguished, have created false impressions and arrived at unwarranted conclusions.

The Russian Catholic Church has perhaps the greatest diversity of discipline which can be found to-day, except in Rome where there are churches of all rites in communion with the Holy See. You find the Greek and the Latin rites in the Greek and Latin languages and both in the old Slavonic tongue, and Armenian and Syriac rites, all used in several Catholic churches, having different discipline, but holding the same authority and united in the Pope of Rome, the common Father of Christendom.

From the latest statistics we find the following figures which will give us a pretty accurate knowledge of the European portion of Russia. Catholics of various rites in union with Rome, 13,000,000; Protestants, 4,500,000; Mahometans, 2,000,000; the various divisions of the Russian Church not in union with the Holy See, 65,500,000.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O.M.I

To return to Ardfinan. The reverend gentleman who presided over the few Protestants there was very indignant at our success, especially as the head of an old Catholic family which had apostatized in the previous generation returned to the Church in which he had been baptized, together with a few others whom the minister could ill afford to lose. So he sent to Dublin to a couple of well known bigots, and between them they got up a counter mission. As their church was on the top of the hill and was visible from the valley in which the Catholic chapel stood, and near which most of the villagers had their residences, and as crowds of people were wont to assemble in the high road, and in the chapel yard until the last summons proclaimed that the Rosary was about to commence, we could all see that few if any responded to the prolonged ringing of the bell of the Protestant church. So the Rev. Mr. C.— tried another dodge, which was foolhardy, and might have proved disastrous to him and his pair of ministers. They descended their hill and marched slowly through our assembled crowds, singing hymns, which were ever and anon interrupted by an announcement of their mission, and very affectionate invitations to the deluded Catholics to come and take part in it. When we arrived from the presbytery I found that the Tipperary blood was beginning to boil over, and begging them to do nothing that would bring disgrace on the mission I went straight to the Rev. Mr. C.— and his companions and advised them to disappear as quickly as possible as there was sure to be a riot, an advice which they prudently followed by retiring to their empty church on the hill. But this did not put an end to the affair by any means. On the following Sunday there was such an overpowering stench in the Protestant church that no services could be held therein, and this got abroad and was even published in all the papers of the neighborhood. The church on the hill had to be closed for several weeks until some enterprising individual suggested that the flooring should be taken up. When this was done they discovered scores of the dead bodies of rats and rabbits which had managed to creep under the church by one means or another, and could not get out again. It was then gravely reported that the Rev. Mr. C— had gone to Dublin to have an interview with me, and that he succeeded in persuading me to remove the curse which I was accused of having inflicted on his church, on condition that he would keep the peace in the future and cease from annoying his Catholic neighbors.

In the neighborhood of Ardfinan there was a wealthy and respected family that had preserved the faith through all the days of persecution and trial. But a maiden lady who presided over her brother's house took it into her head to apostatize, and as often happens in similar cases became the fiercest of bigots. She purchased a small basket carriage and a donkey from a Catholic lady who had hitherto used it when coming to Mass; and on the first day that Miss B— drove into Ardfinan, the gates of the chapel yard being open,—for the sexton was mowing the grass therein—the donkey naturally wished to go into the chapel-yard as of old. It was the last place of

course that the lady wished to visit, and she did her best to prevent the donkey from succeeding, the result being that while the lady was trying to pull back the poor beast was determined to proceed; but as soon as he was on the chapel side of the gates he quietly laid down, thus leaving the lady and her little carriage on the outside. The sexton, seeing her dilemma, came to the rescue, and knowing well who she was he lifted his hat and quietly said, "The poor brute seems to know the House of God better than you do, ma'am." Miss B— was determined not to run the risk of a similar contretemps so she sold her carriage and the donkey as soon as possible.

Let me relate one more incident connected with this eventful mission at Ardfinan, before I conduct you elsewhere. One evening when we were preparing to go to the chapel for the rosary, sermon, and Benediction, a messenger came to tell me that there was an old man in a great state of excitement waiting in the sacristy to see me, who was telling every one that he had come all the way from America to go to confession to me. On reaching the sacristy where I found him waiting for me I enquired the meaning of the strange story that had been reported to me, and he then gave me the following history. He had left his native place, Thurles, upwards of a quarter of a century ago and had been residing in New York ever since with his wife. One day he received a letter from his brother who was still living in Thurles, giving an account of the mission which we were at that time conducting in that place, and telling how happy he was after having made a general confession to me. After reading the letter he turned to his wife and said; "Look at that now; here am I, doing well in the business line, 'tis true; but its more than twenty years since I knelt to a priest. I'll find out if there's a boat going to Ireland tomorrow, and if there be, I'll take my passage and cross over; and I'll go to Thurles, and make a general confession myself to Father Fox." Whether he met with any delay or not I do not remember, but nothing shook his resolution. In due time he reached Thurles, but found that we had gone from thence to preach a mission in a place called Clerihan. On making enquiries he found that we had also finished our three weeks' mission there, and had gone on to Ardfinan. The good man had ample means and opportunities to get driven the long distance from Thurles to the place where he found us, but he declared that he would tramp every mile of it, as the least he could do to repair the many years that he had been a stranger to the Sacraments was to walk every foot of the road. I heard his confession at once, while one of the other Fathers was preaching. He had not broken his fast since early morning, and I could not induce him to take even a drink of water that evening. I got permission from the parish priest for him to stop in the chapel all night. In the morning he finished his confession and I gave him Holy Communion at my Mass. Before returning to Thurles to stop a few days with his brother he came to express his gratitude and to take leave of me. He promised to write to me as soon as he should reach New York again, a promise which he faithfully kept. In his letter to me he said: "I have told my wife, and every one of my friends that I am now the happiest man in the whole world." I question if many others have ever taken so long a voyage in order to make a good confession as did this exile of Erin.

Not very long after I was settled at Inchicore I was appointed chaplain to the South Dublin Union Workhouse by the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Cullen. Though not precisely a mission yet it would be hard to find any position of a more strict-

ly missionary character. The number of inmates mounted up to 4,400, and fully 4,000 of these were Catholics. I had an assistant appointed to help me, an excellent man and a celebrated literary character who is at the time I am writing these lines a canon of the archdiocese of Dublin, Canon Hanlon. It would not be easy even amongst the Orangemen of the North of Ireland to find a more bigoted set of guardians than those at whose mercy I endeavored to perform my arduous duties. As far as I can remember there were only two amongst the elected guardians who were Catholics, and if at any time a favor which I asked for was likely to be granted, notice would be sent to the ex-officio guardians, nearly all Protestant magistrates, who seldom if ever troubled the board except on such occasions, and my application would be easily voted down. On one day, being seated in the doctor's room, in which there was a window looking down on the large dining room, I heard a terrible uproar in the hall and, looking down, I saw a number of women being treated most shamefully by the officers, by orders from the matron. They were assisted by some policemen who had been called in for the occasion. The victims had evidently been thrown down on the floor and their clothing was being searched for under-garments which they were accused of having taken from the laundry. Some of the grown up girls were taken up by the police, and were accused of having struck some of the officers with their tin drinking mugs, these being the most deadly weapons at their service, for in that civilized locality they were not allowed to have knives and forks. On the following day these poor girls, most of whom had been born and reared in the workhouse, and had never until now been outside its prison walls, were brought before the magistrate. I myself went to court and asked permission, after the officers had given in their evidence, to say a few words in defence of the accused. I related all I had seen from the doctor's window, and while admitting that the accused used their mugs too freely I appealed to the magistrate for leniency on the plea of the cruel conduct of the officers. The magistrate dismissed the accused with a caution, but spoke very strongly in condemnation of their persecutors, and of the board of guardians who encouraged such men in their service. I here interrupt my recital of the workhouse affair for a moment. The name of the magistrate was Porter, and on one occasion a man who was an habitual drunkard was brought before him for the usual cause.

"Well," said the magistrate, "what has brought you here again so soon?"

"Too much porter, your honor," a reply which tickled the visible muscles of every one present, and probably obtained for the culprit a more lenient sentence.

But to return to the workhouse. Without delay the board was summoned to an extraordinary meeting, and I was also cited to be present. After reproving me for my unwarranted interference, as they termed it, they told me that I would hear from their head clerk on the morrow. I therefore received a sealed order which contained my formal dismissal. As the papers always published reports of the proceedings of the board my case was reported in full. One of the guardians, Alderman Bonsall, was my bitterest enemy. There was a custom which was in vogue in the Dublin corporation at that time, the result of which was that if a Catholic was chosen to be appointed Lord Mayor this year, his successor was to be a Protestant. The Lord Mayor elect is thus voted for several months before he actually takes his seat. There are three gold chains belonging to the corporation. The largest and heaviest, to which every occupant of the chair is expected to add another link, is of course the one which

is worn by the sitting dignitary, the second largest is worn by him for a year after he has resigned his office to another, and the third is sported by him who bears the proud title of Lord Mayor Elect. For many years, it had been Alderman Bonsall's ambition to be raised to the mayorality of the second city of the empire, and at the very time of my dismissal he was wearing the long coveted gold chain. In the newspaper reports of what took place in the board of guardians after I left them it was stated that after reading what had taken place in the magisterial court of Mr. Porter, Mr. Bonsall said, "I presume that I must persuade myself that the Reverend Mr. Fox has been guilty of perjury." My first step was to wait on the Archbishop and ask for his guidance. His Grace approved of all that I had done, and as it was stated that strict orders were given to the porter, who had been a faithful servant of Daniel O'Connell until the great Liberator's death, not to admit me within the workhouse gates, Dr. Cullen recommended that I should send Father Mangin, one of our Fathers, in my place, so that the poor people in the house should not be neglected. But the residents in Dublin were infuriated, and under the presidency of one of the leading priests, the Rev. Dr. Laffan, a public meeting was held, to which I was invited but which I did not deem it prudent to attend. Resolutions were passed unanimously, one of them was a formal approbation of my conduct, and another was that a deputation should be appointed to wait upon the aldermen and councilmen of the corporation, to insist that some one else should be named to take the place of Bonsall as Lord Mayor for the coming year. This was done with as little delay as possible, and my bigoted enemy had the mortification and humiliation of being obliged to doff the golden chain and to resign it into the hands of a practical Catholic.

But my troubles or future triumphs did not end here. Father Mangin did duty for me at the workhouse during three months. Some of the guardians appealed to the Archbishop to have a permanent chaplain appointed, but this was the reply they received. "I appointed the Rev. Father Fox to that office, whom you have dismissed unjustly, and I shall not appoint any one else in his place." The affair was then brought before the House of Commons in Westminster by some of the leading Catholic members of Parliament, amongst whom was the O'Donoghue, M. P., a grand-nephew of Daniel O'Connell. A motion was proposed and carried by a large majority, both Whigs and Tories voting in its favor, that I should be reinstated in my office and that the three months' salary which had been withheld from me should be paid in full, together with interest. No doubt it was a bitter pill for the bigots to have to swallow, but the people of Dublin were jubilant, and organized a grand procession which paraded the principal streets with bands and banners, and finished by coming out to Inchicore to congratulate me on my triumph. I remember one very large banner which was borne aloft on which were painted the letters, "Father Fox and the S.D. Workhouse Victory."

I did not remain in my office as chaplain to that institution more than about half a year after my re-instatement, as the work, onerous as it was and, as I have already said, of a missionary character, interfered both with regular missions in other parts of Ireland, and of what was required of me in the discharge of my duties at Inchicore. I had to leave our own house about half past three every morning and walk to the workhouse, where I could begin my day's work about nine o'clock.

During my residence for so many years in Ireland, besides the charity or other sermons which I was invited to preach

in the great majority of the churches in Dublin and its neighborhood, I had the privilege of taking part with others of our Fathers in missions which were given in several of the parish churches. Amongst these were St. Lawrence O'-Toole, St. Andrew's, St. James', St. Michan's, S.S. Michael and John's, Enniskerry, Dalkey, Rathfarnham, St. Theresa's in Clarendon Street, and St. Catherine's in Meath Street. In this latter place occurred an interesting event which is deserving of record. I was giving the instructions one day to the children, and as the weather was very warm, the front doors, through which I could look out on the street beyond, were wide open. While I was preaching I saw a poorly-clad little girl enter the porch where she remained without venturing into the church. I thought that she might be a Protestant and that the inside of the sacred building must be forbidden ground to her. I could not but notice that her attention was rapt on what I was saying. I was trying to impress on the children the necessity of their recital of their morning prayers, on the faithful discharge of which duty the blessing of God for the entire day depended. I remarked that even if they had negligent or bad parents, or such as would beat them if they knelt down to say their prayers, they should endeavor to persevere, for by so doing not only would the great God bless them but He might also bless their parents through them. I little thought at the time how soon my words were to be verified. The little girl I am speaking of belonged to a notorious family of thieves. The father and a grown-up son were professional burglars and pickpockets and the mother and an aged grandmother helped them to dispose of all stolen property. The little girl who was about ten years of age was much younger than her brother. She had never been to Mass in her life, and as to prayers, the old grandmother, the only one of the family who had a spark of piety in her, had taught her to say the Hail Mary, and no more. When the children prepared to disperse she ran to her miserable home which was near the church. During the afternoon her father made his appearance, but he was very drunk and took no notice of her. She remained quiet, for, as there were no others at that time in the house, she knew that he might wake up from his drunken sleep at any moment and would then ask her to get him something. But her thoughts were busy on what she had heard me saying about morning prayers at the children's instruction, and she said to herself that if morning prayers were so good, surely evening prayers must be equally so. She therefore determined to try at once, and knelt down, probably for the first time in her life, to say a few Hail Marys. While she was thus engaged her father awoke and seeing her on her knees he asked her what she was doing. She told him she was saying a few prayers, and he then shouted out to her to get up off her knees at once or he would soon make her. But she, remembering what she heard me say about persevering no matter what should be the result, remained as she was. He then caught up a little stool which was close to the bed and hurled it at her. It struck her on the forehead and she fell to the floor in an unconscious condition. In spite of his wickedness he loved his little girl and seeing what he had done he became sobered at once. Getting up he lifted the child into the bed which he had just left, and then ran to a neighbor's house for help. A doctor was sent for, and he pronounced her case to be a very critical one. She was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital in Stephens Green, and hovered between life and death for several weeks. On her recovery from her dangerous illness she returned to her own home, for she had a mission to perform.

She had left that home a martyr but she returned to it an apostle. During the time of her convalescence in the hospital she had learnt much of our holy religion from the good Sisters, and what she learned she imparted to her own relatives. They made a complete change in their lives through the influence of this sweet child. About three months after the mission I was invited to pay a visit to St. Catherine's when I had the happiness of seeing the whole family, father and mother, grandmother and the grown up brother with the little girl, all kneeling at the altar rails to receive Holy Communion. Truly might one here address Almighty God and say to Him "Thou hast hidden those things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

At the close of the same mission, the crowds who desired to take part in the solemn renewal of their baptismal promises were so great that the church could not hold the half of them, so one of the Fathers presided over the ceremony in the interior and I took charge of those outside. I stood upon the top step of a flight leading from the yard into the sacristy, and a compact throng on one side of the church, reaching out to the street in front, gave ample proof that our labors had not been in vain. During an interval I wished to take a pinch of snuff, but I found that my box had disappeared. It was not by any means of intrinsic value, but I prized it not only because it had a medallion of Pius IX. on its cover (he had held it in his hands and had enquired if it were a good likeness) but also because it had been blessed by that holy Pontiff, together with objects of devotion, and had been brought from Rome for me by a friend of mine. It seems that the sacristy behind me had become crowded with people and that one of these had come behind me, and had picked my pocket of this box. I was hearing confessions one evening in our chapel at Inchicore almost exactly a year later when a woman, closely muffled, knocked at the door of my confessional and handed me a paper parcel. She told me that her husband had stolen it from my pocket while I was closing the mission in Meath Street, and that he had never had a day's luck since. She said her husband begged her to ask me to forgive him and to pray for him. I promised to do so, and asked no questions. The paper parcel of course contained my missing snuff box, and although it was returned to me in such a state that I could never use it again, I was only too glad to get it once more, were it only as a relic of the sainted Pio Nono.

Amongst the rural missions in which I took part from time to time, none were more successful than those which were preached to the faithful and patriotic Catholics of Wexford. In Ballymitty the pastor, who was a zealous, but eccentric man, had just built a new chapel, and he determined to inaugurate its opening by a mission. Among his other peculiarities he would not have a single window made so that it could be opened, "for," said he, "if the worshipers only minded their prayers they would not care for too much bodily heat, or too little fresh air." The result was that at the very first Mass, while I was preaching, first one and then another fainted away. Each one was carried to the sacristy where the excellent parish priest gave a glass of wine to every sufferer. In this way he emptied no fewer than three bottles of the altar wine. Dreading that these fainting fits would become contagious especially with the prospect of a glass of good wine to help to bring them round again I announced in the evening that any one who felt that an attack of weakness was coming on, should retire at once, without disturbing the congregation, and that the pastor would give them a glass of water

as he could not afford to dispense any more wine. But this was not the only device which I adopted to check these attacks and their consequent disturbance. I engaged two young men to provide themselves with long sticks, and, before the people assembled for the evening service, I went with them all round the chapel and directed them to smash half a dozen small panes of glass, in each of the tall windows. The remedy was extreme but it was effectual, for not a single case of fainting away occurred from that time till the close of the mission.

In the same parish there abode an excellent family of the name of Crane. We went to pay a visit to the old lady who presided over them. The only members of her family who were then at home with her were her eldest son and his wife and a youth of about seventeen years who was on his vacation from college. When we were leaving her house she came to the front door with her youngest son, and said to me, "Father, I have given five of my sons to St. Augustine, but I would like to give this, my youngest, to the Blessed Virgin. Will you have him?" I accepted the offer without hesitation, and never had cause to regret so valuable a legacy. He entered our novitiate without delay and became a zealous and edifying Oblate Father of Mary Immaculate. He died very lately in Australia. R. I. P. Another of his brothers was the Prior of those good Augustinians in Dublin, who rendered me such valuable aid at the time of the inception of our mission at Inchicore. Yet another of this holy family had intended to belong to the same Order as his brothers, but was debarred from doing so by the bursting of his gun whereby his hand was so mutilated that he could never be ordained as a priest. He endeavored to compensate for this accident by giving two of his sons to St. Augustine and a daughter to a religious congregation. Finally I must not omit to state that the only sister of the friars became a Carmelite nun. There are no doubt other families, like that to which the late Cardinal Vaughan belonged, which have given more than their quota to the Church, but I doubt if a more striking example of this nature could be afforded than that of the Crane family. I was present on one occasion when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass might be called a family affair. The celebrant, the deacon, and the subdeacon, were all brothers of the name of Brown. The assistant priest was another brother, and the master of ceremonies was a cousin with the same name. This was generally spoken of as the Brown Mass.

(To be continued.)

JUNE.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

The world is bright with reddest fires of roses;
Stray lilies snow upon each flowered way;
And purple with its kingliness the new sun,
In ermine clouds announces sweet June's day.

While here and there, a Cupid's golden arrow,
Sheathed in a sunbeam, darts straight thro' the air—
Be wary, gentle maid, upon the hillside
He gathers hearts, as you do wild blooms there.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Life of Father Dolling. By Charles E. Osborne. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

The example of a noble life, spent in unselfish service of the Divine Master, in the care of his unfortunate children must ever be an inspiration to the truly Catholic heart. Such a career was that of Robert Radcliffe Dolling. Though always a Protestant and a member of the Anglican ministry, Robert Dolling's work was one built upon the principles of charity and of religion. His work in London and in the slums of Portsmouth could teach many a lesson to those whose work lies among the poor and the sin-sick of God's flock. At that humble mission at Mile End, in the lowest depths of London's slums, "Brother Bob" made himself the friend of the outcast and the unfortunate, and he drew to himself by his beautiful character the most hardened wretches of every class of society, and by his kind words and assistance set them on their feet and started them afresh on the right road.

His ten years' work at Portsmouth made him famous throughout England and the world. He found Portsmouth the worst section in the country: he left it a changed city. Undismayed by the riotous license and the terrible poverty that reigned supreme, Dolling began his crusade against crime and made giant efforts for the welfare of the poor outcasts of the city. He wrought a marvellous reformation, not by high sentiment and half-hearted work, but by personal contact and personal sacrifice for the sake of those he sought to help. Opposition and lack of the co-operation of superiors, blighted for a time the great work he was doing, and caused him to leave England, yet even abroad the same earnest zeal prompted his every act, and brought him back to East London to die in harness laboring for the welfare of the poor and the lowly.

It is a pity that such a spirit as Robert Dolling never received the grace to see the truth of Catholicity. In the bosom of the Church he would have found a wide field to exercise his noble-hearted zeal and every encouragement to labor for God's little ones. Yet even though he never saw the light, this cannot detract from the work of this generous-hearted man in the cause of humanity. Though he remained an Anglican to the end, his heart was truly Catholic, it went out to all God's creatures carrying messages of love and encouragement. If we had more Robert Dollings in modern times, if more people would bestir themselves to go among their brethren in misery and work amongst them for the amelioration of their sad condition, we should have a happier and a more prosperous society. A true reformer must be one with the people, he must enjoy their respect and confidence and he cannot win these unless he goes amongst them and proves in deed what he preaches by word. This is a lesson that we can all learn from Robert Dolling.

Glimpses of Truth, with Essays on Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. By Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. 1903.

These essays are striking examples of lofty thought, of clear, chiselled expression and of broad helpfulness. It is rare, indeed, to find so much wisdom compressed into so few pages and we are confident that those who keep this collection upon their desk for daily reading at odd moments will grow, not only in a true insight into the solemnity of life, but also in that fine spirituality which is the very flower of Christian knowledge.

What instruction, what wisdom, what uplifting guidance we find in the following tersely expressed thoughts!

"Spiritual growth is the aim and end of life, and nothing that ministers to it can satiate or pall. This makes the happiness of all noble strivers, whether they lay the chief stress on culture of mind, or formation of character, or purification of soul."

"Except by ceaseless striving one cannot know what he may become."

"Let the student have boundless trust in the efficacy of self-activity, in the marvellous excellences which the habit of doing patiently and thoroughly is capable of producing in even the most unpromising subjects."

"The intelligent even often express surprise that men of great wealth should not be content with what they have, but continue to accumulate. Nothing is less surprising, for whatever man sets his heart on must increase or lose the power to please, whether it be money or knowledge or virtue or fame. To have or to have done can satisfy no one. To feel ourselves alive we must still acquire, still accomplish."

"The love of repose, of order, of a uniform and even course of life would seem to spring from a rational and virtuous disposition, but it is often a result of sloth and selfishness, or of timidity and cowardice; and it may therefore be found in those who seek their ease and comfort at whatever cost, who if they are too indifferent to hate, are too indolent to help. They will not trouble themselves to right wrongs or to prevent ills, but suffer things to take their way. They little care what happens if only they be not disturbed. They are in-

capable of generous emotions and are without noble impulses. If they are clothed with authority they correct no abuses, oppose no obstacles to the downward tendency of the many when left to themselves. They ignore the corruption which gives them no annoyance; and if it be urged on their attention, they consider those who denounce it as officious or impertinent. They would be thought wise and able for doing nothing, and they hold in slight esteem the active, energetic and zealous, whose example is a rebuke to their own lethargy and inertness. This self-indulgent weakness and love of ease in the men who govern, whether in Church or State, has wrought greater ruin than the scoffings of infidels and the scandals of the vicious: for all understand that unbelievers will mock and that scandals must be; but that they who are placed as guardians over treasures of infinite price should fall asleep and slumber on while thieves break in and steal seems a thing monstrous and incredible to those who have faith in God and the soul. Where the weak and careless are appointed to do what only the strong and vigilant can perform, confusion or ruin is inevitable."

Life of His Holiness, Pope Pius X, with a Sketch of Leo XIII, and with a History of the Conclave. Preface by Cardinal Gibbons. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904.

It certainly speaks well for the enterprise of the Benzigers that they have so soon furnished the Catholic public with a detailed life of the great man whom God has summoned to guide His Church. The story of the life of Pius X is one of surpassing interest, for it leads from lowly origin to the most exalted dignity upon earth. The days of childhood spent in an humble home, the years at school, the life of the college student, the trials of the earnest Seminarian, the labors of the apostolic priest, and the steady advance from dignity to dignity, until the day when the Papal tiara was placed upon the head of the son of a village tax-collector and of a country dressmaker, all these events are told in a pleasing and vivid manner. Many amusing incidents are related of the Pope's early life which make him doubly dear to us, because they are conclusive proof that he is in very deed "one of the people." The book shows in a marked manner how Giuseppe Sarto, the village lad of Riese, was from earliest childhood providentially prepared for his high office of Vicar of Christ.

Copious illustrations, many of them very artistic, throw the text into a realistic setting and considerably enhance the attractiveness of the volume. By a special offer the publishers are willing to sell the book with one year's subscription to Benziger's Magazine for $2.50. This offer is a remarkably liberal one and should meet with generous support. We Catholics should make it a matter of pride to know every detail of the lives of these illustrious churchmen to whom the care of the Universal Church is, during the course of ages, entrusted.

Although no name is attached to this interesting book, yet the graphic descriptions and the virile style remind us forcibly of the writings of Eugenie Uhlrich. Do we make a mistake?

Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin, Founders of the Sisters of Providence, at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Vigo County, Indiana. By a Member of the Congregation. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904.

The wonderful educational establishment at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, holds a high place of honor in the History of the Catholic Church in the Central States. From its halls thousands of well-trained graduates have gone abroad to spread the fragrance of a godly life and to shine in intellectual circles. This institution has always served the cause of higher education among women and the annals of the Convent are a continued history of triumphs in Academic progress. The life of the Foundress of this splendidly-equipped school is, consequently, of absorbing interest, for it is, in reality, a story of wonderful enterprise, of unflagging zeal, of constant self-effacement, and of dauntless courage. Mother Theodore had to face opposition in a quarter where it was naturally least expected, and as this opposition led to a most severe trial, her life has a more than passing interest even for the casual reader. Persecution, misunderstandings, misjudgments, how hard they are to bear! The sad tragedy in Mother Theodore's life contains an important lesson, both for those who rule and for those who are ruled. Would that all would learn therefrom the salutary truth that justice is the foundation-stone upon which all virtue must rest.

Ritchie's Fabulæ Faciles. Edited with Notes by John Copeland Kirtland, Jr. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

We earnestly recommend this excellent edition of Ritchie's *Fabulæ Faciles* to all American teachers of the Classics. It contains splendid material for the beginner; the notes are helpful and the collateral information up to the grade of the best scholarship. The general setting, type, paper, etc., are of the highest order.

The Symbol in Sermons. By The Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D. New York. Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1903. Price, 68 cents.

This is a companion volume to "The Symbol of the Apostles," published several months ago by the erudite Vicar-General of the Diocese of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. There are twenty-five short sermons upon the various articles of the Creed. Each sermon has a synopsis of the entire discourse prefixed, which makes the book a ready assistant to the preacher pressed for time. The learning to be found in these volumes may be inferred from the following: "The three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, having but one and the same divine nature, are united in their works. . . . But because of the distinction of Persons, and the relations that spring from this distinction a certain work is appropriated to each of the three Divine Persons as peculiarly the work of that person. Thus creation is appropriated to the Father. Again, the work of redemption is appropriated to the Son, as well because it was His personal work, as because there was a special fitness in His being sent to accomplish that work. For the Son of God is the Idea of God, in the likeness of which all things were made, and more especially man. Now the work of redemption was the work of restoration, a work which was meant to repair the ruins wrought by sin in our nature. And as an architect restores a building that has fallen into ruins on the same plan which he used in first setting it up, so it was fitting that the Father should send the Son to repair the nature of man and restore in him the divine likeness which had been defaced by sin. . . . ."

This extract will show the solid thought and the wealth of illustrations contained in this welcome addition to our sermon literature.

Answers to Objections against the Catholic Religion. By Mgr. De Segur. Translated by M. V. B. Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Illinois. Price, 25 cents.

These brief answers to the general objections against Religion will be found extremely useful as a foundation upon which to build a course of instruction in revealed doctrine. Mgr. Segur has a happy faculty of placing difficulties in a striking and fair manner and of solving them satisfactorily and entertainingly. A copy of this would help every household in religious matters.

Saint Patrick in History. By The Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Price, 50 cents.

Saint Patrick holds a position unique among the Saints of God. The religion he taught has been so stamped upon the nation to which he was providentially sent, that men have claimed they could trace the lineaments of this belief upon the faces of the people. Tyranny, persecution, flattery, and the glitter of golden bait have signally failed in attempts to turn the warm-hearted Kelt from his loyalty to the faith preached by St. Patrick. There is, consequently, an abiding interest in the life of this glorious apostle, and every study of his wondrous work will be read with pleasure. Dr. Shahan sketches for us, with the thoroughness of a scholar and the charm of a litterateur the influence upon history of this illustrious man. He portrays the great difference between Pagan and Christian nationality, between Pagan and Christian character, and he shows how this mighty work was wrought by the Church through her missionaries. Hence it is that at the opening of every modern European nation there stands some great and solemn figure—some original Apostle— who came to the tribes seated in darkness—came bringing gifts first of spiritual freedom and uplifting, and then of the highest rational refinement of soul and body and social conditions. Remi, Columba, Aidan, Gregory, Augustine, Willibrord, Ansgar, Olaf, Boniface, Cyril and Methodius—what stories of spiritual and of intellectual triumphs cluster around these names! Pre-eminent among these spiritual conquerors stands the Apostle of Erin, whose marvellous work is described in telling words in the volume under review.

Mary, the Perfect Woman. By Emily Mary Shapcote. London. Burns & Oates. 1904.

A dainty volume of one hundred and fifty rhythms in honor of the Mystical Life of Our Lady. Just the book for a drawing-room table, for the pious artist, and for those friends outside the fold who can be reached only through the beautiful in thought and in expression.

Letters from the Beloved City. To S. B. from Philip. Longmans, Green & Co. London. 1904. Price $1.20.

These letters written from Rome to one outside the Church, breathe the tenderness, the forbearance, the magnanimity of the Good Shepherd. They will undoubtedly prove silent apostles among those who must be approached with calm dignity, and who are won more by gentle persuasiveness than by vigorous logic. It is well, when dealing with non-Catholics to bear in mind these words of the author: "(some of us) do not allow sufficiently for the difficulties (of those outside the Church). The very signs of the Church, to us so plain, to them may have been misstated, mis-represented; they have not familiarity with the subject. And as to the authority of the Church—to us so restful, so safe—

it is the very thing against which all their prejudice and bigotry have been for generations evoked and trained." Do we not sometimes in our zeal forget this warning?

Spiritual Despondency and Temptations. By Rev. P. J. Michel, S. J. Translated from the French by Rev. F. P. Garesche, S. J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price $1.25.

No trials from without are to be compared to those interior struggles which press upon the soul, and which proceed from loneliness, from doubt, and from temptation. It is easy to serve God when the waves of prosperity dash over us, when the sunbeams dance across our pathways, when we are greeted on all sides by the encouraging words of friends, and when our interior serenity is without a ruffle. But it is difficult to walk loyally when gloom surrounds us, when enemies harrass us, and when no sound strikes our ears but that of reproach.

It is still more difficult to keep bravely on the exact line of duty when the head is bent with grief, the heart laden with weariness, and the soul crushed with despair and tortured with temptation. All these interior trials can become great enemies to spiritual advancement. We welcome, consequently, Fr. Michel's comforting book, which not only consoles those under trial but also shows how these very trials can be turned into effective means for our spiritual progress.

Characteristics of the Anglican Crisis. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Moyes. International Catholic Truth Society. Brooklyn. Price 5 cents.

The timeliness and pointedness of this important *critique* of the present Anglican Crisis could not be described better than in the following letter from Mr. Stuart A. Coats, of New York City.

"The International Catholic Truth Society has just reprinted an excellent article from the "London Tablet" by the Rt. Rev. Canon Moyes, Theologian of the Archdiocese of Westminster. It is entitled "Characteristics of the Anglican Crisis" and it contains so much that is worthy of the serious attention of earnest High Churchmen to-day, that I feel that a debt of gratitude is due the International Catholic Truth Society for republishing it in permanent form.

"After an attentive consideration of Dr. Moyes' article, I felt that for me there was but one course to adopt, and I recommend it earnestly to all others who appeal (as I then did) to the authority of the "Undivided Church," or the "Orthodox Eastern Communion," as authorities on matters of faith, namely to study the position of the Church in communion with the Apostolic See, not as this position is misrepresented (however unintentionally) by Anglican controversialists, but in the authoritative expositions of leading Catholic writers on history and theology.

"I am especially anxious that this essay should come to the notice of many in the Anglican Communion, because it was the instrument which God used to open my own eyes to the perilous position which I then occupied, and to induce me to undertake a course of study, which in a comparatively brief space of time led me to apply for admission to the 'One Fold of Christ.'"

Apologia Pro Vita Sua. By Cardinal Newman. Reprinted in pamphlet form by Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 25 cents.

This convenient edition is verbally, and in arrangement, identical with the Cardinal's own edition, published in 1865, except that a hitherto unpublished letter, written in 1857 by Newman, to the late Canon Flanagan of Oscott, is included in the contents. This letter deals with Tract 90 and Newman's hard sayings against Rome, and almost presents in substance the Apologia itself.

The School of the Heart. By Margaret Fletcher. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. $1.00.

Catholic girls will do well to possess themselves of a copy of this sensible, practical discussion on love and marriage. Under the heads "Falling in Love," "Married Life," and "The Woman of Leisure," Margaret Fletcher gives sadly needed advice for the direction of young girls contemplating matrimony, and for young wives struggling with duties and responsibilities often thoughtlessly assumed.

Earnestly, and with wise frankness, the author considers the reasons why girls "should acquire a serious and Christian habit of thinking about love," and why they should so exercise new faculties that their youth will be a time "of high aspirations, great ideals, and strong enthusiasms."

Every page of this little volume reveals the author's deep, spiritual insight into the needs of the feminine nature, and her sane, sound judgment in dealing with issues and problems that demand attention when young lives are shaping themselves towards the fulfilment of their destiny.

Strong-Arm of Avalon. By Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Bros. New York. 85 cts.

The year 1655 and the Maryland shore are the time and place chosen by Mrs. Waggaman for her thrilling tale of the adventures of Strong-Arm and his Indian foster-brother, Chico. The little boat sweeping down the

Chesapeake immediately engages the attention and directs it to the occupants of the skiff, a handsome brown-faced boy of sixteen, and his sister, fair-haired, dainty Margot—the children of Madame Melanie Ventnor, the Mistress of Avalon Manor.

Strong-Arm, Giles Ventnor, is an intrepid spirit, hot-headed, resolute, daring, and the part he plays in this story of Maryland in the days when Claybourne and his followers hunted priests, and Catholics worshipped at the peril of their lives, will be followed with eager interest through the thrilling scenes in which the novel abounds. The characters are so vividly drawn that they seem to speak and act from the printed pages.

Poetry of the People. Selected and arranged with notes by Charles Mills Gayley and Martin C. Flaherty. Ginn & Company. Boston. 50 cents.

The contents of this volume comprise ballads, lays of heroism, and other poems illustrative of the history and national spirit of England, Scotland, Ireland, and America. It is completely equipped with notes, glossary, and indexes, and is intended chiefly for the use of schools. The purpose of the book is to win young people to a love of poetry and a desire to learn it by heart. The selection has been made in accordance with a few very old principles which appear to be ignored nowadays by those who gather verses and edit them with a view to interesting either the ordinary reader or the schoolboy. These principles are intelligibility, value to the public, and charm.

Irving's Life of Goldsmith. Edited by Charles Robert Gaston. Ginn & Company. Boston. 60 cents.

Idylls of the King. Edited with introduction and notes by William Boughton. Ginn & Company. Boston. 30 cents.

These new volumes in the "Standard English Classics Series," for use in schools, appear in the new series binding, which is characterized by its convenient size and its semi-flexible green cloth cover, stamped very clearly in gold ink.

A valuable feature of the new edition of Oliver Goldsmith is the extended list of questions and of composition topics, which set the pupil to thinking and widen his mental view. The introductory and annotated material is both accurate and interesting.

The aim of the editor of "The Idylls of the King" has been to give the pupil such an introduction to the Arthurian romances as seems necessary for the understanding of these special idylls; and to make the learner a sympathetic reader of Tennyson. The introduction to this volume contains a full explanation of Tennyson's poems,—as the Epic of Arthur, the Epic of the Year, and the Epic of Sense at War with Soul. A full key to the study of Tennyson's blank verse is given, illustrations of all the varieties of foot combinations being drawn from the three idylls studied. The aim has been to bring the pupil into perfect sympathy with the master poet and his world of ideals.

Stories of the Rosary. By Louisa Emily Dobrée. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 50 cents.

The five stories comprising the collection, and illustrating the five Glorious Mysteries, are simply and effectively told, each one unobtrusively pointing a moral. The author's purpose is to prove the efficacy of prayer, particularly in aiding young people to overcome faults. Jim and Agnese and Antonio; Magadelen; Mary and Lucy; Veronica and Josie—all are tested by the trials of life, and though some fail temporarily, Catholic training finally triumphs, and through the practice of the Rosary they become edifying children of the Church, and are rewarded abundantly both in material and spiritual ways.

St. Joseph's Prayer-Book. New Edition. Published by Wm. P. Linehan. Melbourne, Australia.

This prayer-book compiled by a religious with an extensive experience in the training of young people, is issued in improved form and contains much additional matter, including a number of hymns for schools and confraternities.

Prescott. By Rollo Ogden. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Boston. $1.00 net.

This new life of Prescott by the editor of *The Evening Post* of New York is a study rather of a personality than of an historian. While Prescott's writings are passed in review, and an attempt is made to show what verdict modern historical investigation pronounces upon them, the main study is of the man himself. The author has had the advantage of access to the Prescott family papers, and other new material, with the result, it is believed, of bringing out in greater distinctness one of the most charming personalities in American literary annals.

The life will take its place among the more notable biographies of the Series "American Men of Letters."

St. John's Quarterly. Vol. I, No. —. Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., Editor. Syracuse. Catholic Sun Press.

The learned, logical and labor-loving Father Mullany is now the editor of an excellent Magazine which appropriately bears

the title of St. John's Quarterly. That it is ably edited is evident from the many important articles sandwiched between the two covers. Among the articles contained therein we must call attention to the thoughtful paper on "The True Conception of the Church," to the interesting description of the journey "Around the World viâ Siberia," to the reverent and uplifting "Meditation upon the Annunciation," to the timely statement of "Our Position on the School Question," and to the instructive essay upon "Russia and Japan." This is sufficient to show what a goodly literary banquet Father Mullany supplies to his subscribers.

QUESTION BOX.

Does legal adoption constitute in the eyes of the Church, an impediment to marriage?

It does. By adoption the person adopted becomes, by fiction of law, the child of the adopter. Hence the legal relationship of parent and child exists between them. Consequently, the relationship or impediment arising from adoption resembles that of consanguinity or natural blood-relationship, and therefore follows the same lines, both direct and, or collateral as the latter, though in a more restrictive degree. Accordingly, adoption annuls marriage as between the parents or persons adopting on one side and the person adopted and the latter's children, if he have any, on the other, to the fourth degree, provided these children, grandchildren, etc., were at the time of the adoption under parental authority of the person adopted. At the present day only children who are minors *i. e.* under the age of twenty-one, are, as a rule adopted. Hence there can scarcely ever be question of the children of the person adopted. This impediment endures forever, even though the adoption be severed.

Again, adoption annuls marriage, as in the collateral line, between the person adopted, on the one hand, and the sons and daughters of the parent or person adopting, on the other. For the person adopted and the natural children of the adopter become by law brothers and sisters. This impediment, however, endures only as long as the person adopted and the natural children of the adopter remain under parental authority of the latter, and, therefore, ceases when this parental authority over them is dissolved, either by the death of the adopter or by the emancipation of the person adopted, or of the natural children. The adoption, however, as the learned Dr. Smith observes, must be perfect, *i. e.* it must be sanctioned by the secular law of the country and made in accordance with its prescriptions. The impediment is not, as is evident, of divine, but only of ecclesiastical, enactment.

What is the story of the Golden Fleece?

The story of the Golden Fleece is that Ino persuaded her husband, Athamas, that his son Phryxos was the cause of a famine which desolated the land, and the old dotard ordered him to be sacrificed to the angry gods. Phryxos being apprised of this order, made his escape over sea on a ram, *which had a golden fleece.* When he arrived at Colchis, he sacrificed the ram to Zeus and gave the Fleece to King Æetes who hung it on a sacred oak. It was afterwards stolen by Jason in his celebrated Argonautic Expedition.

What is a Troll?

A Troll is a dwarf, of Northern mythology, living in hills or mounds. They are represented as stumpy, misshapen, and humpbacked, inclined to thieving and to carrying off children. They are called hill-people and are especially averse to noise from a recollection of the time when Thor used to fling his hammer after them.

What is *spiritual affinity?*

Sponsors both in Baptism and in Confirmation, contract with the infant, a kind of spiritual paternity or maternity, from which arises an ecclesiastical impediment to marriage with their god-daughter or god-son, which is called *spiritual affinity.* This impediment also extends to the parents of the child.

What is meant by the *banns* of marriage?

The *banns* are public announcements to the faithful that certain persons intend to enter into the state of matrimony. They are prescribed by law in order that any person may object if he knows of any valid reason why the marriage should not take place.

What is the meaning of the letters I.N.R.I. and I.H.S.?

The letters I.N.R.I. stand for the words *JESUS NAZARENUS REX JUDÆORUM,*

i.e., Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. They formed the inscription placed by Pilate above the cross of our Lord. The other letters, although commonly interpreted to stand for *Jesus Hominum Salvator, Jesus the Saviour of men,* is taken by most scholars to be an abbreviation of the sacred name of Jesus.

Can any person be a good Catholic, who refuses to believe in the dogma of Hell, as taught by the Catholic Church?

Certainly not. How can anyone who rejects a portion of Catholic doctrine lay claim to the title of being a good Catholic. We must always bear in mind that the supreme punishment of hell consists in banishment from the direct vision of God. As this is a gift not due to us, it is eminently fitting that Almighty God should lay down the conditions under which that blessing may be enjoyed. It is, consequently, clear that those who refuse to comply with the conditions, cannot in justice expect to enjoy the privilege. The objections brought against this doctrine proceed either from ignorance or from prejudice. A splendid series of articles upon this important subject was published in "The Month" Vol. 44.

What answer should a Catholic give to a Protestant who says that he has no more respect for, or belief in, the Old Testament than he would have for any history written by a writer of the present day?

Such a one has certainly drifted far away from the originally accepted tenets of Protestantism, though this is the natural outcome of the Protestant doctrine of private interpretation. You might quote to your friend the teaching of the early Protestants upon this subject. Moreover, what could be clearer than the following words from Charles Wordsworth, an acknowledged authority among Episcopalians: "We receive the whole of the Old Testament as the Inspired Word of God, on the authority of God Himself speaking in the universal consent and practice of His Own People, the Jews, to whom, as St. Paul says, were committed the oracles of God, that is to say, who were entrusted with the guardianship of the Books of the Old Testament . . . This testimony to the Inspiration of the Old Testament is confirmed and verified by the infallible witness of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." In the same sense Patton, a Presbyterian, says: "The plenary inspiration of the Old Testament is proved by (1) Names applied to Old Testament Writers in the New; (2) Deference paid to Old Testament; (3) Its Infallibility asserted by the Saviour; (4) Verbal References to Old Testament; (5) Direct Assertions of Divine Authorship." This is conclusive testimony to the general teaching of the various Protestant bodies upon the inspiration of the Old Testament.

What proof have we that the books of the Old Testament are inspired?

We have the best of all proofs in the divine authority of a living Church. Since our divine Lord established the Church to be an authoritative and infallible teacher for mankind, we have an unfailing guide upon whose assertions we can securely rest in all matters concerning faith and morality. Now the Council of Trent in its fourth Session mentions that one God is the Author of both Testaments; and the Vatican Council of 1870 teaches that the Books of Holy Scripture, having been written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, have God for their Author. Notice the words of the Vatican Council: "the books of the Old and the New Testament are to be received as sacred and canonical, in their integrity, and with all their parts, as they are enumerated in the decrees of the said council (of Trent) and are contained in the ancient Latin edition of the Vulgate, . . . because having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their Author."

Who said "Words should hide thoughts?"

This well-known saying has been attributed to several famous men, especially to Tallyrand. Critics, however, ascribe it to Montrond.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 847 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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